

# LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## THE FIRST FLIGHT.



### CHAPTER I.

RS. HIGHTY TIGHTY rested from her labors. She thought that they were "very good." She took a long breath and looked about her. Her real name was Mrs. Hyatt Titus, but her husband's cousin, Mrs. Hatch, who was humorous, had given her the *sobriquet*. She had been assiduously occupied for eighteen long years in bringing up Miss Hyatt Titus, and now the rest was to come and the recompense. Miss Hyatt Titus, or rather Miss Highty Tighty, was "brought up." She was a graceful and pretty girl with soft eyes and a fresh complexion. She played on the piano and the zither to such audiences as had the fortitude to listen. She drew noses and ears in crayon every

Saturday with a drawing-master. She spoke French—such French as it was—she even managed a little German—with her governess and a dictionary. Strangers knew nothing of this crutch; but her cousins the Hatches, those inconvenient cousins, knew it; and the German baron who accosted her in his own tongue, having heard she was a polyglot, when he came up to the Club on the lake, had been forced to suspect that she had not understood a word he had said to her. It did not matter, because she was really pretty, and had a knack of putting

up her hair becomingly. But she had herself been profoundly mortified. It had remained one of the stinging memories of her youth.

The Highty Tightys were well off, and had only this one little duckling. They lived on a lake where the duckling had bathed and rowed and swum ever since her babyhood. It was shallow, and when she grew tired or frightened, if the tide was low, she could stand up in the water and wade to the shore. It was a salt-water lake which was fed by a creek from the open sea. It was the same with her boating. There were no breakers, no surprises. It was all very safe and easy. The first steps of life are made easy for the young.

Miss Highty Tighty rode a quiet little cob twenty years old that had the gait of a rocking-chair. Nevertheless her neighbors felt called upon to declare, particularly such as were under obligations to her parents, that she was a bold and accomplished horsewoman; and, in fact, her figure did look well swaying against a sunset sky. Once she mounted a prancing steed to whose crupper one of the club men had swung her. The horse kicked; she fell on her face and scraped her shapely nose. This was another memory which haunted her with unpleasant persistence. The young man only thought it was a pity about her nose. Such discomfitures are of little importance to others, and only weigh on us when we are very young. They appear cheap to the callousness and effrontery of middle age.

Besides the house of Highty Tighty, which was well ventilated, salubrious, large, extremely clean, and wherein hung a few fine pictures purchased abroad by Mr. Titus, and some comfortable though not very artistic furniture purchased by his wife, there were two other habitations on the lake,—the house of Hatch, and the Club.

The Hatches were second-cousins of the Hyatt Tituses, and not well off. It is difficult to be well off when one has nine children. There were eight Misses Hatch, of whom the eldest was twenty-two; the youngest-hatched of all, the son, was seven years old. He was a dirty, freckled-faced little boy, who passed his entire life in the lake and came out of it dirtier at evening than when he went in. He used to be hastily wiped off by a sister or two for a half-hour's dress-parade before supper and his final nightly disappearance. The rest of the day his family kept him at arm's length; he was always too wet to approach feminine front-breadths. Mrs. Hatch had been a beauty and a wit. She was no longer a beauty, except, indeed, in the estimation of her husband, who thought her still much handsomer than any of her daughters; but her wit had remained, and that certain Creole charm of a rich, languid nature which Emerson says everybody loves.

When Miss Hyatt Titus was expected there had been a great upheaval, and Mrs. Hatch had been immensely entertained. No royal infant's advent could have been heralded by a keener anguish of expectant prophecy. There was an early array of physicians on hand, and of anxious exclamatory nurses. There were baskets, blankets, sweet-smelling flannels, muslins, laces, ribbons, and powder-boxes, five cribs at least, and seven rattles. The godparents and a clergyman had been already secured for the christening. If Mr. Hyatt Titus so much as looked in at the nursery door he was dragged out by an array of

unknown females who invaded his house and tramped about it for months beforehand. When the great day came it was met exactly as it should have been. The baby arrived at its appointed hour, and everything was ready and had been ready a thousand times over.

Mrs. Titus had married somewhat late, when marriage comes to be looked upon by a woman as a blessing, not as a mere accident of fortune. She was just beginning to be worried. She had been well brought up; she believed that motherhood and wifehood were a woman's province and sphere. She had not married in her first youth, I say, and therefore, as is the case with spinsters of a certain maturity, looked upon matrimony as a career, not as an estate. We view with peculiar solemnity what has not happened to us.

Mrs. Hatch, on the contrary, had danced up to the altar at seventeen, without much thought or care on the subject; simply pleased to have a handsome fellow by her side and her first train two yards long at her heels. When the first little Hatch came it was entirely unexpected, and nothing was prepared. It was pinned, however, into one of its mother's flannel petticoats, and passed its first night on a book-case, propped up by "The Descent of Man." It rolled off the book-case in the morning, and was then picked up and put away more safely in an arm-chair until a suitable receptacle could be contrived.

The rapidly-sequent little Hatches of course inherited the lately-provided layette of number one, which remained conveniently at hand, and, it must be confessed, was in constant use for the first fifteen years of Mrs. Hatch's married existence. But Mrs. Hatch herself felt about as much the importance and responsibility of motherhood as did the pretty pink-and-white Lady Rabbit which reared its offspring under the garden wall. The family grew and flourished notwithstanding, and though the children were not brought up like their little cousin across the lake, they managed somehow to tumble up and survive. The girls were all good-looking, and some of them were very beautiful. They were all bright, and some of them were clever; and the boy Crummy—his name was Cecil Cuthbert Crumbar Cadwalader—was the idol of the house of Hatch, and declared by each and all of his sisters to be possessed of incipient genius. His mother had fewer illusions about him. She was one of those delightful persons who are inclined to think their swans are geese, and to laugh at them.

Mr. Hatch *père* was considered a brilliant man. He was something of a poet, an artist, and a philosopher. He was, moreover, uncommonly handsome; had large, dreamful eyes, distinguished manners, and an elegant address; a man of parts, a man of thought, an accomplished gentleman, a charming conversationalist. He had ornamented his own mind. In so far he was a success. But . . . he had never been able to earn any money. His talents, such as they were, remained fallow and unproductive in the ducat line, so that everybody shook their heads and said that he was a failure. Fortunately, he and his wife each had a small income to depend upon, else they and the nine little Hatches would undoubtedly have starved. He had been minister abroad, and had once been in Congress, but these things had led to nothing in par-

ticular, and the only book of poems he had published had had a literary but no general success. His cousin, Mr. Hyatt Titus, on the other hand, who had religiously abstained from politics, diplomacy, and literature, and who was short and plain and somewhat taciturn, had amassed a large fortune. He had not been to college, and at school had been called a dunce; but he was in reality very able. As he grew to man's estate he even became well-informed. When he built himself a house he taught himself the sizes and uses of girders, rafters, and supports, the quality of brick, the density of mortar. When he settled in the country he studied farming, and to some available purpose. The varieties of soils were his delight; fertilizers filled his horizons. When he turned his mind to poultry his prowess was extraordinary. His fat pullets took first prizes at all the county fairs. He had a turn for natural history, and studied the legs and horns of caterpillars for recreation, instead of writing roundelay like the dreamy poet across the water who knew everything except the useful. Mr. Hyatt Titus entertained a secret contempt for his cousin Mr. Hatch, although he admitted he was an agreeable fellow to meet. But Mr. Hatch looked upon Mr. Hyatt Titus as upon a bundle of wisdom, secretly deplored what he called his own "limitations."

The Hatches' house was situated on the very edge of the lake, and their tiny sail-boat was moored at the front door. There was another entrance, of course, at the back, where carriages could drive up. On summer afternoons there generally hung a Miss Hatch out of every window, drying her hair after the salt bath. They had hair of every imaginable length and color. When visitors came the little ones and the older ones cried out "Halloo!" and parleyed hospitably with the incoming guests. The middle ones, such as ranged from twelve to sixteen, were shy, and drew in their heads, giggling.

Mrs. Hyatt Titus deprecated this deplorable lack of dignity. She always called Mrs. Hatch "Poor Mary," but why, it would have been difficult to say, for poor Mary was quite contented with her eight harum-scarum girls, her little Crummy, and her poet husband, impracticable as he might be. Mr. Hatch's affairs being always in an unsatisfactory condition, he had plenty of time to devote to his daughters, and he took a deep interest in their education. They studied the classics with him. He taught them the languages, in which he was an adept, and he liked to see them dance and to hear them sing. They were very well educated young women, not having been repressed by the narrow influence of governesses and tutors. Two or three of them were excellent musicians. But it was all a matter of course; there was no to-do about it. Where there are so many there is no time for self-glorification, and all these merits grow indistinct in the general struggle for life. Miss Mighty Tighty's feeble accomplishments were *autre chose*.

Mr. Hatch's house was old and rather shabby in the matter of paint and of modern improvements, but picturesque and pleasant enough; it was not in very good repair or order, yet not altogether untidy. The library was cheery and commodious, and filled with clever and serious books, and it was always swept and dusted . . . once a week. The piazza was vine-covered and delightfully cool. Here Master Wace,

the cat, and Layamon, the dog, with his wife Berenice, sunned themselves half the day beneath the cyclamens; here the old pet bird, Genseric, who had the asthma, swung in his cage and sang a husky ditty; and here Mrs. Hatch lay in the hammock with a bit of white lace on her auburn hair, reading. She read very wise books, and she had wise and amusing things to say of them at dinner to her husband. And the children climbed the trees or rested in their shadows, sailed the boat, swam, dived, ate jelly-cake, and devoured unripe fruit; had eight little stomach-aches and nine little colds, as the case might be, and their mother smiled and said, "Dear me!" and was placid and adored. Over in the big house across the water Mrs. Hyatt Titus was out of breath at all moments, and all worn out every day running after and dressing and combing and purring over her one little duck that she thought the most marvellous of snow-white swans.

I have said there was another house on the lake, and this was the Club. It was a hideous white structure with green shutters, hoisted up on high foundations upon a white stretch of sand. It was surrounded by slender pine-trees. It had a flat roof, and no piazzas, and only a wooden *porte-cochère* under which carriages drove. Some young men of fashion had a lien on the creek, where they played at fishing in the autumn, and they imagined that there was good shooting in the woods in the neighborhood. The fishing and shooting were, in fact, indifferent, but it was a nice place for a "day off." There was fine sailing on the Sound, and plenty of good wine in the cellar. All through the summer parties of these gentlemen came up and down and had a nice time of it eating, drinking, and making merry with cards, truffles, and champagne. And they walked, and rode, and pulled their boats, and sometimes managed to catch a glimpse of the Misses Hatch hanging out between their window-shutters. Such as were acquaintances were invited to come in. Tea would be improvised under the maples, and what mattered an earwig or two in the cream where there were such a lot of jolly girls? Even the mother and father were entertaining. *Sans gêne* was the motto, and that is what men like best. It is probably the secret of most mésalliances.

There was another abode near the lake, but not upon it. About a quarter of a mile away there lived a young orphan millionaire with his two maiden aunts. He had been a rather weak child, and so had not been sent to college. His mind, which was not over-brilliant, was, therefore, not very well stored with knowledge. But he had good horses and rode them pluckily, and he could sail a boat, and was a pretty youth. He was considered a desirable match by the mammas of the neighborhood. Once Mrs. Hyatt Titus—only once—had whispered to her spouse in the curtained sanctities of the nuptial chamber that if Providence should so arrange it—if the young people should fancy each other, perhaps, nay, who knew? stranger things had happened. Their Violet was very lovely. Willie Truden had probably remarked it.

Mr. Hyatt Titus took little interest in such matters; American fathers rarely do. But if his daughter were to leave him at all I suppose he thought that Willie and his millions might suffice.

That very day Violet Hyatt Titus and Mr. Truden had sat for an hour together on the sea wall, and it had entered into this demure maiden's breast to wonder if he would "do." She had a keen appreciation of the value of money. Her mother would have called it a



HAD SAT FOR AN HOUR TOGETHER ON THE SEA WALL.

love of the beautiful. She also had a keen appreciation of the pleasure of ruling others, and Willie could easily, she decided, be ground to powder and taught to obey. She talked to him all the time about herself and her projects and desires, and he listened with his legs hanging over the crumbling stones, now and then killing a mosquito that lit on his nose.

"Can you not stop to dine?" asked the maiden.

"No," said Mr. Truden: "I promised to pass the evening at the Hatchess'"

A look of deep commiseration passed over the girl's sweet face.

"They invited me," she said, "but really mamma never liked me to associate with them much when I was little, and now, as you can imagine, they are very . . . er . . . uncongenial."

"They're fun," said Willie, laconically.

His companion turned and looked at him. "And who would wish to be fun?" said she.

"Well, I don't know," said Willie.

She turned and looked at him, as I say, and wondered for a moment if he might prove testy after all. Would he be uneasy under the crushing and mangling and ordering about to which her papa and mamma submitted? If there was anything she disliked, it was obstacular people. She expected everybody to agree with her.

"Of course I feel for the poor things," she sighed. "I'm sure I don't know what's going to become of them."

She had often heard her mother make this remark with a wagging head.

"They seem to be going along," said Willie.

As he crossed the lawn the lady of the manor darted out at him from a lilac-bush. "Stay and dine," she said, affably.

"Awfully sorry—can't," said Willie.

Mr. Highty Tighty was hunting caterpillars in the trees. When not in town pinned to his desk he devoted himself to this pastime. He looked up and repeated his wife's invitation with more cordiality than usual. He preferred caterpillars to young men, not being of a genial nature. But Willie was the son of an old friend, and as such might be tolerated.

Willie, however, trudged off firmly, declining.

"She's got jolly eyes," he said to himself. "It's a pity she's so infernally . . ." But he did not conclude the sentence.



WILLIE TRUDEN.

## CHAPTER II.

THE Hatch sail-boat, which was called the "Lakshmi," and was painted dark blue, being the presupposed color of this goddess of beauty, grace, riches, and pleasure, came bowling across the lake in the penumbra of a gray twilight. She made an odd seething sound as she swung through the high grasses or rocked and wavered with her keel half caught amid the floating water-lichens. The lake was still and smooth as a cloth of gray satin upon which one might have skated; here and there a pale rose shading on a white and green reflection. There was something undecided about the evening. Its sigh seemed to portend a change for the weary, to hold a whisper of impending tumult, possibly of awakening storm, for the restless. Who knew? perhaps after all

the cloud would scatter and pass to welcome the slow rising of a shimmering moon.

The sand beaches, hyaline, crystalline, lay mysterious in the dumb gloaming, with glintings here and there as of emeralds. Now and then a sharp gust brushed a wave which rose and trembled upward in a brisk swelling, its dark back and foaming mouth resembling some feline creature at bay. Across the sands, far, far away, gleamed the pale, phosphorescent stretches of an anxious sea.

It had showered earlier, and the woods had been half drowned in the violent summer flood. The trees were still bent under the weight of their wetting, and sent out fine, keen odors of resin and maple juices, which mingled with the nearer pungent smells of the marine algae.

And across the sleepy waters breathed suddenly that essence of quivering life, that instinct of vitality, which was sure to agitate anything and everything possessed by a member of the Hatch family. The Lakshmi flew to meet the advancing night, catching each flaw and puff, Muriel at the tiller, Audrey at the mainsheet, and a very big fish in the bottom of the boat.

"Halloo! look out for your heads," cried Audrey.

"Ready about! Port your helm," called out Muriel, and whack! went the low flying boom, grazing the forehead of the frightened fish.

It was indeed a very big fish these young girls had captured that afternoon, as well as a much frightened one. He lay now on his stomach in the bottom of the cockpit, wallowing, with one eye on the horizon and one broad hand on the side of the tiny craft. His name was Victor Arthur Lucan Humphrey George Draco, Earl of Brownlow. He was stopping at the club-house with some American fellows whom he had met the year before while elephant-hunting in India, and he had gone over with them to call and be duly presented to the Hatches that afternoon. The others had walked or ridden home, and the girls had volunteered to sail him back as far as the club-house door.

He was young and big and red. He was also extremely shy. He had immense hands and yet larger feet. His mouth was always open, displaying his front teeth and a part of his gums. His teeth were extremely clean, and his gums were fresh and healthy. He had a heavy jowl, a drooping eye, and a gentle, affectionate disposition.

The Misses Hatch had been caught as usual by their visitors just ascending from their bath. They were arrayed in rather tumbled cotton gowns, while their locks escaped in little damp rings about their foreheads and ears from under their blue Tam o' Shanters.

Muriel was a lovely brown creature with blue eyes. Her hands and throat were tanned. Audrey was less beautiful, fairer, and extremely graceful. She looked "chic" even in her night-gown—or at least this was the family tradition.

"I say," said the earl, "that's a nasty wind."

"Aren't you in the habit of boating?" asked Audrey, letting out the mainsheet.

"Not in anything so little," said the earl. "My father owned the

Vanquisher. She's under repairs now, but I'll have her on the Mediterranean next spring."

"She's like an ocean steamer, isn't she?" said Muriel. "Don't come up, please. We're going to jibe."

The earl, with a moan, prostrated himself again, and lay quite still.

"Aren't we nearly there?" he asked after a while.

"You see," said Audrey, "the wind's skittish. I think it is dying out. If it does we'll just run you in at the light-house, and Jim, the keeper, 'll row you ashore."

"What will *you* do?" asked the young Englishman, turning over suddenly on his back.

"Oh, we'll swim back," said Muriel, a little contemptuously. "We're used to the lake.—Ready about, Audrey, and don't be such a poke."

As they neared the light-house, a solemn stone structure which loomed up on the borders of the sand-spit, a boat darted from under its flight of steps, and in the boat sat Miss Hightly Tighty, charmingly attired in pallid gauze with puffed sleeves, and an aesthetic hat poised upon her head, a gold girdle about her hips, the oars in her hands, and an open book upon her lap.

She had timed the whole thing admirably. She had seen the Lakshmi and its occupants from afar. She had seen the big fish in one of his frenzied leaps from side to side, and, recognizing that it was a male fish, had concluded that it was worth angling for. She had not yet entirely decided that Willie Truden would "do," and in the mean while . . .

"What a darling girl!" said the earl, with one eye to leeward. "Introduce me!"

The Hatch ladies looked at each other and smiled significantly.

"Why, certainly," they said.

"She's reading. She doesn't see us," said the simple, *naïf* Briton, much interested.

Muriel and Audrey again exchanged masonic glances, but said nothing. The Lakshmi veered and grazed the reader's light bows.

"Oh! how do you do, *mes chères cousines?*" And Miss Hightly Tighty looked up duly astonished.

"Thanks. We can just sit up and take a little nourishment," said Muriel.

"Let me introduce the Earl of Brownlow," said Audrey, majestically, settling her Tam o' Shanter with one hand and clutching the rope with the other. She let the wind spill out of the sail, so that the boats lay lazily swinging in the tide-swell side by side.

Miss H. T. pouted with haughty unconcern, but condescendingly kept close to her cousin's prow.

"Look here," said Audrey. "Couldn't *you* row him ashore?" and she indicated their captive with a knot of the mainsheet held in her hand. "It's only a quarter of a mile, and we're stuck. I'm going to get Jim to give us a tow."

Miss Hightly Tighty's heart leaped for joy. Her life had been a pretty dull one so far. But she only said,—

“Oh, but is it permissible?”

“All right,” said Audrey, shortly. “Jim can take us all, then.”

“I say,” said the earl, “do row me home, now, won’t you?”

“If you insist,” said Miss Highty Tighty, “I am defenceless.”

So the big male fish was deposited within a few feet of the fair oarswoman.

“What book are you perusing, *ma cousine?*” called Muriel saucily after them, imitating her cousin’s accent. But the answer was swallowed on a recurring wave.

“Why do you ask her?” said her sister, laughing. “Shall you read it too?”

“No; I want to avoid it.”

“Shan’t I pull you?” said the earl.

“Oh, no; I prefer to manage my boat myself,” answered his fair captain, whose life-principle was here enunciated.

“You were reading,” said the earl, with timidity, very red with the exertion of the transfer.

“I live in my books,” said Miss Violet.

“Dear me!” said the earl. He picked up the volume, which proved to be the correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson.

“Which of the two men—writers, I mean—do you prefer?” asked Miss Highty Tighty, taking long but very slow strokes: she had herself not read a line of the letters.

Not knowing exactly what reply to make, the earl screwed up his lips, fanned himself with the fluttering book, and contented himself with—

“He was a queer duffer.”

“Duffer?”

“Yes. Isn’t that good English?” asked the earl.

“It may be,” said Miss H. T., “but the expression is hardly adequate.”

“Oh! I say,” said the earl, “you’re trying to get a rise on me.”

Miss Hyatt Titus opened her eyes widely. The earl, like Willie Truden, thought them rather nice.

“But which do you consider to be the . . . er . . . duffer?” she inquired, with an arched eyebrow.

“Oh, Carlyle, of course. I don’t know much about the other fellow. Who was he, anyhow?”

“What! You never read any of Emerson’s essays and poems?” cried Miss Hyatt Titus. “Why, where *have* you lived?”

“At our place in Devon most of the year,” said the earl, humbly, “or in London when I run up, except at deer-stalking, you know, when we go north.”

“And you never heard of Emerson?”

“Oh, I may have heard his name,” said the earl, who was terribly truthful. “But I’m not going to put on side with you, you know. I’m not literary.”

“What *do* you like?” asked Miss Hyatt Titus.

“I . . . I like being rowed by a pretty girl,” said his lordship, gallantly, and blushing furiously.

"The Hatches will row you daily, I don't doubt. They're always paddling about."

"I think they're awfully handsome, and clever. They're cousins of yours, aren't they?"

"Yes, . . . distant."

"Oh," said the earl; and then the boat scraped the bottom, the farewells were spoken, and the thanks expressed.

"I shall be very glad to introduce you to my parents," said Miss Hyatt Titus, with much propriety, shoving off.

"Thanks, awfully," said the earl.

As he scrambled up to the Club through the pines he said, half aloud,—

"She's got nice sort of eyes and a pretty mouth; but I think the Hatch girls are nicer. That Muriel's a splendid woman. She's so alive and so unpretending. This little cousin . . ."

But the wind carried away his criticism.

Miss Highty Tighty told her father and mother of her encounter and her row. She spoke with some emphasis.

"I wonder why it is," she said, "that it is always the Hatch girls who introduce everybody to us. It seems to me, with our advantages, it ought to be the other way."

"Hoydens can always pick up young men," said Mrs. Hyatt Titus, "and I don't much like what you tell me. In my day . . ."

"Your day isn't this," replied her daughter, with considerable asperity and a heightened color, "and I'm sick of being cooped up."

Her father and mother looked at each other across their snowy table-linen. Her mother was a well-born, well-bred, well-read woman. She had, to be sure, rather abjured reading. How can a wife and mother read, unless, indeed, she be, like "poor Mary," neglectful of these sacred, these hallowed trusts? She was one of those women who had always been a model; every one had approved of her; yet now her only duckling seemed inclined to question her absolute wisdom. It was preposterous, extraordinary! She could not understand.

"My little girl," she said, "isn't everything done for you?"

"Nothing's done for me," said the little girl. "I have been educated to death. But I am not half as amusing as the Hatch girls, after all."

"Your cousins," said Mr. Hyatt Titus, with assumed severity, "are poor patterns for you, my child. Look at your mother."

Violet looked at her mother. She saw a middle-aged lady in a prim gray silk; Mrs. Hyatt Titus belonged to that type which is always middle-aged. She therefore saw, I say, this middle-aged person, with some lace fastened at her neck by a brooch,—a likeness of her daughter in babyhood, set in pearls,—smooth, brown hair, coiled at the back, a pair of somewhat pursed-up lips, and two faded blue eyes. The contemplation awoke no answering thrill. She shrugged her shoulders impatiently.

"I want to come out next winter, in town," she said, after a pause.

"I dare say your papa will take you out," said her mother.

"Cousin Mary Hatch says nobody can bring a girl out but her mother."

"I am afraid I should feel very strangely in a ball-room," said Mrs. Hyatt Titus. "I have always shrunk from the frivolous atmosphere of society. I should be very sorry to have my daughter a mere woman of fashion."

"Well, there's not much danger," said Miss Hyatt Titus, tossing her head, "if we keep on this way."

"I think, my dear," said Mr. Hyatt Titus, "that our little girl is right. You must exert yourself more for her."

"What am I to do?" Mrs. Hyatt Titus now wrung her hands. The tears were almost in her eyes. Was her husband, too, going to find fault with her?

"You had better go and pay some visits to-morrow, mamma dear. The Club's full of ladies. They've passed a rule to have women there during the months of August and September. Lawrence Larremore brought up his wife last night. She's a very gay lady. You visit all her family in town. You'd better leave a card on her; and why not give a dinner?" After a while he added, tentatively, looking at his daughter with a smile, "We might ask this English gentleman."

"I've been thinking of a dinner," said Mrs. Titus.

### CHAPTER III.

VER her black lace gown Mrs. Hyatt Titus donned a long gray silk cloak, and pinned a gray veil to her bonnet, because the roads were dusty and she was going visiting, and she hated dust. She decided to stop at the Club first and then drop in at the Hatches' before she paid two or three other ceremonial calls. She descended from her victoria, making a modest display of pearl-colored silk hose and of a chaste black shoe. She asked for Mrs. Larremore, and was told by the servant that Mrs. Larremore was at home.

She had begged her daughter to accompany her upon this pilgrimage, but this young lady had been rather out of sorts and had snappishly answered that she had other engagements. She had, in fact, dressed herself that afternoon and the two preceding ones with peculiar care, in the expectation that the Earl of Brownlow would call, and the fact that he had not yet fulfilled this common act of courtesy had awakened in her mind that surprised and vague self-depreciation which now and again came to mar the perfect belief she had always been taught to have in herself. "Was it possible he hadn't really admired her?"



Well, there was always Willie Truden to fall back upon. He could be whistled up at any time. But the defection of the earl was bitter.

Mrs. Hyatt Titus was ushered through the hall into a wide, cool ground-floor room paved with mosaic and furnished in light-yellow chintz. There were two ladies in the room and six gentlemen. The ladies were Muriel Hatch and Mrs. Larremore. The former sat near an open window which overlooked the lake. By her side perched Willie Truden, and crouching at her feet on a low stool the Earl of Brownlow.

"How are you, Muriel?" said Mrs. Hyatt Titus, patronizingly, nodding to Miss Hatch.

"Brownie," said Mrs. Larremore to the earl, "fetch a chair for this lady."

"Brownie," thus admonished, rose, shook himself, and brought a chair. Mrs. Hyatt Titus sat upon its edge, threw back her cloak, and unfastened her veil.

"It's very dusty," she said.

"Is it?" said Mrs. Larremore. "I haven't stirred out from under these pines since I arrived."

Then she introduced the young Englishman.

"I think I know your daughter," he said, awkwardly.

"Yes; she told me how she had rescued you from the perils of our lake," smiling.

Then there was a dreadful pause. Mrs. Larremore came to the rescue. "I am so sorry you didn't bring your daughter to see me. I hear she's so pretty. Is she in society yet?"

"She's eighteen."

"I mean shall you launch her next winter?"

"I dislike the word," said Mrs. Hyatt Titus. "I am rather afraid of society. I think it pernicious."

"Ah, well," said Mrs. Larremore, "how ever are the girls to get husbands, then? How can the men see them if they don't go out?"

"Surely, Mrs. Larremore, you would not have a girl go out looking for a husband?"

"Well, I don't know. Ah! here comes tea. Will you have cream? Yes? And sugar? Here, Brownie, give me the sugar-tongs. I think they might be doing worse things. Quiet girls nowadays don't seem to have any chance. It's the frivolous ones who make the good matches."

"I hope to keep my daughter," said Mrs. Hyatt Titus, with dignity, "as long as possible."

"I am sure she has only to show herself to be a success," said Mrs. Larremore.

"She's a lovely girl," said the mother; "or at least we think so."

"She must come and see me," said Mrs. Larremore.

She leaned over as she spoke and reached towards a rose-colored silk pouch or bag which lay near by, and which she drew towards her. It was filled with tobacco-leaf. By its side lay a lot of transparent leaves of rice-paper. Deftly with her long, jewelled fingers

she began to fill these with the herb, and then twisted them with a charming jerk into little rolls. She blew upon the folded edges, gave them a final pat, and, as she completed each cigarette, with a graceful gesture she threw them at the different men who were present, and who were drawn up about her tea-table. One cigarette fell and splashed into a cup, and there was applause and laughter. Mrs. Hyatt Titus, still sitting on the edge of her chair, looked on.

"Won't you have a light?" asked one of the young men, a handsome fellow with thick, curly brown hair.

"Thanks, yes," said Mrs. Larremore, and she began to smoke. "I suppose you have not this bad habit?" she said to Mrs. Hyatt Titus, smiling.

But Mrs. Hyatt Titus was voiceless, and her tongue felt parched. She could only shake her head.

"Take some cake, do," said her hostess, passing the plate towards her visitor.

"Help yourself first, Mrs. Larremore."

"I'm fat; I can't eat sweets. I'm banting."

"Fat! Why, you look to me unusually slender."

"Oh, that's only the result of force."

"Force?"

"Not my own; my maid's," said Mrs. Larremore, laconically. "She pulls me in."

"Are you not afraid of injuring your health?" asked Mrs. Hyatt Titus.

"There was a post-mortem the other day on some girls, and their . . . er . . . livers . . . and hearts . . . were quite out of place; on the wrong side of 'em, in fact," said the young gentleman with curly brown hair, "all lop-sided."

"Heavens!" said Mrs. Larremore. "I'll take a reef out after dinner. You frighten me, Gussie."

Mrs. Hyatt Titus blushed.

"Talking of post-mortems," continued Mrs. Larremore, leaning back and blowing rings of light smoke from between her pink gums and white teeth, "I see the murdered man there's been such a row about was cut open, and there was a lot of ground glass found in his stomach."

"The question is," said the curly-headed youth, "who put it there."

"It is impossible," said Mrs. Larremore, "to always fathom how these foreign substances get into the organism, but the lawyers say, and they think they know everything, that there is no doubt the wife put it there. Only fancy! A woman one used to visit! Isn't it quite horrid!"

"The *Times* this morning," said the earl, "has it she used to chuck his soup full of it."

"At any rate," said Mrs. Larremore, "it was there: that is the important thing. And to think that woman went to the bachelors' ball! Of course we really must draw the line somewhere; don't you think so, Mrs. Hyatt Titus?" but this lady was still dumb.

She was beginning to think that there was a moral and social dis-

integration in progress, of which she did not hold the secret, the throbbing of whose pulses she had as yet but feebly imagined. She was advancing hap-hazard, without map or charts, into new, untried deserts. Was her innocent child to be hurled into their unknown and arid quicksands?

Yet, strangely enough, these people, this woman, these men, who spoke so lightly of such terrible things, had a certain ease and poise about them that made her feel herself inferior to them, unimportant, out of place. Was this always the effect, she asked herself, of vulgarity over refinement? It was pleasant to reflect that she would by and by pay other visits to other neighbors, as soon as she might effect an escape, where the tone was never lax and her own superiority was recognized.

She was rising to take leave, when, to her amazement, her husband was ushered into the Club drawing-room.

"I saw your carriage, my dear, as I passed returning from the station," he said to his wife, apologetically, "and so I came in to pay my respects to Mrs. Larremore.—I have long known your husband," he added, addressing this lady.

They all sat down once more. Mrs. Larremore threw away her cigarette.

Mr. Titus had a twig in his hand upon which an obese green caterpillar was disporting itself. It had round eyes and a face like a man, —some men.

"This is the Polyphemus. I could not resist stopping to pick it off the tree as I drove into the gate. It's a fine specimen."

"What an odd fellow he is!" said Mrs. Larremore; "and how clever you must be to know all about him!"

"He's a duffer," said the earl.

Carlyle and caterpillars were one to him.

The naturalist launched out into a lecture upon butterflies, moths, and insects in general, to which Mrs. Larremore listened luminously, in an absorbed and rapt attitude.

"You must come again and instruct us. We are very dull about these natural wonders here. Would that I might sit at your feet!" she said, and she looked into Mr. Hyatt Titus's fishy eyes with a tender beam aslant her own half-shut lids. Then she turned and addressed the young men :

"What loafers you are, to be sure," she said, "and how ashamed you should be of your ignorance and your indolence! Why don't you go out and look for . . . er . . . caterpillars?"

"What a beautiful and charming person!" said Mr. Hyatt Titus when he was seated in the carriage next to his spouse. "She is really quite a goddess in appearance." His wife looked at him amazed. She had never heard such a flight of fancy from his lips before.

"I thought her extremely flippant," she answered, dryly.

"She seems serious enough," said Mr. Hyatt Titus, "and evinces an unusual interest in the natural sciences for a female."

"Before you came in she was quite flippant, quite,—and even worse," said his wife, belligerent.

"Oh, my dear, I'm afraid we're old fogies." And that was all the consolation offered.

Mrs. Larremore and her friends were laughing heartily.

"Poor little lady! How she swallowed my story about lacing! I wanted to astonish her, and I think I succeeded. It was very wicked of me. As to that nasty scandal, it completely paralyzed her. Well, it is upsetting. But tell me, Muriel dear, how ever are you and these prigs cousins?"

The victoria rolled around the beach to the Hatches'. Mrs. Hatch was sitting in the corner of a low divan, and Mr. Hatch was lying upon it at full length, with his head in his wife's lap. She was smoothing his hair with her white fingers,—that hair which had once been so golden and was now dulling into grayness. Now and then he looked up at her lovingly, and she rewarded him with one of those radiant smiles in which there still lurked for him an element of fascination.

"Here come the Highty Tightys," she said.

"Oh, bother!" said Mr. Hatch, irreverently.

Then the cousins arrived and the greetings were exchanged.

"We've just seen your Muriel," said Mrs. Hyatt Titus, settling herself.

Mr. and Mrs. Hatch looked at each other and smiled.

"Yes; she went over to the Club to take tea with Mrs. Larremore."

"A lovely woman," said Mr. Hatch.

"She's a great success," said Mrs. Hatch. "If your girl's going out next winter you ought to cultivate her."

"Do you?" asked Mrs. Hyatt Titus, abruptly.

"Why, Martha, how can we cultivate any one? We don't attempt much gayety for the children. There are too many of them. You know we leave them here most of the year. But with your girl it will be different."

"She would only have to show herself," said Mrs. Hyatt Titus, repeating Mrs. Larremore's words.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Hatch. "It is well to have no illusions about these things. The big city is a horrible maelstrom."

Just then Crummy gave a loud war-whoop. After innumerable failures, he had at last succeeded in lassoing the cat. He came up on the piazza leaving a trail of wet mud in his wake, and dragging his victim behind him.

"We're going to play at the French Revolution to-morrow. There's to be an execoition, and this cat's got to die," he explained. "Sister May-Margaret says she'll make me a gibbetine."

The cat spluttered and her eyeballs protruded from their sockets, but when he released her, upon his father's command, she came back for more, whining. Master Wace would have been too wise, but this was a silly feminine thing which had wandered over from the next place.

"How are you, Crummy, my dear?" asked his cousin Martha, suavely. She disliked him thoroughly for an unmannered, unwashed, disagreeable little cub.

But Crummy, who was still practising his blood-curdling lesson, did not deign to answer.

"Mummy, can I go in swimming?"

"Why, you just came out," said his papa.

"How long ago did you eat?" asked his mother.

"I had lemon pie at the servants' supper," said Crummy.

He had read the story of Ananias and Sapphira, and he was a God-fearing if a dirty little boy.

"Then you can't go in," said his mother.

Then Crummy set up a wail, and had to be consoled and cajoled and given a puff-ball which belonged to his sister May-Margaret, and which she had expressly hidden from him under the piazza trellis-work, but which she now volunteered to bestow upon him if he would only stop screaming and be a good boy once more.

During this process of pacification Mr. Hatch, entirely undisturbed, began to discourse on a new criticism of Senancourt which he had just been reading aloud to his wife.

"He breathed," said Mr. Hatch, "the air of high mountains and fragrant forests. He escaped the heat and glare of practical day, and leads one to contemplative repose. So says this critic, and he is right. It is a relief from that *vulgaire des sages* whose commonplaces De Senancourt so abhorred, and from which he was himself so free."

He wandered then to speak of the English poets of the last generation, of Byron, that meteoric creature consumed with the fevers of life, whose lot was cast among spent activities, and he gave his visitors a dissertation upon his merits and demerits.

"Darling," whispered his wife, leaning against his shoulder, "I like to hear you talk."

"Now you must tell the cousins our news," said Mr. Hatch, smiling at his wife, dismissing Senancourt and Byron in a trice, as men of the world alone know how to do.

"Yes, we have a great piece of news," said Mrs. Hatch.

May-Margaret looked up from her occupation, that of pulling Layamon's tail, and said, in her soft drawl,—

"Guess, Cousin Martha. It's very interesting. We're all wildly excited."

But Cousin Martha had no taste for riddles, and could not guess.

Then they were told that Muriel was engaged to be married to Willie Truden.

"Martha is an admirable woman, even a strong woman," said Mrs. Hatch, as the Hyatt Tituses drove away, "but she has not the gift of sympathy. She took our news coldly."

"And her girl's just like her," said Mr. Hatch. "Not *simpatica*,—not to me, at least. They were born hard."

Mrs. Titus thought life in fact rather hard as she crunched off in her low, easy conveyance. Muriel! Was it possible! Well, why not? On their silent homeward drive tacitly she and her husband ignored the subject. But Mrs. Hyatt Titus realized that the strength of a desire is not gauged until it has been frustrated. How rounded, how perfect is the wish which has become hopeless! It is the same with

love. Its frenzy lies in its denials. Fate is cruel; and it is not given to all to cry, "Though he slay me, yet will I praise him."

Mrs. Hyatt Titus was a "wife and mother." Her acquaintances were never left in doubt as to that fact. But of the magnetic currents that sway the destinies of men and women, of the blind forces that control them, of the scars and jars and jangles of human motive, she knew as little as the lively kitten which ran under her rocking-chair to catch her ball of worsted, or as the rows of splendid cabbages that adorned the kitchen-garden behind the terraced walk.

She paid no more visits that afternoon.

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#### CHAPTER IV.



MISS HYATT TITUS had on one of her most æsthetic gowns, and was carrying a tinted cream-and-gold edition of *Æschylus* in one hand,—how she loathed it all, except the binding!—as she stepped across the lawn to meet Mrs. Larremore, who, followed by the Earl of Brownlow, walked in at the gate. Mrs. Larremore was flushed and rather tired.

Fighting fat was all very well, if one had the man of one's heart beside one to tell one that it had been fought to some purpose. But this lubberly Englishman, this "Brownie," was not complimentary, not even amusing; appallingly dull, in fact. When he opened his big mouth at all to a woman it was generally to vaunt the charms of some absent one. On this occasion

his enthusiasm had found vent in extolling the loveliness of Muriel Hatch. Mrs. Larremore was becoming a little sick of it. She wondered how it would seem to belong to that large and long-suffering class of women who accept this sort of pabulum as their every-day ration; who are talked to by men about other women's attractions, who climb mountains with other women's lovers, are rowed about lakes by sporadic males in flannel shirts, simply as ballast and nothing more, fasten on other girls' veils and *bouquets de corsage* for them, stand about on side-walks while their friends pass on coaches, and, what is worse, are sunk in such an apathy of dreariness that they do not even fathom the horror of their situation.

Miss Hyatt Titus invited them to sit under the trees while she called her mamma, but Mrs. Larremore expresssd herself surfeited with heat and glare after this exercise imposed upon herself for the conservation of her figure's lines, and said she would prefer to go into the house. Here in a moment Mrs. Hyatt Titus joined her, and the daughter of the house, looking coyly up at the young Englishman from under her long lashes, suggested to this gentleman a walk in the garden.

Mrs. Larremore, having been given a fan, had soon regained her elegant composure in the dim freshness of a pleasant drawing-room. Some glasses of lemonade were brought in.

"Is there sugar?" asked Mrs. Larremore. "I must take it very sour, on account of my banting." Her heightened color only added to her beauty.

So thought Mr. Hyatt Titus, who, to his wife's surprise, not only did not endeavor to escape, as was his wont when visitors were announced, but came in and established himself in a large arm-chair in close proximity to Mrs. Larremore's skirts.

"This is the Luna moth of which I spoke to you," said he, handing a tiny twig with a worm sitting upon it to the "goddess."

"What an old idiot, with his Luna!" thought Mrs. Larremore. But she smiled sweetly, and, leaning forward, took the thing in her hands.

She was not afraid of worms or of mice or of men. That sort of squeamishness has gone out of date. But she did not care much for natural history, except, indeed, such as the realistic novelists afforded her. She leaned forward and asked questions intently, as if the Luna was the key-note of her aspiration, the long-sought-for problem of a wasted career.

She did not twist cigarettes to-day, nor allude to her tight lacing. Her movements were easy and rhythmical in raiment of lace and mull which lent itself clinging to her plastic poses. Her converse, indeed, was soft and seemly, and her manners, like her dress, perfect. Yet Mrs. Hyatt Titus was uneasy in her presence. She had that vague sense of disapproval which had haunted her before, and which seemed to rob her of her powers of speech. She found herself—and she took pride in speaking the purest English—awkward in her words, involved in her sentences, and even at times growing ungrammatical. Mrs. Larremore's pervasive, nervous vitality was simply too much for her own, and she finally collapsed into long silences.

Her husband, on the contrary, seemed peculiarly exhilarated. He talked incessantly, and, she noticed, really appeared to very unusual advantage. He took Mrs. Larremore about to show her his pictures and books, his museum of curiosities, the lady swaying after him gracefully, trailing her delicate draperies. "Cleverly done! Exquisite! A fine bit of foreground! Most instructive!"—she murmured, as the occasion might warrant, while the hostess brought up the rear in her short, round frock which the laundress seemed to have stupidly overstarched for the occasion. And by and by they stepped out across the lawn to see the chickens,—wonderful fowls that had

won no end of prizes and honorable mentions,—and Mrs. Larremore actually looked at and extolled them.

In the mean while the earl was being dragged by his fair companion farther away over the Hyatt Titus property, and as she dragged him she managed to bother him a good deal about *Æschylus*.

"He was fifty-three when he took his first prize for the Persians, you know," she said.

"You don't say!" said the earl. "It seems rather old, doesn't it?"

"It proves," said Miss Hyatt Titus, encouragingly, "that it is never too late to improve one's self. One may learn . . . one may succeed . . . late."

"I should say that was rather slow, though, eh?" said the earl, with an attempt at jocularity, and falling over at the same moment a concealed stump. He picked up a large foot and began to nurse it.

"Take care you don't fall," said Miss Hyatt Titus. "There are lots of these stumps in this pine copse."

"They're damned . . . er . . . I beg your pardon . . . unpleasant," said the earl, again stubbing his toes. "Why don't you have them . . . er . . . removed?"

"There's so much to be done on such a large domain," said Violet.

The place of sixty acres did not, however, seem to greatly dazzle the Earl of Brownlow, who drove twenty miles from his gate at Draco Towers to the portals of his home, and who had several other estates of almost similar proportions; nor did the tiny glass houses through which his young hostess propelled his bulkiness startle a young gentleman accustomed to miles of graperies and palm-houses. He made no allusion, however, to any of his possessions. But everything that the girl had and knew, had not and did not know, was made to dance in his honor.

When they returned to the house, Mr. Hyatt Titus, who seemed in high good humor, again, to the amazement of his women, was cordial to the stranger, and even invited him to come and pass a few days.

"Thanks awfully. I'm off for the Rockies," said the earl.

"When you come back, then," said the man of affairs to the man of pleasure.

"I'd like it immensely," said the earl.

Then Mrs. Hyatt Titus chimed in, and the time was fixed for six weeks later.

"What in the world," said Mrs. Larremore to him later on their way home, "possessed you to accept that invitation? Those people would put me under the sod in three days, with their 'culture' and their chickens. Why will superficial undigested culture always howl and roar when the real assimilated article slips about silently and unobtrusively? Did the child drag you about to see the chickens, too? My brother-in-law raises chickens at his place. To me chickens all look exactly alike. They're very tiresome. But one can never tell about these things. He insists there are enormous differences. It may be so. The girl's picturesque," continued Mrs. Larremore, "but she's disappointing."

"She worries one awfully," said the earl.

"I can well imagine, Brownie, that the æsthetic literary is not your type."

She did not ask him what his type was, nor look up at him coquettishly. It was quite useless. There was no use in wasting one's shot. Well, no matter. Consolation was coming up in the 4.10 boat that night.

"I think the Hatch girls are jolly."

"There are a great many of them."

"I like Muriel," said the earl.

"Ah! Of course. You like Muriel, man-like, because she's mortgaged."

"Do you think she cares for the fellow, Mrs. Larremore?" Brownlow's face gloomed.

"Who can tell anything about girls?" said Mrs. Larremore, sighing. And then she added, with that distinct taste for mischief which possessed her, "Why don't you stay and cut him out yourself, Brownie?"

The earl's heavy face brightened as he turned to her.

"Now you chaff," he said.

The Hyatt Tituses gave a dinner-party. It was in honor of Muriel Hatch and Willie Truden. Miss Hyatt Titus covered her cousin with congratulations, affection, and flowers. Willie Truden was in high spirits. But Muriel was silent. Her dark blue eyes had a sombre, strange expression in their depths, and her laughing mouth was almost stern. Arriving a little late, she explained, somewhat flushed, that the Earl of Brownlow had

come to say good-by to them all, and that she had not noticed the hour.

"He's coming to stop with us when he returns," said her cousin, in a disengaged manner, but with a secret toss of triumph.

"That will be just in time for the wedding," said Willie Truden.

"Is it to be so soon?" asked Mrs. Titus, suavely.

"Just as soon as ever Muriel's willing," said Willie Truden, ardently. "I'll be on hand, you may be certain."



MURIEL.

But Muriel still said nothing.

It was just two weeks before the wedding-day that the earl returned. He was landed with his traps, his tub, his valise, his boxes, his bag, his shawls and his umbrellas, his hat-boxes, his rifle, his fishing-tackle, on the Hyatt Titus piazza steps. One or two girls and a couple of young men had been found and pressed into service as a nucleus to the house-party invited to welcome him. But I may as well say at once that on this visit, which lasted ten long days, the Brownlow escutcheon did not cover itself with glory,—this visit, for which Miss Titus had provided herself with three new frocks, four new hats, and, oh, with what dreamings!

Very early every morning Draco carried himself, or had himself carried, across the lake, and remained until twilight fell at the house of Hatch. In vain Miss Hyatt Titus asked him to join this or that picnic or party, organized before his arrival for his especial benefit, ramped in fury up and down the length and breadth and silence of her own bed-chamber, bullied her mother when she caught her alone on the back stairs, or came down smiling sweetly into the arena where women must meet friend and foe alike with unruffled calm and accept mortification with a serene front.

Once only did the earl consent to join one of these excursions, and this was upon an occasion when Muriel Hatch was of the party. Her fiancé had gone up to town that day to look to some final arrangements for the wedding which was drawing nigh. The excursion led them across the sand-spit. They were to drive in half a dozen vehicles, then to embark in various sailing-craft, and after an hour's sail the pleasure-seekers would be landed upon a wild, lonely shore. Here would be found lots of surf, sand, and rock, and a wooden structure with a pavilion which pushed itself seaward, and under whose green-and-white awnings soft-shell crabs and roasted clams were served up in specially toothsome fashion to such persons as needed refection.

It was too soon for luncheon when they landed, so the party scattered in twos and threes, mostly twos, and wandered off to the rocks. Miss Hyatt Titus made a dab for Brownlow as a matter of vanity, for she was beginning to hate him. But, heavy as he was, he managed to elude her rather cleverly, and was soon walking off under the fluttering guidance of Muriel Hatch's pink petticoat. She wore a jaunty sailor-hat with a rose-colored ribbon about it. The wind was in her wavy brown hair. She seemed very lovely and very desirable to the young Englishman. He lounged by her side through the damp sand which the receding tides had left encrusted with shiny pebbles and gaudy shells; her narrow foot and his broad one left prints behind them into which the water rose darkling.

"I say," said the earl, "aren't you tired? Let me swing you up here."

So saying, he seized the girl's hands and drew her up by his side on the ledge of rocks which they had reached, and behind which they found the waves lashing themselves into fervor.

"It's splendid here," said Muriel, drawing in her breath quickly. "I like this spray cutting my face. It gives one courage."

"Is that what you want, courage?" said the earl, looking at her very hard. "You're plucky enough, I fancy."

"I shall need it all, all the courage I have. But not for what you believe," said Muriel.

"I don't know what to believe."

"Promise me you'll not think ill of me, whatever happens."



THE PROPOSAL.

"How can I think ill of you, when . . . ?"

Muriel put a finger on her lip. "Take care," she said.

"I'm perfectly miserable," said the earl.

"I have a secret to tell you, my friend," said Muriel, solemnly. "May I intrust it to your honor?"

"That's all right," said the earl, shaking his head.

"I shall never marry Willie Truden," said Muriel, solemnly.

"I say!" said the earl.

"Never, never! It's been a horrible mistake. Horrible! You may as well know it,—I'm going to run away."

"Where shall you go?" eagerly, edging a little nearer.

But Muriel drew away from him, keeping him at some distance.

"I know not; probably to San Francisco, or perhaps to Greece. I

may try to get a place as a governess or a type-writer, or something like that," said Muriel, "or else I shall go on the stage. My family will hear of me no more forever. I shall be lost to them."

"Oh, Muriel! take me with you," said the earl, growing crimson, "for I love you."

"Oh!" said Muriel.

"I adore you! You're the darlingest girl I ever saw."

"That's what you said of my cousin that first night in the boat."

"I said that of your cousin? I never said it: I never thought it. What! That silly little girl?"

"Yes, you did; and she's never silly. That's what's the matter with her."

"I must have been thinking about you. I was crazy then already, wretched. I didn't know what I was about."

If this was one of those perjuries at which the gods laugh, Muriel, being a mortal maiden, swallowed it.

"Will you really help to save me from my revolting fate?" she asked, tragically.

The revolting fate was indulging in shrimps and a glass of port at Delmonico's at that very moment; considered as an epitome of an unhappy destiny, he certainly looked mild enough.

"I'll carry you off this very minute to the city and we'll be married to-night by the first parson we meet, if you'll only say you love me, Muriel."

"I worship you!" said Muriel.

"Then Willie Truden can go to the devil," said the earl.

"As fast as ever he chooses. There are so many of us; I thought it would be a good thing for the others. But . . . I can't," said Muriel, a little wildly, inebriated, no doubt, by the sharp air and her new lord's bold methods.

"I found," she continued, raising her head and looking at him, "that I liked you best."

"Oh, my beauty! Give me your lips," said Draco, with Homeric simplicity and fire.

"No," said Muriel. "Never. Here is my hand."

He took and wrung her thin brown fingers in his pink ones. She had shaken off Truden's large diamond—she would have called it the insignia of her slavery—into her top drawer that morning, and wore for all adornment on her littlest finger a jagged silver circle cut out of a ten-cent piece by Master Crummy.

But, like Canute, the lover cannot stop the waves of life, and a moment later their young lips had met and clung. It was a salt caress, for the sea had kissed them first, leaving behind its taste of ardent brine.

The first physical touch is the abyss in which many an ideal has foundered. There are kisses that seal a man's freedom, as there are those which rivet his bondage. Mary Hatch and her poet-husband had distilled in the veins of their offspring some drop of flame, fused of their own loving. It seemed all concentrated to-day in Muriel's breath of roses.

"I'm the happiest man on earth," said the earl, drinking of its sweetness with rapt fervor. "You're just too perfectly lovely, you know."

"What will our . . . families say?" said Muriel, settling her hat.

How horrid Truden had seemed to her! She never would sit and talk to him through their brief betrothal unless her mother were in the room and the library table between them, and here . . . !

"Oh, hang the families! I've only my sister, and she's got nothing to say on the subject; and as to yours—well, if they cut up rough we'll arrange it all when . . . when we get back."

"Yes, . . . let us forget everybody," said Muriel, still a little intoxicated by the winds and waves of this new sea,—"it's so . . . so delicious here."

"Yes," said the earl, "perfectly delicious."

"And I don't know why," said Muriel, "but it's being wrong seems to make it nicer, sweeter, dearer, doesn't it?"

Ah, Muriel! daughter of Eden! The hot sun flooded their young hearts.

"It isn't wrong," said the young man, his brow irradiated by his adoration. "It's the other thing that was criminal, don't you see?"

"I don't know," said Muriel, who had inherited analytical tendencies from her papa. "Can a thing be wrong if the motive is a high one?"

"That's rot, you know," said the more practical Briton, decidedly.

"But," said Muriel, dreamily, "it's such a strange experience of mine, when I do wrong I am not always conscious of God's displeasure. I still feel as if he loved me and would have a care for me in spite of all."

"Of course he loves you."

"I sometimes think," said Muriel, earnestly, "it is quite impossible there should only be room in his sight and his heaven for the narrow, tiresome, disagreeable, dull people who are called 'good,'—people like Cousin Martha, for instance. Don't you suppose he likes the others too,—they that are wider and wilder, though sometimes erring? Think what heaven will be like if the great and the brilliant, who are so often wayward, are to be shut out of it forever and forever! What do you think?"

"'Pon my honor, I've never thought about it at all, you know," said the earl. "There's a dear girl—I wouldn't bother."

A shadow fell over Muriel's beautiful face: it came of the first perceived lack of sympathy. Muriel's was not a nature to be filled easily. Her deep and restless heart marked her *d'avance* as one of those women who are to have a career in love and who are to be tossed on many breakers. But Muriel was a fine and healthy young creature who loved the sunshine with its glory and warmth, and the moment now sufficed.

The earl blinked his eyes like a young owl, blinded by the light in his own soul. On Muriel's horizon arose fugitive palaces and shadowy gardens where every dream and desire should be reached.

## CHAPTER V.

HAVING failed to capture the earl, Miss Highty Tighty had turned her mind towards smaller game. There was the new young clergyman. He had arrived to pay a parochial call, just as the battalion was wheeling off, and had weakly yielded to the entreaties of two somewhat neglected maidens, who brought up the rear of the procession in a species of go-cart, to climb in with them and join the procession. Miss Highty Tighty had smiled and called out from the head of the line, where she was marshalling her forces, that she would be "charmed" if he would do so.

It may be said here that this earnest young priest was much torn between a distinct desire to do his duty, to be ascetic, to be self-sacrificing,—he advocated the celibacy of the priesthood,—and strong natural proclivities to pleasure. He had a high appreciation of all the joys nature proffers, and, above all, that of *le haut parfum féminin*. This perfume was too much for him on this lovely summer's morning, and he swung himself up behind the go-cart with more alacrity than he would have cared to admit in the confessional.

It must be conceded, however, that persons who incessantly sacrifice their tastes and desires to others, and appear devoid of every form of egoism, have generally a low vitality, a certain lack of temperament, an indifference to the interests of their own destinies, which do not always spring from positively generous purposes. A healthy love of life is naturally selfish ; if all selfish effort were criminal, the ponderous wheels of the earth's machinery would soon grow clogged. Fortunately, we need have no fear in this matter. The Father Damiens will remain forever exceptional creatures, before whom a world may well stand uncovered.

The new country parish of the Rev. Clement Parachute was made up largely, nay, almost exclusively, of city people, who had themselves driven up of a Sunday morning, in a variety of stylish equipages, dressed in smart summer bravery,—they usually arrived late,—and left an empty treasury and vacant pews behind them in the autumn. For this dispiriting atmosphere he hoped that the Hyatt Tituses would be found a tonic and a support. They were, he was told, the oldest inhabitants, and the stanchest church people. They were also the richest, which was more to the point. The young lady was, therefore, doubly interesting to him, not only as his hostess of to-day, but as a possible ally in his work of to-morrow. He strongly believed in attracting the younger and more ardent element. He was himself both young and ardent.

He was a thin, deep-eyed, narrow-chested fellow, burning with energy and ambition, a trifle reckless of consecrated opinion, intelligent, even possessing some talent, and of a romantic, warm disposition. Having failed to impress the earl, Miss Hyatt Titus decided to impress this ingenuous divine. Not being a young person of much imagination or resource, nothing better suggested itself to her than to "talk shop" to him,—in other words, to show the profoundest interest in the church,

in the parochial work, and the poor of the neighborhood. A pretty girl with a mauve parasol, who hangs on your words, and seems to consider "slumming" the end of existence, is not often too strictly analyzed by such a critic as the Reverend Clement Parachute. How could he fathom the vexation of his fair companion at the defection of that ill-bred lout the Briton, and the poignant resentment which Muriel Hatch's indiscreet behavior was, for some occult reason, stirring in her cousin's breast? "She is a bad girl," she was saying to herself; the thought was pleasant to her, and pregnant. Undoubtedly the house-fly, that commonplace member of every household, mistakes every spot on the table-cloth for an eclipse of the sun.

When she leaned to him smiling, he saw only a gleam of pretty teeth, and heard with pleasure her assurances that she would slum with him any day he might select or see fit; that, in fact, literary pursuits and "slumming" were the only occupations which pleased and gratified her. If she made these assurances in a somewhat *distracte* manner, it eluded the clergyman's spiritual perceptions.

Mrs. Larremore, in the mean while, was making the most of the "Consolation," who, in a pair of white duck trousers and a blue flannel jacket, was lying on the sands at her feet. This lady had vouchsafed to chaperon the party. She was passing a couple of days at the Club again, and had provided her own entertainment, with a proper degree of forethought. Mrs. Larremore was one of those women who pass to have a worse bark than bite; in other words, her laxity in conversation was her protection. There are simple souls who believe that still waters run deep. She therefore, notwithstanding one or two rather hazy moments in her career, always managed to emerge into the light of day with an untarnished escutcheon and flying colors. Her pulses were always cool; the sphygmograph would have been found superfluous to count their throbings. She was now engaged in persuading the young gentleman at her feet, who was several years her junior, that it was advisable to marry a woman much older than one's self. She could not marry him now, because she was married already; but then one never knew what misfortune the future might present! "It is only the monstrous selfishness of the male," she was saying, "that requires a young creature to serve his brain-softening processes. All women of genius have treated themselves, late in life, to nice young husbands, and I think it was a proof of their wit. Even the dignity and certainty of talent requires companionship. All superiority creates a vacuum about it. Genius is isolation. Madame de Staël, the Duchess of Albany, Miss Mulock, Miss Thackeray, George Eliot, etc.,—clever women these."

"But how great a difference do you think there ought to be?" asked the "Consolation," anxiously.

"What are years where there is . . . er . . . love?" said the lady, with her eyes in the azure.

"Yes, yes, of course."

"To awaken the imagination, to touch the heart, that is everything."

"Yes, of course," sighed the "Consolation," with an elevated lyric eyebrow.

"Time robs us of all illusions, but establishes the decisions of nature, its impulses, its magnetic currents" . . . "hang it if I know what I'm talking about," thought Mrs. Larremore, who was not devoid of humor ; but her adorer seemed impressed.

"What a clever woman you are!" he sighed, looking up at her.

"Depend upon it, the highest forms of admiration and of love are those gained in spite of something, under protest :" . . . "that is better ; there is some wit in that," she reflected.

"I feel such a lout near you," said the "Consolation." "I am like a stupid, sluggish, straight canal, and you like a beautiful, sunlit, meandering river."

"Rather meandering, that is a fact," thought Mrs. Larremore.

"I find you an attractive fellow, you know," she said, brushing his hair with the lace of her sunshade. His silly heart turned over in his breast with a leap and a thump, and he leaned back and took a long look at her eyes, which were probably delightful to men because they were always free from blame or counsel. They could be pitiful, or flash with fun, but were rarely reproving, which was comforting.

So in idle babblings the day wore on, and by and by the party, a trifle sunbrowned and dishevelled, a little surfeited with winds and waves and each other, met again, and mounted into their respective equipages, and were driven homeward across the twilight.

But that evening there was a great cry in two households, for two of the party were among the missing : one was the stranger within the gates, and the other the pet lamb of a neighboring fold.

With her hair secured on a single hair-pin, and a fresh, crisp peignoir over her modest night-gown, Mrs. Titus sat on the edge of her daughter's bed, between whose fragrant sheets this coy damsel had just introduced herself.

"To-morrow," she said, sententiously, "to-morrow, after luncheon, your father and myself will have ourselves driven over to the Hatcheries. I must condole with your unfortunate cousin Mary upon her daughter's misconduct. I did not wish to intrude too soon."

"She will be a countess, and they say his country-houses are legion."

"Such horrible publicity!" gasped the mother ; "the marriage in all the papers already, to-night, with frightful details ! Well, Willie Truden has had a narrow escape."

"He will marry Audrey now ; they are exactly suited. Oh, they will keep him !"

"I should think he would dread that family."

"They are not the kind that men dread," said the girl, raising her head from her pillow, upon her white arm ; "and the sooner that is understood, the better."

Six months later Audrey did, in fact, lead her sister's jilted millionaire to the altar ; and she has made him pay for the fact of not having been his first choice by the rapidity with which she assists him to scatter his ducats, her equipages and toilets having become, I am told, the talk of two continents.

Audrey is a thick-haired, strong-footed, muscular, ambitious young

person, with a fine figure. She sits in a carriage regally. She is far better suited to Willie Truden, who is not overburdened with brains, than the pleasure-loving, easy-going Muriel could ever have been.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE Reverend Parachute and Miss Hyatt Titus started forth together on their errand of charity at eleven o'clock the following morn-



ing. She mentioned to the young clergyman a certain Mrs. Deams who was supposed to be sufficiently poor and rheumatic to become an object of sympathy. Poverty in this neighborhood was a comparative term; pauperism was unknown—everybody had jam and doughnuts for supper.

Mrs. Deams lived in a copse on the outskirts of the town. They

concluded to call upon her first. The new young rector had Mrs. Deams down on his books, but had not yet made her acquaintance. He found that his fair comrade had dressed herself expressly for the excursion. She had replaced the usual aesthetic fine fabrics of her choice by a gown cut from a material of dark and serious aspect and rather antiquated as to its mode. Her head was tied up in a bag of thick black veiling, and a sombre sunshade was held down low over her eyes.

They walked across the fields together, chatting a little stiffly, and less than twenty minutes brought them to the back of Mrs. Deams's property. A hole in the whitewashed fence could readily admit them into a small poultry-yard which adjoined the pig-sty, whose odors suggested that it had languished uncared for through a hot season. Across this unsavory morass a narrow footpath led to the well and up to the low front door with its honeysuckled porch. Just as they cleared the rail fence a man in the road spied Mr. Parachute and begged him to step out and speak with him for a moment. Miss Hyatt Titus was, therefore, left for a few minutes alone. She was standing undecided as to her next move, when a shrill voice accosted her from an upper window :

“Oh, Mary Jane, did you bring the letter?”

To this she naturally gave no response.

“Oh, Mary Jane,” persisted the voice, querulously, “are ye going to answer me or no? Did ye bring the letter?”

“I am not . . . Mary Jane,” adventured Miss Hyatt Titus.

“Lord ha’ mercy on us, miss!” said Mrs. Deams. “You was dressed so plain. Who ever would ha’ thought you was a real lady?” And with this ejaculation she drew her head into the house.

Our young lady’s regret at the severity of her costume was balanced by the pleasure she felt that Mr. Parachute had not overheard the remark. He now joined her, and Mrs. Deams issued from the house. She was a jagged person, very tall, and dressed in a nondescript calico garment, somewhat soiled, which fell away straight from her sharp shoulders, innocent of shapeliness or of belting. On her scant hair she wore a sun-bonnet, from which protruded her gray, gaunt visage. Its most salient trait was a walrus tooth protruding from under her long upper lip. She hurried forward hospitably, passing the back of her hand and arm across her mouth; then, darting at her visitor, she cast a sinewy arm about her shrinking figure and imprinted a tusky embrace upon her recoiling cheek. She then shook hands for fully five minutes with a certain degree of violence with the young priest, while the girl was trying to reconcile herself to what was over, a philosophic wisdom only acquired through long and severe experience.

Mrs. Deams, having thus emphasized her welcome, ushered her guests into her best parlor, with a “I hope I see you both well.” This apartment was not in very excellent order, but Mrs. Deams had one attribute of good breeding: she never cast discredit upon herself by apology. She therefore made no excuses either for her disordered rooms or for her negligent apparel. She was evidently bent upon entertaining her guests, and only wasted a few inevitable

moments in remarks upon health and weather. Almost immediately after they had settled themselves she rose and went to the mantel-piece, from whose encumberment she disengaged two photographs.

"Them's my two men," she said.

One was the portrait of a rough-hewn farmer dressed in his Sunday clothes, with a chin-beard and a shock of heavy gray hair; a man of about sixty. The other was that of a much younger person, with a dare-devil expression in his eyes, and broad shoulders. He looked like a clerk in some small city store out for his holiday; such a young gentleman as the village girls call "interesting," with a pathetic inflection upon the "rest."

"That is my old man," said Mrs. Deams. "He ain't pretty to look at, but he was a decent body for all that. His forehead was kind o' wrinkled, and he had' bronkity, so as his voice sounded queer sometimes, as if it come out of a tunnel. And that's my second, and Lord ha' mercy on me for all the trouble he give me!"

"We heard you had to . . . er . . ."

Here Mr. Parachute felt called upon to exhale a sigh.

"I hadn't been with him six month," said Mrs. Deams, crisply, "when up comes another woman——"

"Dear me!" said Mr. Parachute.

"Yes, sir, that's so; and I a decent woman who'd always borne a good character and ain't a-going to damn her soul to please him or another. 'No,' says I, 'no other woman for me, . . . or him. I'm first an' last an' th' only one, or I'll know it.' So I jest turned him out and had him up for bigam' before you could turn your hand. Yes, sir! my papers is square, and he locked up for a twelvemonth. But laws ha' mercy! for all that he was a clean fellow, and nice-spoken, and I ain't a-going to say a word ag'in' him behind his back. Ain't he a pretty man?"

It was very evident which of her two ventures Mrs. Deams had found the most to her taste. She looked lovingly at the face of her betrayer, and with a sigh placed the two pictures side by side in front of the clock. It was only her wholesome fear of hell-fire which had driven her to the extreme measure of a separation.

And who shall deny the wholesomeness of fear? Mrs. Deams is not the only one it sways. The cultured, the strong, the powerful, also tremble. Fear moves the world, and it is well. In delicate souls it is that vague premonition of loss, of being shut out, away from all that made life sweet and good, that presage of a loneliness that is in itself the doom of deterioration, that sense of being cut off that wrings tears from the child whose mother refuses to smile. We all grope in these *tenebrae*. Our welfare is the result of this one motor which quickens more than it kills. Even a woman's beauty is the result of her sacrifices. Watch her at ball and supper. This draught of air will ruin her complexion: she avoids it. This pâté will increase her weight: "No, thank you!" The fear of consequences arrests the cup at the man's lips, protects faltering innocence. He who hesitates is generally . . . saved. He who prates of virtue for virtue's sake prates—and that is all. Why does a man work? Is it not in fear of poverty and pain?

or at best to ease the restlessness of a superfluous energy? Why does he rest? Is it not in dread of those lapses of the brain, that thought of its overwrought tension which whispers to him of impending catastrophe? Fear does more for us than hope. To the unimaginative joy is pale. Few have the temperament to have tasted of it deeply; of the poignancies of happiness or of pleasure they know naught. But some measure of suffering has been accorded to all. We all know that—God be praised: All hail, Our Lady of Suffering! the Angel of a Saint Terese!

Violet sitting on a hard-backed chair began to think slumming a very poor sort of pastime. She asked about Mrs. Deams's rheumatism, which drew forth a realistic account of this lady's diseases, treated with that vigor and force which must always tend to diminish the refinement and the grace of life; and pervading all was the odor of the pig-sty! But Mrs. Deams, being American born, did not view her visitors' call as a work of philanthropy. She insisted on opening a jar of her best preserves; she brought out some jelly-cake for them, and thrust a bunch of honeysuckles into the girl's hand.

Soon the slummers found themselves in the road again. It was a dirty day, spitting rain; the road was muddy, and they concluded to put off their further evolutions until another morning, for slum on her petticoat did not suit this daughter of a New England mother. They were just turning in at the gate when Tim, the paralytic, came boldly along. He had been up to the big house to get his weekly pension. He was blatant as usual, and as noisy as a bull-calf at the sight of new victims. He stepped directly in front of them.

"Good-mornin', miss! Just seen your ma."

"Good-morning, Tim," blandly. "How are you?"

"Father's crosser'n cross," said Tim.

"I'm sorry to hear this, my good fellow," said Mr. Parachute, deprecatingly.

"Well, you see," said Tim, with a one-sided smile, "he ain't my father at all."

"Let us walk on," said Miss Hyatt Titus, hurriedly, who had heard Tim's history before. "You know he's quite silly."

But Mr. Parachute was on parochial duty bent, and felt that this matter should be investigated. "Have you an unhappy home, my good fellow?" he asked.

Now, it was very rarely that any one stopped long enough by the wayside to hearken to poor Tim's wrongs. He was a man of about thirty, with wild hair and a useless hand which had swung at his side for fifteen years. He could just manage to drag his limbs along; he spent most of his time upon the country roads, covering during the week a number of miles, back and forth, back and forth, from village to lake and lake to village. People threw him a kind word and gave him money now and then, but of listeners he had few, and Tim loved to talk and talk of himself. Most of his countrymen do, even when not infesters of the highways or paralyzed in their lower limbs. Americans strike the balance of their unselfish actions by the arrant egotism of their conversation.

"No," he now went on, overjoyed to have an audience ; "he ain't my father."

"He isn't your father?" asked the candid rector, with a surprised intonation. "Why . . . ?"

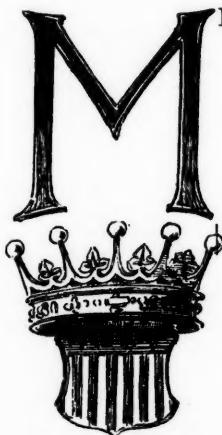
"Well, he ain't." Tim neared Mr. Parachute and winked one of his bleared eyes with a painful contraction. "I'm a come-by-chance : that's what they calls me."

He delivered himself of this cheerful announcement as if it had been a light pleasantry. Mr. Parachute flushed crimson under his wide-brimmed black hat, while his companion took the mud-puddle at one leap and hurried away under the dripping boughs.

"Good-by, good-by, my good fellow," said the clergyman, splashing after her. "Good-by. I'll see you another day. I cannot stop now."

Slumming with a very young girl was distinctly impracticable. Mr. Parachute added this one to his life's experiences. It is a pity that so many of our most useful lessons have to be learned in company !

## CHAPTER VII.



R. HATCH had followed his flying couple, and had finally found them installed in what is called an up-town hotel. They were sitting together on the marble centre-table of their private drawing-room, eating buttered toast and drinking lemonade ; upon their knees was extended a map of the universe, and they were planning their wedding journey. Muriel made one leap to the floor and in a moment had fallen upon her father's breast. She buried her pretty face in his blond beard and splashed a large tear there. Mr. Hatch had already assured himself that the Rev. Dr. Prendergast had tied the knot irrevocably, the night before, in the presence of two serious and competent witnesses.

"How could you so treat us, my daughter?" he said, disengaging himself from her clinging fingers. "Have you ever had reason to think your mamma or I would force you into a hateful marriage?"

To his son-in-law he was very cold, only nodding to him distantly. The earl himself was extremely red and sheepish.

Muriel hung her head. "No, papa," she said.

"Yet you have behaved as if you did. And you, sir, how dare you so basely repay our hospitality? It was abominable!"

"I'm awfully sorry, I'm sure," said the earl. "But you see . . . ?"

"Dear papa," said Muriel, "forgive us! I did think it was so romantic."

Then her father tried to look very savage, but his girl, who knew him well, fancied she detected a gleam of amusement in his eyes, and the little imp was not slow to take advantage. An hour later the three were breakfasting together,—and Mr. Hatch's appetite was better than that of the lovers.

It was upon his return, and just after a long communion between himself and his wife, when all had been explained, discussed, adjusted, accepted, that Cousin Martha whirled up to the door upon her visit of condolence.

It was Saturday, and Crumby had been tortured into a clean shirt which he had visibly outgrown, and was standing at his mother's knees in the drawing-room, committing his Sunday-school lesson to memory.

“And the Lord opened the mouth of the ass, and she said unto Balaam, What have I done unto thee?”

“And the Lord opened the ear of the ass,” repeated Crumby, with a wandering window-ward eye.

“My son, will you pay attention?” said his mamma. “If you do not you will have to be severely punished.”

“And the Lord said—there's a carriage and pair,” said Crumby.

In a moment Mrs. Hyatt Titus had crossed the threshold. “How are you, Mary? How do you do, Crumbar?”

“Thank you, I am pretty well,” said Crumbar, delighted with the interruption. Then he took the opportunity of delivering himself of what was uppermost in his mind.

“Sister Muriel's skipped off with the Englishman,” he said.

Cousin Martha closed her eyes and opened them again very slowly. She looked significantly at Mrs. Hatch, as much as to say, “Shall you not send this child away, or at least reprove him?”

But Mrs. Hatch was one of those women who rarely respond to expectation. She aggravatingly did neither.

She did release him, however, from his lesson, and he found his way to the window, where he amused himself killing mosquitoes, enlivening this ferocious occupation with frequent war-whoops of triumph.

“Your daughter's misconduct . . .” began Mrs. Hyatt Titus—

“We will not talk of it, please,” said Mrs. Hatch, rather sharply.

“I am glad, dear Mary, that you can dismiss it. There are people who rally more quickly than others from such blows.”

“I don't think I understand you,” said Mrs. Hatch.

“A marriage begun under such auspices seems to have so little promise of solidity,—is such a poor preparation to the wife and mother. Where principle does not enter into a tie which is the most sacred . . .”

“Oh, fol de rol!” said Mrs. Hatch.

“Why! why! Mary!”

“I say 'fol de rol!'” said Mrs. Hatch. “To be a wife and mother is all very well; but one must be one's self first.”

“Oh, of course, if you can joke about it I have nothing further

to say. We have felt the deepest sympathy, but I imagine it is misplaced."

"Who is joking? Any one would suppose, from the way you talk, that our Muriel was a lost girl. She has some individuality."

Cousin Martha again closed her eyes. It seemed this time as if her lids would never rise again.

"I heard that Dr. Prendergast,—of course I had heard that—Dear me, Mary! how shocking!"

"What is so shocking?"

"Why, why, the things you accuse me of, and your ideas of marriage too. I must say, Mary, you and I don't agree on these matters."

"It is not necessary that we should."

"These Englishmen are so fond of sport, of pleasures in which a truly feminine woman cannot join."

"Fond of pleasure? Well, if he wants pleasure I hope my son-in-law will get it. There's nothing so good for the digestion."

"You laugh at everything. To me there is nothing more beautiful than a union entered into with proper seriousness: two persons going down the hill of life together, with *mutual* interests, hand in hand . . ."

"Really! To me married middle life always looks a little bit bleak. I tell Hatch it is almost time we were not seen so much together. He is always for hanging to my skirts. When one begins to roll down a hill, don't you think, Martha, it's better to take opposite sides? It gives one more breathing-space."

The lady addressed pursed her lip. "Oh, of course, if you refuse to be in earnest."

"Never was more so in my life. I am thinking of dividing the children into parts and making Hatch a present of the half of them. I'll take the little ones. They're less trouble for an old woman. What does a man want an ugly old woman about for?"

"What's this you are discussing?" inquired Mr. Hatch, looming in.

He came over and kissed his wife's fingers. "Take her away," she managed to whisper to him.

Mr. Hatch contrived to patch up some kind of a truce. He suggested that they should adjourn under the trees. The tea was there already getting cold. May-Margaret perched upon the wall, and by her side sat Mr. Parachute. The blue evening was in her hair, paling its gold; her features had taken on tints milky as alabaster. Under her feet was the lapping water. The wavelets shimmered limpidly through their mosses' fringe of tangled verdure, like gentle eyes beneath trembling lashes. They made a delicious symphony, soft as a refrain of the *langue d'Oyl*:

Ceste est la belle Aliz;  
Ceste est la flur, ceste est le lis.

May-Margaret was devouring a piece of cake, eating as prettily as the celebrated Madame Eglantine. A bird overhead was executing a foolish trill in the flame of a dying day. A last sun-ray fell on the

girl's forehead ; the night lay beneath her eyelids. Her breath was as sweet as the spring woods. She was a beautiful pagan image of health and youth, one of those maidens who, one felt, might develop into a woman of exquisite caresses and redoubtable angers.

The Hatch girls were not "plain sailing." This was positive. It was borne in upon the young priest thirsting for sacrifice, for ascetic renunciation, for great and transcendent aims, upon his fervent soul whose only bride should have been the altar. Yet this mystery of feminine loveliness at whose feet he sat,—was it forever to remain a mystery to him ? Should he never quaff it, make it his?—never? never? There stirred within him that vague longing to taste of that double existence, of that new thing, so full of doubts, of dangers, of suspicions, yet also of ineffable sweetneses and pardons. Yet he would not for the world have touched her hand.

And that other maiden, pretty but prim, who had "slummed" with him, had awakened not one of these dreams and these fantasies. When she had left him he had been cold : why ? May-Margaret sitting on her stone wall, eating her cake, and declaring that she hated slumming and never went into the poor man's cot, seemed to him far more alluring.

Having finished her cake, she fell again to pulling Layamon's tail, which seemed her favorite pastime of a summer's afternoon, but she did it with so much vivacity and elegance that the young clergyman was convinced that even a dog's tail might be pulled to some purpose.

Mr. Hatch, under the influence of his tea, was discoursing genially : "Of course high virtues are the most natural sources of our admiration. Yet all grandeur arrests us. The splendid conqueror, even the daring conspirator, of whom we do not approve, charms and holds our imagination. What one reveres is force, that contempt of public opinion, of selfish interest, of danger, of death."

Here Crummy and a large boulder became detached from the top of the wall and fell twelve feet into the water. There was a cataclysm. Crummy yelled, struggled, righted himself, and was extricated by Mr. Parachute, with the aid of an opportune fish-pole. He came up riding the pole with a hurrah, covered with black mud-slime, and had to be immediately banished, not before, however, he had enthusiastically kissed his mother's cheek and left his mark upon its edge. He left his mark, indeed, all the way up the stairs.

"What appeals to the imagination," said Mr. Parachute, "is, of course, not only beauty and grandeur in action, but all novelty."

"I care not for feature, I'm sure to discover  
Some exquisite trait in each new one you send ;  
But the fondness wears off as the novelty's over :  
I want a new face for an intimate friend,"

hummed May-Margaret.

"Ah ! strength ! strength ! That's what one craves now in art, in literature," continued Mr. Hatch, following his train of thought,— "another cup of tea, dearest,—that is what the world asks to-day !

And the public is, after all, the supreme judge to which our last plea must be taken."

"Surely the public itself is often very perverted," ventured Mrs. Titus.

"The public has a lot of common sense," said Mrs. Hatch, "and that must always be applied to a judgment even of the arts. When I say the public I mean the intelligent people: I don't mean the mob which howls and pelts what it cannot understand."

"But surely their taste must be elevated, educated?"

"I don't know. Yes, perhaps, but not too highly. The hyper-critical are so tiresome. You talk of strength, dear," said Mrs. Hatch, turning to her husband, "but strength of fist, which used to make a reputation for chivalry, methinks nowadays would only lead a man to the gallows."

"What do you call taste, Mr. Hatch?" asked Mr. Parachute.

"Why, of course, the power of judgment. Genius alone executes. How few have either! To touch the heart; that is alone the secret of the applause of a large public. There is nothing like the crude but vivifying efflux of the multitude. I call it the essence of humanity. I like that large heartiness whose savor we breathe only in the crowd."

"Yes," murmured Mrs. Hatch, "that is the secret which pleases all ages: kinship of the heart."

The clergyman's confused reverie kept up its undercurrent through the superficial converse. It struck a diapason whose tones and semi-tones were full of puzzling thoughts, arresting problems,—and May-Margaret so sweetly near!

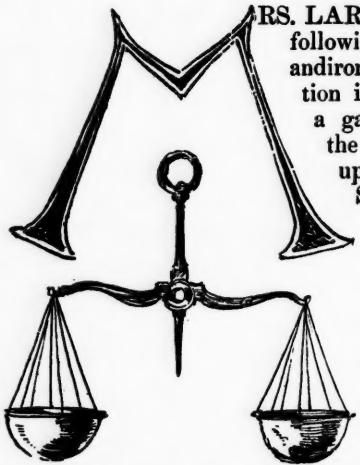
"And to think," mused Cousin Martha, "that I came here to condole with these people!"

She got herself up at last, humiliated . . . for them. Frivolous they were, disgustingly so. As to Mr. Parachute, she would not have believed him capable of such reprehensible waste of time, had she not seen it with her own eyes. Driving away, she felt half inclined to go back and warn him. Of what? And here her horses shied, and so she did not formulate her counsel.

He watched the retreating wheels and the flying leaves behind them, and almost wished that he might follow them into their exile of safety.

There was something pathetic about his black figure against the twilight. May-Margaret knew that he was a lonely fellow. He had lately lost his mother. He had no one to care for him, no one. He had been telling her about it before the others came, and she had fallen somehow to pitying him. Pity! Divine sister of Love, which no soul knoweth that cannot also love and console!

## CHAPTER VIII.



MRS. LARREMORE sat in her boudoir the following winter with her feet towards the andirons, her eyes on her own fair reflection in a low mirror opposite. She wore a garment of pale satin, bound about the hips like a touloupe, and opening upon floods of light palpitant laces. She held in her hand a sheet of paper and a pencil. Near her, in voiceless and contemplative ecstasy, sat a young woman to whom she had lately accorded her friendship and patronage, and whose present extreme happiness may have sprung from the insecurity of Mrs. Larremore's affections. So insecure did she feel, indeed, that her very laughter had as it were the humidity of a tear in it.

For who knew at what turn of Fortune's wheel this lady's fickle fancy might play her new friend a trick and hurl her back into oblivion? Mrs. Larremore had called in young Mrs. Cunliffe to assist her in making a list for an impending "function." It is needless to explain that Mrs. Cunliffe was a social aspirant.

Mrs. Larremore was herself five—nay, let us be generous and say eight years old. Eight years ago she had herself been very "new," but she was a precocious child and made strides with phenomenal rapidity. Her one day had been, as it were, the Biblical thousand years. She was very handsome, well dressed, extremely amusing, fairly good-natured, and had cart-loads of money. She was not distinguished, but, as she herself would have asked, who is? The number to which this descriptive adjective may be applied does not, in fact, multiply and cover the earth. Mrs. Larremore, nevertheless, had a keen appreciation of distinguished people and their desirability, and managed to gather such as were feasible and possible at her house. Unlike the generality of persons who have risen, she was genial rather than snobbish, and had no especial desire to push and kick down those who were making their very painful and breathless ascent,—that ascent upon the upper rung where she sat so proudly secure. That she had "arrived," not even her most malignant detractors could deny.

To-day she had sent for little Mrs. Cunliffe, first because she lived near her and was easily get-at-able, and secondly because she liked her. It was possibly one of the secrets of her success that she had dared to have preferences; and now that she could impose upon and impress others it insured a certain solidity to her own position. There is a degree of suppleness which must be deprecated in vertebrated animals. With all Mrs. Larremore's faults,—and she had a colossal

share,—she had a streak of stubborn honesty. She had been too honest to discard all of her old friends, and had actually pulled one or two up after her. Of course these had been such as would and did help themselves. "Lumps" and "frumps" who would not lend themselves to being assisted had of course to be left to their fate. If people prefer to wallow they must be left to their wallowing. Mrs. Larremore's shoulders were strong, but she could not carry the whole world on them. On the whole, she had been amiable.

Mrs. Larremore generally had a mild love-affair—it were better to call it a robust flirtation—in progress, and during the process of this personal enchantment, which absorbed a certain amount of her super-abundant vitality, she was apt to be peculiarly kindly. She even drove out an ugly girl or two in her victoria or her sleigh, and had once been known to ask a country clergyman's widow to dinner. These heart-affairs, as she grew older, were more violent at the commencement, but less sustained. After thirty the emotions are far stronger than in youth, but less patient. There is not the time. In fact, when her new admirer, whoever he might be, had seen her in her charming house at its best, found her reclining in an attitude of studied discomfort under a rose-bush by a shaded lamp in her dim drawing-room, after she had dazzled him in most of her gowns, after he had leaned over her white shoulder at the opera or held her hand a moment in the cold, unmagnetic contact of the dance, she generally grew very tired of him, and liked him only when others were present. Nothing is so distressing as a *tête-à-tête* in which there lingers the vague promise of a tenderness whose claims shall remain forever unfulfilled.

At such times, as I have said, she was good-natured. Probably on the whole she was not much worse than her neighbors, and there was no great harm in her. When she was disengaged, however, from all heart-entanglements she was apt to be rather cross. Fortunately for her husband and her children, the occasions had been rare. Her husband, who was never cross, adored her, in his way,—an adoration without jealousy and without reproach, mild, possible, and lenient. He was a clever man of business, and was very fond of sport, to which he was addicted—within limits. He was reputed to be indifferent to all women except his wife, his two passions being his business career and fishing. He angled for trout, and she for men. The difference, after all, is insignificant. Both fish are easy to kill when one has time.

Of Mrs. Cunliffe it may be said that she was one of those young married women whom other women call "sweet." This means a person devoid of all dazzling allurement either of mind or of person,—an immense advantage in the social struggle. To rouse no rivalries is to be acceptable. She had a splendid ball-room, just re-decorated for the fourth time. Mr. Cunliffe, a little thin man with a head the size of a fall pippin and with a chronic cold in it,—owing perhaps to the fact that the painters were always in his house, and the windows wide open,—had a great desire to assist her in piping, if only dancers could be forthcoming; nay, they were both delirious pipers; and yet so far there had been but scant waltzing to their music. Mr. and Mrs. Cunliffe lacked a certain amount of push and social talent to meet the

exigencies of their situation. Mrs. Larremore had decided that she must herself give out from her overflowing crust into her neighbors' empty cup. Their advantages made it worth while. Now the two ladies were engaged in making a list for a ball.

"They are of an excellent family," said Mrs. Cunliffe, whose leisure moments for the last two years had been passed in studying genealogies.

"Bosh! Fiddle-faddle! Who cares for family?"

"I thought . . ."

"My dear, you are not called upon to think. I *know*. Trust me."

"Mrs. Lawrence told me Mrs. Hyatt Titus was very well born . . ."

"She's a horrid bore: that's what she is; and so is the old man. But the girl's nice-looking; therefore, here goes! Besides, she's a cousin to Lady Brownlow, and Muriel's the rage."

"Ah! Lady Brownlow,—is she here?"

"Yes, just on the wing. They sail the next day. Have you met her?"

"No. I passed her in driving."

"My dear, you must do more than that. That won't suffice. She would help you immensely in London next spring; and then 'Brownie' is such a dear!"

Mrs. Cunliffe's eyes sparkled with excitement. Her gloved fingers closed convulsively over her little thumbs.

"What can I do? Could I leave a card?"

"We'll go there, if you like, this afternoon. She's stopping at the Lawrences'. She's very nice," said Mrs. Larremore, nonchalantly.

"How lovely you are, and kind to me! Why is it?"

"I like you."

"I wonder why!"

"You are not aggressive."

"I've sometimes thought that was my misfortune."

"It is, in a way."

"I can't fight."

"Yes, I know. It's slower, but I've sometimes thought in the end it was safer. It's so easy to come down, to get a cropper."

"I wouldn't like to come down."

"Well, my dear, I'll attend to that. But the fact is you must go up first. I like you because you never interfere with my methods. A cleverer woman must always have her say, her opinions, her ideas, and spoils everything by insisting on having her finger in her own pie. In a handsomer one vanity is always on the alert; takes umbrage and offence at nothing; has to be fussed over and coddled at every turn. It is complicating, exasperating, and tiresome. You're sweet, and that's just what we want."

Mrs. Cunliffe accepted Mrs. Larremore's frankness without wincing. In these stormy crises of fate trifles are put aside; there is no use in grimacing.

"Of course you'll wear white," said Cousin Martha to her *débu-*

*tante*,—they were now settled in their city home for the winter,—“white, with clover-blossoms; that has always been my idea for a first party. I hope, my child, you will not allow the atmosphere of worldly pleasure and emulation to turn your head or enervate your intellect.”

“I hope not, mamma.”

“I did not much fancy that Mrs. Larremore. Her influence might be, I think, a pernicious one upon very young people. Your papa considers her intelligent . . .”

“She does not take the trouble to be pernicious. She’s thinking of herself.”

“Of her husband and her children, I hope, and of making their home happy.”

Her daughter laughed, but said nothing. She had given up explaining things to her mamma; she was dimly beginning to unravel them for herself. It is a curious experience when a child first perceives the feebleness of perception or judgment in a parent.

The drive to the ball was somewhat constrained. Mr. Hyatt Titus’s lavender gloves and white choker seemed too much for his content. Mrs. Hyatt Titus had discovered at the last moment, to her great dismay, that the body of her gown was . . . immodest. Five layers torn hurriedly from a white lace flounce had been carefully pushed in and pinned across a bust upon which no evil eye should peer with wicked intent. Her heels were higher than she usually wore, and she had stood about upon them so long during this readjustment, this tribute laid upon the altar of long-proved and spotless conduct, that she had a cramp in her left foot which caused her now and then to emit a muffled cry of agony.

The younger aspirant to social preferment was so agitated that a nervous irritability possessed her. She was thinking of her coming triumphs, which seemed to render peculiarly tame the progress of the carriage through the slippery streets. A frantic unrest filled her.

“Promise me,” said her mother, “that you will not dance every dance. Your cousin Mary, who was very foolish when she was young, once contracted a bad congestion from overheating herself in this way and then standing near a window.”

“Oh, let her dance,” said the father. “Why, bless me, didn’t you go to dancing-school, my dear?”

“Perhaps no one will ask me,” said Miss Highty Tighty, coyly, trying to catch a glimpse of herself in the square of the window-pane. “Cousin Mary said I ought to have been presented at home first.”

“Mrs. Larremore will, of course, attend to the young girls getting partners,” said this unsophisticated mother, “and your dress is *most* becoming.”

The dressing-room presented to our ladies a sea of faces which were principally strange ones. Such must ever be the first effect to persons who are only beginners in the world. Miss Hyatt Titus’s gown seemed somehow suddenly to shrink upon her, to become a little too scant in the back, and her mother noticed in sudden alarm that there was a sad crease in the sash-ribbon. It was, nevertheless, fresh and pretty, and she looked charming. So said Lady Brownlow to her an hour later as

she swept past the trio, whose fear of being overheated seemed to have been effectually chilled.

They were huddled together in one of the door-ways when Lady Brownlow passed, herself a radiant vision, with a rose at her girdle and



WHEN LADY BROWNLOW PASSED.

a diamond star in her hair. She was gentleness itself to her cousins, bending for a moment from out the rich prestige of her own effulgent glory, without one shade of superiority in either her manner or her speech. She was full of life's new wine, bubbling over in graciousness.

She found her little cousin laughing a great deal in a sort of forced way, looking about her trembly as she detained a youth very young,

very slender, and with a muddy complexion, by a hand slipped through his crooked arm-sleeve. His mere presence seemed to have galvanized the girl into a febrile gayety. He was, in fact, her first partner. She was beginning to fear that he would be the last. At the moment Lady Brownlow addressed her she was trying to induce him to offer his services for supper. There was a distant murmur that this terrible ordeal was at hand. The cotillon was to follow, and our little *débutante* was not engaged for either. She did at last persuade her youth to take her down. They joined her father and mother and a literary couple, a certain Mr. Pickabone and his wife, a man and woman distinguished from the environing crowd by a strange unfitness in the matter of costume. The gentleman's hair was long and the lady's short. Mrs. Pickabone wore a scant sky-blue brocade cut high over the shoulders, but whose V-shaped aperture was zigzagged by ten yards of ascending cotton laces. A safety-pin held these across a defiant collar-bone as if to defend a siege; while a large bunch of natural smilax served as an abatis. Around her thin, dark throat, which had the look of a moulting parrot's, was fastened a necklace of cockle-shells set in silver.

In the general *mélée* poor Mr. Titus carried in this gaunt lady, while his wife brought up the rear with the author, her husband. They found a table behind a door, and here were served to them the same delicate viands and wines which the more fortunate were consuming.

"John Salisbury's chief work, my dear," said the *littérateur*, helping his wife to a glass of claret, "is a treatise, in eight books, on the frivolities of courtiers and the footsteps of philosophers. This scene and its heterogeneous assemblage remind me of the interesting medley I was perusing this morning. Here we meet all,—all in one."

"Who are those guys?" whispered Mrs. Larremore as she passed in, upon a distinguished foreigner's arm, among her guests.

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Mr. Larremore. "How on earth can I tell? I didn't see your list. I don't know half the people here."

"Oh, I remember now. It must be the man the Gallaways asked for; that man who lived in Samoa, and writes about it. I had to send them a card to please Aunt Kate. Who would imagine the wife would come too? She's quite dreadful. That's all one gets for being unselfish."

The advent of a fair divorcée, whom she knew by sight, at an adjoining table caused the Samoan lady to break forth in lamentations at the present looseness of the marriage tie.

"Marriage is the force, the order, of life,—its health and dignity. What, will you tell me, are we coming to, if men are to be so easily released from their obligations?" she said, shaking her head until the smilax and cockle-shells trembled.

"I," said the Samoan, "I, for one, am of Ingersoll's way of thinking. I would make our divorce laws even easier than they are. Old prejudices must not paralyze progress—Terrapin, my love?—Now, in Samoa, Mr. Hyatt Titus, you have no idea what strange views they hold about marriage." And he went on with great prolixity giving these views, which were certainly astounding.

Miss Hyatt Titus passed the hour of the cotillon in the dressing-room. When her mother came later to her bedchamber to assist her

in disrobing, she found the little girl lying sobbing on the floor, whose hardness was not more cruel than that of the world which had ignored her. She rolled over and looked up at her mother's frightened face.

"Why didn't you know," she said, angrily, "what I had to expect, mamma? Older people ought to know about these things. I never danced once; and then to sup with those queer, horrid-looking people! It was too humiliating! As to Mrs. Larremore, she never noticed my existence."

Poor Mrs. H. T. wrung her hands, feeling for the first time that the duties of a wife and mother were greater than she could perform.



MRS. LARREMORE AFTER THE BALL.

"That pretty girl from the lake seemed to have rather a heavy time, my dear," said Mr. Larremore to his wife.

Their splendid rooms presented the curious appearance of a wind-swept desert which follows the last steps of departing guests. The candles hugged their sockets, now and then giving forth a snapping sound when a lump of falling wax dropped to the parquet floor. This was strewn here and there with straggling débris of tulle, the wrenched-off bit of a lace *balayeuse*, a scrap of gauze from the blue or rosy cloud which had enveloped some dancing nymph. The flowers drooped from mantels and chandeliers, giving forth an almost sickly odor from their hot, crushed petals. The potted plants, stronger to resist the demands of an exhausted atmosphere, stood out dank and dark against the light green of damask panellings. Through the loopings of a dozen portières could be seen now and then the aproned form of one of the under-men hurrying to uncharge the rich banqueting-table in the distant dining-room of its salads, wines, and fruits.

The click of the rattling glasses or the crack of a dropped plate,

accompanied by the rather thickly uttered anathema of the head butler,—whom copious draughts of champagne had rendered peculiarly unrelenting,—came muffled back through the heavy curtains. In the overhanging gallery the sleepy musicians were putting their instruments to bed in pantalettes and shirts of chamois leather, and the occasional squeak of a recalcitrant fiddle struck back sharply on the silence of the empty halls. Their dark bearded faces peered down through the white and gold balustrade at the master and mistress of the mansion, who were flitting about in broadcloth and satin, with that restless sleeplessness of the host and hostess after a crowded and successful entertainment.

Mrs. Arthur Cunliffe stopped at the door, muffled in her voluminous fawn-colored plush coat, from whose fox-furs emerged her fair head and white throat, like a Dresden-china umbrella-handle. She lingered for a moment to say good-by on the stairs to a long-necked, faded dude who was flitting before her, in a vain search for his fur-lined coat and silk neck-scarf, which some other gentleman had carried off, leaving in their stead a pair of soiled galoshes and a torn handkerchief.

"What girl, from what lake?" Mrs. Larremore was asking her husband, standing before a Louis XVI. mirror, and arranging her pearl coronet, which had fallen a little awry.

"Why, that girl from the lake—pshaw! you know. I think you should have done something for her."

"Oh, her mother ought to have introduced her properly," said little Mrs. Cunliffe at the door-way, "before she ventured into the big world. I know from my own experience how cruel and cold it can be." She could afford to be frank now, her own evening having been a wild success.

"What do you think I ought to have done, Larrie?"

"Introduced some men to her."

"My dear, you can bring horses to the trough, but you cannot make them water. That girl is doomed socially. I knew it from the first. I knew it would be futile, so I just gave it up."

"She is mighty good-looking," said Mr. Larremore.

"Yes, at home, in the morning, in the country. Not in a ball-room. She makes no effect; and then she has no magnetism."

"How can you tell?"

"I can see it in a woman two blocks off, when she is going along the street. I take a man's view."

"Her mother should have given a tea," ventured Mrs. Cunliffe, tentatively. "I did feel for them."

"A tea! Eleanor, are you insane! Why, don't you know that a tea will swamp any girl now, unless she is a tearing beauty, or has at least been jilted once by a foreign nobleman? Twenty-two teas wouldn't put that little girl on her legs. I doubt if even a small dance, which is her only hope now, would help her much. I saw her supping with those creatures from Samoa. She had better take to literature. There is a wide field, which requires no teas, no dances, no men, no gowns: such things are superfluous there. In that life there must be peace."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Larremore. "There is nothing of the

kind. The jealousies of artists are proverbially more bitter and more acrimonious than those of rival belles."

"I wonder why it is," said Mrs. Larremore, "that those literary people make such guys of themselves." She spoke of the genus as if it had been a species of ape.

"The only literary people I ever met," said Mrs. Cunliffe, "instead of talking to me of their work, or of their higher aspirations, were trying to impress me with the fact, all the time, that they were in the 'smart set,' or could be if they chose,—that they once had dined with you, dear Mrs. Larremore, or had been entertained at your step-mother's sister's cousin's aunt's. I confess I was surprised, because, with it all, they affected immense contempt for mundane matters, which they said were most frivolous and belittling."

Mrs. Larremore yawned. "The race of fools is not yet extinct, and it is not confined, I find, to any particular orbit. But when those Pickabones get invited here again they'll know it. They had better do all their bragging before my next affair."

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## CHAPTER IX.



HEN Miss Highty Tighty rose from her reclining attitude she went to her desk, sat down before it, and began to compose a sonnet. It was called "A World's Blindness."

She wrapped it carefully in tissue-paper, the next morning, tied it between two pieces of cardboard torn from an old ribbon-box, fastened it together with a scrap of pink lutestring, and directed it to the editor of a well-known magazine. As she tied it up she said to herself,

"Genius!" Her fingers trembled with excitement, and two crimson spots burned on her soft cheeks. She wrote a line, giving her own name and address, begging that a speedy acknowledgment of this contribution to contemporaneous literature be sent to her. She also requested to be furnished with a detailed analysis of its merits and its chances of speedy publication, and inquired, in a postscript, whether she ought to write on

ruled paper. She said to herself that she was conferring a favor.

She would stoop to no chicanery: all she desired was to soar. A special messenger boy was charged with this precious package; and Violet entered, a few hours after his departure, into a condition of anxiety that every footfall and every ring of the bell increased almost to agony. The blind and cruel world which had failed to recognize her power would now, she told herself, be forced to pause at the fulminations of her contempt. She saw herself a gifted authoress raised to a pinnacle of fame, in a province where even her successful cousins would be forced to own themselves beaten. She decided, however,—as it were, in parenthesis,—to avoid smilax and cockle-shells in the



A WORLD'S BLINDNESS.

matter of personal adornment, and already began to plan a fitting costume in which she should arise to dazzle the universe.

It was not until the fourth day that she received by mail an official envelope, bearing on the outside the name, in large red letters on a dark disk, of the magazine she had addressed. She was entertaining a girl friend at the time that this missive was placed in her hands, and, finding her visitor inclined to a lingering loquacity, dismissed her with a mysterious shake of her pretty head.

"My dear Jane," she said, "I must ask you to leave me. Some

day I will tell you all,—all. To-day I may not speak to you, I may not explain."

Jane was greatly impressed. She scented a love-affair, which must be allowed to take its course if its future was to be piquant, and, hurrying into her black fur cape, got down into the street. The authoress, released, flew two steps at a time up to her rose-colored bedroom, closed the door, pulled the bolt, and sank panting into her chair. She felt disappointed to find the letter extremely brief, written in type, and signed by some illegible, unreadable person, evidently not the editor. It simply stated that her note and package had reached their destination and would receive respectful attention.

Eight days of extravagant hopes and fears, of poignant, merciless expectancy, had to be lived through. Our bright little friend grew pallid and languid, dragged her limbs wearily, and lost her appetite. She hung from the window or flew into the antechamber every time the postman's whistle broke the monotony of the well-ordered household. She refused two girls'-luncheon-parties, and positively declined to take the slightest interest in an entertainment her mother timidly suggested giving for her,—receiving the proposition with the silent shrug of one who has long since done with such small things.

On the eighth day she called her maid Josephine, donned a becoming hat and coat, and despatched Buttons furtively for a cab,—her mother was out shopping in the brougham,—gave the cabman, in a voice of suppressed agitation, the address of the tardy editor, and was soon on the way to his lair.

She told her maid her errand ; she was dying for a confidante.

" You're so rich, miss," Josephine said to her, " I don't see why you should be bothered with writing. Them as is poor ought to write the books."

" Rich !" Miss Highty Tighty's eyes rolled to the cab's horizon. " Rich ! I write for fame, Josephine."

" Well, I guess it ain't wuth it," said Josephine.

" Oh, of course *you* cannot comprehend," leaning back with a sigh.

" Well, miss, if I was rich I guess I'd take it easy."

" I am afraid yours is a sordid soul, Josephine. What would you do if you had money, pray ?"

" I've got no friends except my mother, miss, and God Almighty," said Josephine, quite cheerfully, evidently thinking " sordid " meant something flattering, " and I guess if I was rich I'd have a plenty of them. I'd buy the little cottage down by the East Lake, miss, for my mother, so she could have a place of her own, and I'd put my sister Maggie with her ; she's kind of sickly to work hard as she's doin'." Thus Josephine's sordidness declared itself. At this moment they arrived. Violet entered the large book-shop which faced the street with that same mysterious, swift, almost guilty movement with which she had impressed her friend Jane on a previous occasion. Josephine, in a gray ulster and brown bonnet, brought up the rear. The young mistress attracted that mild form of attention which is accorded to feminine charm by the weary and harassed clerk of a fashionable shop.

Pretty girls were not rare, and their entrance aroused little curiosity or excitement. Nevertheless a red-headed youth left abruptly a wearisome old gentleman who was fumbling querulously over some volumes, and accosted her with a certain degree of alacrity.

"Can I show you anything, miss? New novels, eh? Here is 'The Acrobat's Inquiry,' the great success of the season, by a society woman, Mrs. Plum, of Louisville, Kentucky."

"Thank you," said Miss Hyatt Titus, loftily, "I desire to see Mr. Carper, the editor, in person, on special business. Is he here, and at liberty?"

The clerk stared, surprised. "Certainly, miss. Step this way."

"Josephine" with a wave of her hand, "follow me."

Josephine followed with round eyes. They were ushered between the book-laden counters, through a gloomy passage, into a long, narrow room fitted with a table and two sofas. Upon its walls were hung a variety of sketches and photographs, apparently portraits of authors, signed in bold autographs. Some of them were large and conspicuous, and represented well-known women writers. One or two of these ladies wore low-necked gowns, had assumed poses of more or less picturesqueness, and looked out with intellectual challenge from under masses of shaggy or frizzled hair.

Josephine sank resigned into a chair near the door, and it was during this mute contemplation that a panel was pushed away with a jerk, and a man's head emerged from a neighboring room. After peering in cautiously for a few seconds, he stepped across the threshold. He seemed to be about thirty, and was distinctly handsome. He wore a suit of gray rough morning cloth, was a six-footer, broad in the chest, robust, and carried himself more like an English sportsman than like a *littérateur*.

"How do you do?" he said, a trifle awkwardly.

"I came to see you on . . . on . . . business," said Miss Hightly Tighty. "Are you the . . . er . . . editor?"

"I am Mr. Carper. Won't you sit down?"

She sat down. Her throat felt a little dry. "I sent a poem—a sonnet—here, some days since," she said, "but they don't write me about it. I don't seem to hear anything."

"Ah! What was its name?" he asked, looking with evident admiration at the fair girl before him. He seated himself near the table, crossing his legs, and toying carelessly with a paper-knife which lay under his hand.

She gave her name and that of her performance.

"I think you are mistaken," he replied, still staring at her admiringly. "There hasn't been any such poem sent here. It hasn't come under my notice. To be sure, I only landed from Europe last night, so that I don't know very much about it."

"Who does know, then?" asked the girl, her eyes filling with angry tears, and not without a slight asperity of voice. "Some one wrote me it had been received. Would they have thrown it away?" she asked, with quivering lips.

"Oh, dear, no! of course not! You understand we can't always

send back rejected pieces. We couldn't undertake it, don't you know?" His smile jarred upon her irritated nerves. "Here, French, come in here. Here's a lady has sent a sonnet—— Ah! you are looking up at Mrs. Plum's portrait, I see! Wonderful, that woman! Two hundred thousand copies of her 'Acrobat,' and the sale still booming. Whew! There's a book for you! I don't know as we'll ever get another like it. She's a jewel, Mrs. Plum, but she's a little devil, too, I tell you! Why don't you write a novel, instead of wasting your time on sonnets? They don't pay, anyway. Ha! ha!" And he laughed.

She didn't say to him, as she had to the chambermaid, that she wrote for fame. Fame seemed just then a fickle goddess, and this man's hopeless commonplace was not the lost key to her inconstant favor.

Mr. French now came in. He was a short, spare person, with a shock of yellow hair, which stood up in waves from a high, pale forehead. He threw the lapels of his coat back, as he entered, with the back of his thumbs, jauntily, and stuck his tongue into his left cheek.

"I am the author of 'A World's Blindness.' I have come to learn if it will suit you for the magazine," said Miss Hyatt Titus, rising proudly, with head erect and quivering nostril, but with a heart of lead and cold, shaking fingers.

With a spasmodic, nervous movement the short man looked helplessly at Mr. Carper and remained speechless.

"Did you read it, French, eh?" asked the latter, smothering an evidently continued inclination to hilarity under a stern frown and severe voice.

French scratched his head. "Ye-e-e-s," he said, "I read it. I remember it."

"Well?" said the girl, eagerly.

"Well," said Mr. French, "you see, miss, our magazine's made up for a couple of years or more ahead. By the time your poem came round, the public demand for sonnets—never very pronounced—might be . . . er . . . as it were in abeyance. So that . . . so that . . . we wouldn't like to pledge ourselves to anything." He looked helplessly at Mr. Carper; but this gentleman refused to come to his rescue, and continued to glare and frown. He kept his left eye fixed meanwhile upon the profile of Mrs. Plum, which swung upon its nail above him, as upon an *egis* of safety and of refuge. His attention seemed to be wavering.

He took up a volume. "Do you know Larkins? eh? and his work? No, I presume *not*. That man's pluck!—Well! publishes a novel yearly; pays for the plates himself; falls dead as a door-nail; goes straight on. We're about sick of it; but you can't stop him; he's wound up as tight as a kite. Seems as if he had no sense, ha! ha!"

"Of course," said Mr. French, now a trifle impatient, "if Mr. Carper says so, your . . . er . . . poetry can go into the magazine tomorrow. Something else can be thrown overboard. It all rests with our editor. It's all one to me." But Miss Hyatt Titus had risen and was making for the door. "You can return it to me," she fulminated, sweeping by Josephine with a glance whose warning caused this young

woman to start to her feet like a Chinese mandarin from its spring toy-box.

A rustle of garments made her look up as she tripped across the corridor, followed by her maid. A tall person, with a crushed-strawberry scarf wound about her serpentine figure, came quickly forward from some dark embrasure, and, throwing her attenuated arms about Miss Hyatt Titus, saluted her fervently. "Dearest Cynthia!" she cried.

"But I am not Cynthia."

"Ah, you cannot deceive me," said the tall lady, shaking her mane. "The author of 'A Woman's Wail' has found repose, nay, shelter, on this breast!" and our would-be poetess was again pressed with violence against a wish-bone of peculiar sharpness. "Such talent, such fire, pathos, passion . . . oh!" cried the female editress in a fine rhapsody.

"But you are mistaken."

A ray of light pierced the gloom as Mr. French's retreating figure was absorbed into a back office. "Bless me!" said the lady, winking a pair of small, deep-set eyes, and waking from her frenzy. "I was expecting Cynthia. I'm sure I beg your pardon, miss."

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#### CHAPTER X.

**J**N the spring there was another wedding in the Hatch household. This time it was no runaway, like Muriel's, no mending of a lacerated heart, like Willie Truden's compromise with Audrey; but two bright and ardent young souls, with the parental blessing and the world's approval, stepped forth together, fresh to their new existence. For some occult reason best known to herself, the fair May-Margaret, who was nothing if not wayward, developed a pronounced desire for a spice of the world's frivolity, as well as of its sanction, at her nuptials. She made an extensive list of the people she wished invited, sitting on the floor at her mother's feet. And first and foremost upon this list were the names of Mrs. Larremore, of the Arthur Cunliffes, and of a lot of people whom she knew at best but very little, and her reverend adorer not at all.

"If he thinks I am going to mope because I marry a clergyman," she said to her mother, "I had better get him out of that idea at once. I intend to make him a bishop, and these people may be important. This is the first step. We'll have to give dinner-parties when he is a bishop, and he's got to learn now."

To all of this the Rev. Parachute, when he was admitted to the

conclave, listened in frightened ecstasy. It was evident that May-Margaret was ambitious. He told himself that there were flowers, like the giroflee, meant to climb, and whose calyx only reached perfection when leaning over the abyss. The sons of God were ever prone to see the daughters of men, that they were fair.

A delicious ravishment robbed him of speech. Sometimes at night, kneeling before his crucifix, he implored forgiveness for this deadly sin of loving one of God's creatures overmuch. He prayed that it

might not be imputed as sin for him to have chosen as his cherished companion one who was so full of earthly fascination. He felt sure—oh, so sure!—that she was also good and gentle.

Mrs. Larremore, whose winter had on the whole bored her,—she almost wished there were fresh ladders to mount: what blissful days those of the breathless ascent!—and Mrs. Arthur Cunliffe, who was in excellent spirits because of her own attainment, volunteered to chaperon a party of young people up from town. They thought it would be amusing.

Lady Brownlow, who had crossed the seas expressly, had arrived at the lake the day before, accompanied by her husband, a couple of handsome Englishmen, two maids, a valet, and twenty-seven boxes. These gallant Britishers, with a neighbor or two, and a dude from the city, were impressed into the service as ushers, preceded by Crummy in a starched ruff and a little Henri III. blue velvet jacket, made out of his mother's first married ball-gown. Crummy was omnipresent, under everybody's feet, still freckled, still troublesome, still noisy, but clean for once, and bursting with importance.

Lucile and Lillian Hatch, the twins, pretty, flower-like creatures of sixteen summers, were to be bridesmaids, with two other girls, one of whom was imported from a distant town, to represent the Parachute clan. And then, besides these, there was our poetess. She had never been invited to be a bridesmaid before, and even aesthetic and literary young women are human. She was pleased. She expressed herself, however, condescendingly, alluding to the fact that, having entered the field of literature,—how Mrs. Hatch laughed!—her time was not now fully at her own command.

The fact was, Miss Hyatt Titus, after nursing for two months her baffled ambition with thoughts of revenge, had once more taken up the pen. This time she had been practical. She had taken Mr. Carper's advice. She had done with sonnets. She was writing a novel. Its name was "Novensides." She didn't know what it meant, but she



MAY-MARGARET.

decided to find out when the book was finished. As she had only written a chapter and a half, there seemed to be no immediate haste. She now spoke openly of her literary labors. It sounded well, or at least she thought so; and the smiles and nods of her acquaintances were taken for the expression of astonished admiration. One girl had indeed been somewhat offensively inquisitive as to what she had already published, and had given vent to a slightly mocking titter when told that the publication of a thing was of little moment, if only there was the talent. This lack of sympathy Miss Hyatt Titus attributed to the jealousy always awakened in small and mediocre breasts by impending success.

She had decided upon at least two characters in her story. One was to be a thinly-veiled Mrs. Larremore, represented as a malignant, malevolent, mischief-brewing being, given over to all manner of wickedness, slyness, and deceit; attractive—within limits—but doomed to ultimate perdition in this planet and the next. The other was a polished villain. She had first intended to portray him as an English duke, who should inveigle into his toils and decoy to her destruction a village maiden. Unfortunately, having imparted this portion of the plot to her friend the mocking girl, this young lady had giggled again, and this time more provokingly. "Why, yes," she had said, "do! That would be so new!" And somehow Miss Highty Tighty had suspected the girl's words to convey hidden satire. Could it be possible?

Then when she had essayed to portray the Earl of Brownlow—the nearest approach she knew to an English duke—she found herself embarrassed, Draco, or "Brownie," as Mrs. Larremore called him, was so far from her preconception of the polished villain,—such polished villains as she had seen upon the stage,—gentlemen invariably dressed, whatever the season, in light summer overcoats, high gray silk hats, and diamond scarf-pins. "Why do polished villains always wear a gray silk hat?" she asked herself, pondering, doubting, depressed.

The heroine of "Novensides" was an ethereal, exquisitely dressed, misunderstood by friends and family . . . genius. Her face and figure were described with close minutiae, described so conclusively to represent—herself, that she grew frightened at the last minute, and threw in a mole under the left ear. She decided she could change the hair later, if the publisher thought it wise. She remembered that Homer only tells us that Achilles was blond, and that somehow we see him, and wondered why this girl, so elaborately detailed, remained elusive, intangible, and unreal. She even had shed a few tears over this. She had grown tired and fretful. She had inked her best frock. Could it be possible that Homer or Achilles or somebody was cleverer than she? But this was only a momentary weakness, such as she had experienced after her first visit to Mr. Carper, when she had felt humbled in spite of herself, and had sighed for wisdom.

Yes, it would be a rest and respite from this arduous career to dance at her cousin May-Margaret's wedding.

What a lovely day it was, to be sure! and how handsome Papa and Mamma Hatch looked, she in her lilac silk and he with his *boutonnière*!

The Rev. Parachute was very pale, as if he had passed a night of vigil, but May-Margaret, who had slept soundly for twelve hours, and had eaten a capital breakfast, was gay and rosy, and seemed to view the whole affair as an immense frolic. She gave her hand a moment shyly to her lover, on the stairs, and blushed under her orange-blossoms at some word he whispered to her of her beauty.

The Countess of Brownlow caused a profound sensation as she swayed up the aisle of the country church, upon the arm of one of the English ushers, in a wonderfully fitting gown of satin and lace. There was almost as much tremor when Mrs. Larremore, in a cloud of Nile-green chiffon, was whirled half-way to the altar, at the Earl of Brownlow's elbow. Having ensconced his charge in a prominent pew, he left her, lumbering up, with his awkward gait, to join his beautiful wife.

Then afterwards, at the Hatcheries, there was a festive gathering indeed. All were here except the Trudens, who were travelling far away in the Greek Islands and cabled their message of affection across seas, oceans, and archipelagoes.

Even Cousin Martha unbent for the occasion, and was most affable to Mr. Hatch, who buried the hatchet and took her in to breakfast. Mr. Hyatt Titus, who sidled up to Mrs. Larremore with a broiled bird on the end of a fork, and a glass of champagne between his thumb and index, was rewarded by a melting smile. And his daughter drew the ring out of the bridesmaids' cake which was given her by her groomsman. This groomsman was a timid, callow young man, the son of a gentleman reported to own the greater portion of a Western Territory, and a fabulously productive gold-mine. He also had been imported by Mr. Parachute from his far-away province, as being a distant relative. This gilded youth trembled when Miss Hyatt Titus looked at him. He thought her the very embodiment of fashion, elegance, and distinction. The author of "Novensides" wondered if to be understood and deified one must indeed revert to distant and imported worshippers. She wondered if gold-digging in remote regions might not afford solace to a wounded spirit. She dazzled him so completely, before the day had drifted into the twilight and the rice and slippers had been hurled at the departing Parachutes,—May-Margaret's hat being generously trimmed by a beading of the Mascote grain,—that her own foolish heart fluttered with a longing half assuaged. Her vanity had found alimento at last. She had made her first conquest.

THE-END

## MEN WHO REIGNED:

BENNETT, GREELEY, RAYMOND, PRENTICE, FORNEY.

[JOURNALIST SERIES.]

I HAVE been requested to contribute something to these memorable papers on journalism. Of personal experiences I recall little that would be useful, remembering what has been written by the gifted gentlemen who have prepared this series. My own career in the press has been that of a humdrum laborer in a calling full of trial, opportunity, and fascination. I fell into it in early boyhood, and kept with it many years, following various roads in its service, at home and in lands beyond the sea. In later days circumstances have made me a truant in my devotions to the press; but I have no feeling towards it other than gratitude and pride as a noble calling with every incentive towards charity, patriotism, and achievement. And as I look back, I see as it were a long procession of journalists I have known, so many of them no longer with time, but in step with the music of eternity.

Some of those who were memorable to their fellows, and still with us in spirit and tradition, I knew in their day and when they reigned. When the war came, journalism in the East was governed by Horace Greeley, James Gordon Bennett, and Henry J. Raymond. I knew Greeley and Raymond upon terms of intimacy. I saw a great deal of the elder Bennett in his old age, when, no longer in the stress of the battle, he could look on with a philosophy beautiful to the young men who were permitted within his circle. In the West journalism was then governed by George D. Prentice. Halstead and Medill were winning their spurs. McCullagh was in the ranks. Whitelaw Reid was speering about for army news, while Horace White was diligent in Washington employments. George Alfred Townsend gave promise of his wonderful career by dainty writings in verse and prose for the city columns of *The Press*. Henry Watterson as "Asa Trenchard" was writing jingling letters from Washington to *The Press*, which I used to read in manuscript before they were snipped into copy-takes and given out to the printer.

James Gordon Bennett is a name which for sixty years has had a dynastic place in the kingdom of journalism. The founder of the Bennett dynasty lived for more than a half-century in the United States, suitor to varying fortunes, until he saw that there was more inherent value in a penny than in a sixpence and founded *The Herald*. My earliest impression of Bennett was that of a vast, sinister shape which had come out of the infinite, like some genii of the Arabian Nights, to overspread and darken the heavens. There



JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

was an aspect of terror in what young eyes saw of this, a lawless, eccentric influence sweeping a wayward orbit, and above human conditions and limitations, breathing wrath upon all who would not bow down and worship.

I first saw the elder Bennett one bleak snowy night towards the close of Lincoln's Presidency. A guest with my ever hospitable and gentle friend Mr. Haskin at his Fordham residence, nothing remained after dinner but that we should speed over the snow with tinkling sleigh-bells to the Bennett home on the Hudson. If my imagination had gone into darkened fancies over the ideal Bennett, the man as I saw him drove them away. Hair white and clustering, a smooth face, soon to have the comfort of a beard, rather above the middle size, prominent aquiline nose, a long, narrow head with abundant development in perceptive faculties, a keen boring eye which threw arrowy glances, bantering rather than hearty laughter, a firm, masterful jaw, talk in a broad Scottish accent, which he seemed to nurse with a relish. His speech had the piquant, saucy colloquialisms which stamped his individuality on the *Herald*. His manner stately, courteous, that of a high-bred gentleman of unique intelligence giving opinions as though they were aphorisms, like one given to have his own way. Whatever he may have seemed in the columns of his journal, the man as he welcomed us was wreathed in courtesy and good will.

I was to see Bennett on many occasions between this winter's night encounter in 1864 until our last meeting in May, 1872, a month before he died. You felt in his company the impression of a man of genius; humor, apt to run into mockery,—until it seemed almost as if it were the spirit of Voltaire breathing through him. His mind teemed with ideas, which streamed into his talk,—saucy phrases, invectives, nicknames, keen bits of narrative, surcharged with a cynical pessimism, which remained, one might fancy, as a legacy of early days of disappointment and trial. For this man had fought the world,—had fought it down ! The world would not come in his need, and now he reigned apart, looking down upon it with scorn.

Bennett admired Andrew Jackson, and next to Jackson his admiration was Grant. He was the first of the great editors to recognize Grant. He felt the affinity of the general's Scottish blood or the attraction of his Scottish tenacity of character. The editor had an eye for results, and the campaigns of Grant were ripe in results. Bennett did not have a cheerful view of the war: he could see no outlook but irretrievable bankruptcy, against which, as he said with a smile, he had provided by keeping a special deposit of gold in the Chemical Bank. When the bottom fell out, he would have swimming-gear of his own, and substance likewise, and not go down in a sea of paper currency and inflation.

There were reasons in those days why even a more cheerful man than Bennett should be deep in gloom. The concern of Lincoln was lest the Union would be destroyed in a self-imposed bankruptcy before the army overcame secession. The military problem was solved when I saw Bennett in later days, and no one could have a more cheerful view of the national future. I remember some *Herald* articles pub-

lished in the weeks succeeding the surrender of Lee which I used to dig out of the files and read for the splendor and breadth of their foresight. And in many conversations in his closing years I recall the enthusiasm with which the venerable man would dwell upon the assured and growing glory of the Republic.

This was shown especially on one of my latest visits. He had surrendered to his son the practical control of the *Herald*, and received his friends in a small, richly-garnished corner-room of his New York house, in the second story, looking out upon Thirty-Eighth Street and Fifth Avenue. He was very old and feeble,—old in everything but genius. The face was heavily bearded, and, as he sat folded in the ample chair, with heavy quilted gown, his head bent with years, his keen eyes gleaming through heavily-rimmed gold spectacles, surrounded with a pile of papers, there was a sense of majesty, even as that of the king on his throne. On this occasion I found him reading a report, several columns long, from a military officer detailing a reconnoissance in the Yellowstone Park. And had I read it? I presume not. Some immediate story of the foolish fleeting hour had intervened, and military reports were not exhilarating. But I must read it. What a wonder-world that Yellowstone, and what a land, and what a country, with those awakening wonders day by day!—geysers spouting at times and ceasing to spout, radiant clays with their pinks and blues, their crimson and saffron and pearl, and the rainbow phenomena, the hot steaming springs with healing in their waters. Such fertility, such beauty! and not the half was known.

What this wise man saw in the officer's story was an object-lesson. He craved no romance better than fact, living in his serene atmosphere of hope and contemplation. The things we called men, and the grasshopper brawls we called events, how small and mean to one who revelled in this revelation of Nature in sumptuous, gaudy mood!

Bennett, as I used to read him, was the intellectual child of Walpole and Cobbett. He was an accomplished man. Although for the first generation of its existence he made the New York *Herald* a journal which the humblest could comprehend,—although he understood the value of the journalistic axiom never to shoot above the heads of the people,—I question if any of his peers were better educated. He had lectured on political economy, taught the languages and the higher mathematics, had written Byronic verses, and stories of the Maria Edgeworth school. He had studied the world from the moors of Scotland, the wharves of Boston, the academies of Charleston, the composing-rooms of Philadelphia, the lecturer's pulpit in New York, and the Congress galleries of Washington. The lesson he had learned,—the stern lesson that the world was a masked battery which must be carried at the point of the bayonet,—the fierce lesson that his one appointed duty in this existence was in the fortunes of James Gordon Bennett,—this he preached in the *Herald*. He preached amid derision and contempt, amid misrepresentation and personal violence: he preached and won. The world knelt to his sceptre, and when I saw him he reigned as no man has reigned since, or, to my fancy, ever will, in the kingdom of journalism.

A pupil of Walpole and Cobbett in literature, the political ideas of Bennett were influenced by the tremendous upheaval of Napoleonism. He was a contemporary of Napoleon, and his plastic mind grew and hardened under the bewildering influence of the French Emperor. Napoleon—what he did or would be apt to do—was among Bennett's familiar forms of illustration. He told me that one of the first articles he had ever written was an editorial on the battle of Waterloo and the fall of Bonaparte for a newspaper in Aberdeen. After Napoleon, Bennett, like most scholars who had studied under the supra-classical traditions of the earlier century, was immersed in Roman history. His parallels and illustrations, his moral and historical reflections, were apt to come from Plutarch and the classic fathers. He would cite them in defence of a paradox, for his genius was quite capable of believing one thing in June and the contrary in July. "I print my paper every day," he was wont to say when charged with inconsistency. And when some strange unexpected sensation in the *Herald* would burst upon the town to its wonderment, Bennett would quote the story of the dog of Alcibiades, whose tail was docked to the end that Athens might be set to talking about its master.



HORACE GREELEY.

Horace Greeley was a leader. To him journalism was not merely a vocation, an honorable means of earning daily bread, but a profession. He gave his newspaper in calling it *The Tribune* a self-conscious name. Bennett was content with the busy, noisy office of a herald; Greeley had something to say, and must say it. The selling of news and narratives and literary criticisms, the imparting of precious truths upon deep ploughing and ensilage,—these, indeed, were grateful offices, but disputation was the higher duty of man. So during the years of his busy life, from the late thirties when he was in the *New*

*Yorker* and the *Log Cabin*, until the sad unnecessary end in 1872, Greeley was ever in argument. His moral aims were high. This was an atrocious world,—that he knew very well. It was permeated with Democrats and free-traders and idle folks given to drink. There were evil men and evil women; but that was no reason for giving it over to fire. It should be converted. There should be regeneration through the spirit of daily reproof and objurgation. Greeley labored with the world to better it, to give men moderate wages and honest food, and to teach women to earn their own living, and that it was better that they should learn how to make shoes than to play on the piano.

Greeley inherited from his Scotch-Irish ancestors plainness of speech. "I can," he used to say, "write better slang than any editor in America." He knew the value of words. The traditions call him profane, and nowadays one rarely hears a story of Greeley which does not turn upon some quaint archaic use of a profane phrase. Yet he was far from

being profane,—was pure-minded, and of proper speech, as a daily intercourse of years enables me to testify. He was impatient of ignorance or frivolity. He had a complaining way, generally amusing from its quaintness, apt to become petulance if anything teased. He had the capacity of spontaneous aversion,—formed opinions of people by a kind of second-sight. I knew one noted man whom he disliked, as well as I could make out, for no other reason than the color of the hair. He never forgave another for being a college graduate. Life and its employments were an earnest purpose: there should be no trifling by the wayside, no lolling over vanities, no giving way to meretricious appetites; and therefore the greatest of crimes was drink. A man's troth was sacred; it was the human expression of a divine attribute; and therefore, next to drink, there was no crime so great as marriage infidelity. His dislike to tobacco, as to wine, was an indication of personal discomfort. There was no virtue quite as desirable as thrift, and thrift was best served by small salaries. The material happiness of mankind was a constant care. The Jersey marshes that stretch from Hoboken to Newark distressed him. "Is there no way—are there no lessons in the economic conditions of Holland to teach us how to reclaim these wasted square miles of marsh and overflow and make them into wholesome, enduring homes?" This was a frequent inquiry. His dislike of slavery, when you sifted it down, was rather an earnest of sympathy with the white man who was undersold in his labor than sentiment for the negro.

The anti-slavery atmosphere surrounding the *Tribune* was not inspired by Greeley. It really came from the gifted young men who were attracted to the *Tribune* because of its independence and high literary standard. Greeley was generous to honest, well-meaning thought, whether he accepted it or not, and he was a purist as to form. So in time, beginning with the advent of Ripley escaped from the ruins of his Brook Farm—or, as Carlyle, if I remember, called it, Potato Gospel—experiment, until the coming of Sydney Howard Gay, who had been Garrison's collaborer in anti-slavery, the *Tribune* in spite of Greeley—rather by reluctant grumbling acquiescence than his judgment—was governed by men who had a fanatical aversion to slavery. They were resolute, brilliant, capable, irresponsible, intolerant,—not above setting things on fire for the fun of seeing them burn. They attracted Greeley by their sincerity, and charmed his keen literary sense with their gifts. They won the *Tribune* and carried its editor with them. I fancy the attitude of Greeley towards the *Tribune* in the early days was a blending of wondering admiration and despair,—something of the feeling with which, as we read in children's story-books, the affectionate mother hen sees that her chickens are, after all her brooding cares, ducks and will go quacking into the streams. I can conceive no wider divergence in intellectual opinion as to the means of attaining moral and political results than between Mr. Greeley as a leader and thinker and the wayward forces which surrounded him in the making of the *Tribune*. "I never," he once said to the writer, "opened the *Tribune* in those days without a terror as to what they might make me say after eleven o'clock at night."

Greeley was loyal to his journal. He valued consistency as the corner-stone of its credit. He ruled it as the wise ruler governs a state,—not according to his predilections, but by precept. Once a policy was laid down and the course marked, he stood by it. He never fettered those who took his place with contingent instructions. They must act according to their light. He might therefore walk the deck, his heart heavy and wrathful, but as the vessel headed so she must go, until there could be some reason to be justified towards men for the course being changed. I remember his narrative of the Somers mutiny, the hanging of Midshipman Spencer, son of a Cabinet official, and with a boy's craze to be a pirate on the Spanish main, and the excitement when Commander Mackenzie returned. Greeley was away, and young Raymond in command. Raymond, swift, instant, bold, swung out the *Tribune* irretrievably upon the side which happened to be the reverse of Greeley's views. Intensely as Greeley felt about it,—for he was intense in everything,—he would not change the *Tribune* nor explain. Raymond might be a headstrong, impetuous youngster and the *Tribune* wrong, but, right or wrong, it must be consistent. In this apparent inconsistency was profound journalistic wisdom. It was the courage of genius. The *Tribune* must have character and authority. It could afford to make a mistake: it could not afford to be a trimmer or time-server.

The Somers incident is remembered as a tradition told me by Greeley himself. I recall another instance even more remarkable.

When President Johnson's administration gradually became, as stern Republicans viewed it, that of a Christopher Sly in the White House, Greeley, not without impatience, came to see him in the same light. He believed, however, that it was good politics to let Johnson alone. "All that Andy wants," he would say, "is rope enough and time enough, and he will save us any trouble." The *Tribune* was rather in this temper when Greeley went off to lecture in some out-of-the-way region,—no telegraph, no communication. Suddenly Stanton was removed, and the issue with Congress came as if a dynamite bomb had been thrown from the White House into the arena before the Speaker's chair. The party arose in passion, and the answer was Impeachment. The *Tribune* led the way. "Impeachment is Peace," it cried; and there was a season of turbulent public opinion which recalled the seething days of the French Revolution.

The *Tribune* leaped and bounded. The circulation swept onwards. There was joy in the exchequer. Greeley returned in grief from the Minnesota woods. He did not believe in impeachment. "Why hang a man who was bent on hanging himself? Hadn't Andy the requisite rope, and was he not making the best use of that rope towards a welcome ignominious end? And why should Elihu Washburne, and Ashley of Ohio, and Thad Stevens insist upon transforming a case of desirable suicide into one of undesirable martyrdom? And, moreover, was it not perilous—was it not even flying in the face of God and defying the teachings of history—to introduce these crazy, reprehensible French methods into a composed American legislature?"

As I have since read in the narrative of Mr. Blaine and the me-

moirs of Grant, they came in time to this same opinion. Blaine and Grant favored impeachment when in vogue, but were grateful, upon reflection, that it had failed. Their maturer thought was that of Greeley at the moment. Grave and earnest were his lamentations as he returned to the deck of the *Tribune* to find his ship surging ahead in the mad Impeachment seas.

As in the Somers mutiny, however, Greeley was loyal to the *Tribune*. He never changed its course. Only those in his confidence knew how he grieved over that precipitate venture towards impeachment. Under similar circumstances the elder Bennett would have dismissed the staff, dictated three or four historical leaders fraught with allusions to Julius Caesar, a dozen cynical mirth-provoking squibs, and steered the paper into line with his own thought. Mr. Raymond would have written a series of misty philosophical articles and persuaded his readers to go about with him. But with Greeley the *Tribune* had spoken. Moreover, it had spoken the voice of the party,—the deep, angry, perhaps rash voice; but it had spoken. He saw the material gain, the bounding circulation, the smiles of his chancellor of the exchequer, but, as in the case of the bailing of Jefferson Davis, the material gain had he been at home and in command would not have weighed as a feather against the higher voice of his conscience.

That signing of the bail-bond of Jefferson Davis was 'an act of moral courage characteristic of this extraordinary man. When it became known to a few of those near him that Mr. Greeley meant to visit Richmond and enter into recognizances for the appearance of Mr. Davis to answer the charge of treason, there was sore dismay. The night before leaving he came into my room, and, other matters out of the way, talked about it. He was impatient over the dissonance of friends to whom he had spoken, for it was not in his nature to endure dissent, or to be reasoned with when he had made up his mind. He recited their arguments. The *Tribune* was never more prosperous, and that would be injured. There were the soldiers who subscribed for the *Weekly Tribune*, keeping it up in the hundred thousands, and who had not tired of singing about "hanging Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree." They would desert his standard. There was "The American Conflict," his two-volume war book, with its enormous sale, from which for the first time in his life he had the assurance of a great deal of money. There was his canvass for the United States Senate, the consummation of that assuredly in sight. Here were three distinct reasons any one of which would have disturbed the judgment of an ordinary man, and each crying in trumpet-tongue against the proposed sacrifice. Greeley, however, had thought it over. Mr. Davis would be bailed whether he signed the bond or not. That he knew. They might assign whatever motive they pleased. There was a duty,—that of stilling the after-storms of this horrible war, of giving the Southern people an earnest of one Republican's desire for fraternity. The seas might rise, or the mountains fall, or the incumbent heavens compass him about, but he was going to Richmond. And he went.

It came to pass as was feared. The *Weekly Tribune* received a staggering blow. Thousands abandoned it in anger. The sale of

"The American Conflict" ceased, and never recovered. The canvass for the Senate—a canvass, as it seemed, with every assurance of success—went down into darkness; and even the Union League of New York was summoned to protest against a fellow-member bailing the Confederate chief. The losses to Mr. Greeley in money, newspaper hopes and revenues, and the consummation of a proud ambition dear as the ruaggiest impulse of his heart, were immeasurable. He had counted them. He knew the temper he braved, the resentments he awakened, the force of Republican anger. But he went his way as Luther of old, smiling and brave. Those of us behind the scenes saw the sublimity of this self-renunciation. We might question its necessity, its timeliness, but it was the act of a patriotic spirit, who felt that the dearest interests and hopes of his life were as nothing when the country could be served.

There was no name in those days more familiar to the younger journalists, more frequently mentioned with affection and respect, than "Raymond of the *Times*." I first saw Raymond on the battle-field of Bull Run, in company with Russell of the London *Times* and the late George Wilkes. I last saw him standing on the steps of the *Times* office, in the joy of ripe, triumphant manhood. That night he was to be found stricken and dead on the threshold of his home: no loss in my day so untimely, nor meaning so much to the profession and the political welfare of the country. Raymond was a young man,—not fifty, as I recall his years,—and Grant was about entering upon his Presidency. Raymond had been "Lieutenant-General in politics" to Lincoln, as Lincoln called him, and he would probably have held the same office to Grant, with what results in the shaping of the Grant administration and the avoidance by the new President of the mistakes incident to a want of political knowledge we can readily conceive.

For several years I was on terms of friendship with Raymond,—as a young journalist in a minor sphere, lived like the rest of us under his fascination. He was the kindest of men. He had an open, ox-like eye, a neat, dapper person, which seemed made for an overcoat, a low, placid, decisive voice, argued with you in a Socratic method by asking questions and summing up your answers against you as evidence that at last you had found the blessing of conviction. He was never in a hurry, and yet there was no busier person in journalism.

Raymond had the *Rochefoucauld* sense of observation, and in conversation you found yourself in presence of a thinker in a constant state of inquiry and doubt. He was a journalist in everything but his ambitions, and these tended to public life. I once asked him why he took the trouble to go to Congress and endure that atmosphere of idleness and irritation, when he might have his beloved books around him and hear the inspiring clangor of the presses under his feet.



HENRY J. RAYMOND.

"Well," was the answer, "it was a privilege to feel when you answered the call of your name that your voice was a determining factor in the government of the Republic." Raymond's constant attitude of doubt was against his success in legislation. He was conservative. He could not endure a caucus. There was nothing in this world entirely right or entirely wrong,—no peach that did not have a sunny side. Therefore to an impatient party—to a party, for instance, mad with an impeachment fever—Raymond was an impossible leader. In France he would have been a Girondist, and, riding in the tumbrils with Vergniaud, would have met his fate with a smile.

And yet Raymond had shown in political conventions, in legislation, and in the press, the utmost intrepidity. He was a brave man, and liked the joy of a fight. But when it was over he had no skill in discussing its moral consequences. The fighting quality was in his blood,—in his clean-cut, condensed, incisive face, the clinched lips, the pallor that came with heat in controversy. But, after all, what good? There was always that other side, and in this wearisome world was anything worth an expense of temper and time? Yes, there was always the sunny side to the peach, and better spend our days in looking it out than in brawls.

This ever-deepening criticism, this spirit of doubt and inquiry, made Raymond challenge the theory that the press was a profession. He had no grand ideas about the Archimedes lever which moved the world. What was the press, the fourth estate,—whatever we called it, with our rhetorical frills and fribbles,—but a business, to be so treated, a means of livelihood and thrift and earning money? "There is nothing," he once said to me, "of less consequence to a public man than what the papers printed about him yesterday,—nothing of more consequence than what they may print about him to-morrow." I have thought that it was this conception of journalism which deprived Raymond of the moral force as a teacher which belonged to such a man as Greeley. If the press had a business aspect to Greeley,—and he was not insensible to the duty of earning one's daily bread,—it never appeared in his editorial admonitions. Greeley was the advocate,—stolid, implacable, vehement in season and out of season, resolved that mankind should not go to perdition,—not if it could be prevented by a generous circulation of the *Tribune*, and especially the weekly and semi-weekly editions, with their admirable treatises on agriculture. Raymond was the quiet, critical, somewhat impassive man of affairs, who looked at the whole panorama like the lounger at the club-window, thinking only of its movement and color.

In its entirety, I take it, we have had no more brilliant career than that of Raymond. He was successful as a very young man, and I note no failure but what came from the misconception which threw him for a season into Congress. He had the undivided love of his fellows. From the tone of his conversations after he left Congress, I think that he had resolved to return to journalism, never to leave it, but to love it with connubial fidelity. If this had been permitted, his genius would have achieved much, for the period was that of change. He might have anticipated the recent revolutions in the press, to the extent at

least of foreseeing and grasping those stupendous commercial advantages which are among the trophies of the century. I can well believe that this was in his heart,—the ultimate reach of his ambition. He had named his journal *The Times*, having its English namesake as his ideal. Improved by many trials, with the wisdom of experience and success, with an intrepid chivalrous sentiment in what he proposed and did, with the universal respect of his generation, with an amazing celerity of action and clearness of judgment, Raymond in his prime seemed better fitted than any man I have known to take up the standard and lead the journalism of America to its still unattained destiny. But Raymond in his prime was to die,—a generous, noble-minded, aspiring soul, whom those who loved sorely grudged to see lapsing into silence and night.

I cannot say that I knew George D. Prentice, although I have had conversations with him. It would be hard under present press

conditions to make intelligible his exact position in journalism. We looked at him as an erratic, ever-shining star,—a wonder in the Southwestern skies. There seemed no end to his genius,—that daily stream of wit, comment, verse, the saying of the oddest things in ten lines, a style with the freshness of spring, gaiety, courtesy, snapping fire when provoked, but always marked with humanity and patriotism. Prentice was an American whose Americanism spread from sea to sea. He was neither insular, parochial, nor mountain-hemmed. There was as much in the granite of Massachusetts or the Louisiana loam as in the blue grass of Kentucky. The soil to be sacred had simply to be

American. That Kentucky remained true to the Union was due to George D. Prentice. I thought of this with reverent gratitude to his memory as I stood by his grave, now so many years ago.

I saw enough of Prentice to have my own private photographic summary of him, as it were, when he came to Washington in 1861 and became the guest of Mr. Forney, with whom I was living as private secretary. Loyal Washington went into a triumphant mood over this visit. It meant so much. Prentice was from the South. He was intolerant for the Union. To our fancy he had been writing in defence of our cause with a pistol for paper-weight and a bowie-knife for a pen-handle. And when he came, what with the fame of his doings and our fancy aflame over his coming, we were prepared for some Plantagenet knight who might have stepped from the pages of "Ivanhoe." What we saw was the silent man, old before his time,—fires latent, if not dead,—slowly moving, dormant, a seamed face, the remnant of the soul in his eyes, which gleamed at you and told something of the genius which for a generation had governed the Southwest.

One evening especially I recall, when we had Prentice for a period of worship in Forney's rooms on the brow of Capitol Hill,—Wash-



GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

ington below, the lights of Arlington in the distance, an occasional warning note of cannon from the batteries beyond to remind that war was afoot, and such a company! Lincoln, arriving late, with that tired, sad, inscrutable face, which seemed in communion with destiny; Seward, in loud angry declamation over French and English sympathy with secession; Cameron, his Cabinet footing growing unsteady, and throwing dismay by his arguments in favor of freeing and arming the slaves; Russell, of the London *Times*, rather under suspicion in select Union circles,—who sang Thackeray's "Little Billee" ballad with a rollicking Irish humor,—and "Underhill of the *Times*," as we knew him then, to sing "John Brown" for the first time to a thrilled company. A crowded Washington party—every nerve strung with the excitement of war,—soldiers, statesmen, camp-followers, politicians,—loud talk bursting into oratory, misunderstandings and explanations, the atmosphere of doubt which hung heavily over Washington gatherings in those days,—“who was true and who wasn't?”—whiskey and champagne, and such a gobbling of salads and creams,—one of those famous but now impossible war parties, extravagant in its hospitality, surging around Prentice, who sat in a state of being worshipped, alive to nothing but champagne.

Cameron, however, must insist upon making a speech on his favorite theme,—emancipation. Cameron was an awkward speaker, looked at the table, as a rule, when he spoke, and when making a point pounded the table. He had a clean, concise style, said what he meant to say, and left no doubt as to his meaning. To Prentice, to many Union men from the Middle States, this idea of emancipation was as repellent as that of secession. Cameron was a year ahead of his time, and even among Republicans very much alone. His speech chilled the company. Caleb B. Smith, a member of Lincoln's Cabinet, repudiated him as in any way speaking for the administration, amid cheers and wineglasses in tingle. Cameron listened defiant, looking as stern as one of the crags of his ancestral Lochiel.

After Smith, Prentice woke up, the fire aflame, and came with passionate retort. He at least could speak with a claim to be heard. He had come from the picket-lines of the Union. He had not been living in snug Pennsylvania or sympathetic New Hampshire, but out on the line. Rebellion had broken into his State and thrown distraction over his fireside. He had suffered, he had labored, he had endured. But it was for the Union. Was he to come to Washington and be told that all this was for the negro,—for a mere slave? Because the cause of the Union was just, were all other rights to be sacrificed? Was the sacredness of the Union incompatible with rights sacred before the Union was even a dream?

The speech showed Prentice in a glow,—what was in the man. The speech over, he lapsed into abstraction,—heard with apparent apathy the congratulations of those who came to disavow the Secretary of War. And when Cameron, in his hearty, sensible, prompt way, advanced with outstretched glass and intimated that there was an eloquence in champagne more subtle than even the voice of a Cabinet minister, Prentice awakened to the summons, and hearkened with an

almost vanished smile to some story from the Susquehanna that had its genesis when Jackson was President and George the Fourth was king.

John W. Forney was my first master, and I served him for some years, in the early days of *The Press*. There is much to be said of Forney that must serve for another occasion, when some estimate of the man and his work may be submitted to his countrymen. I should be loath to dismiss him in the few paragraphs vouchsafed to me in the columns of a magazine.



JOHN W. FORNEY.

in his concentrated eye-gleance. The governing element in his character was intrepidity. He could see but one thing at a time, and what concerned him must concern the universe. While this gave him singular power and force, it was the force of the rifle-ball.

There was a Napoleonic genius in Forney, but he was Napoleon on the island of Elba. What he would have done had he attained his empire, who can say? Forney had the loftiest ambitions; and there were in him capacities for leadership, for destruction as well as construction, for war as well as peace, surpassed by those of no man of his time. But fate doomed him into some petty Buchanan brawl, some barren carrying the water and refreshments business of "supporting Douglas," some earnest, unavailing efforts to win from Lincoln and the Republicans the recognition due to the incomparable energy and patriotism with which he supported the Union. He never came to his own.

Forney never learned—or at least never applied—the lesson which Bennett seared into the hearts of the generation,—that the world must fear before it follows, that there is a good deal of the dog in what people call public opinion, and that it must be well flogged before you have the comfort of its affection. But to have done this he must have been as Swift or Voltaire, and not the kind, appreciative, sympathetic gentleman as we knew him. His greatest contribution to the press was the lesson of candor and courtesy. He was the first of the then reigning journalists to teach good will and good fellowship in the press. He was insensible to abuse, indifferent to misrepresentation. He never replied in anger to the angriest taunt. I recall his reading a savage diatribe, which would have justified a message under the code, and answering it by nominating his assailant for the Vice-Presidency. It was his way of speaking the soft answer which turneth away wrath.

From 1858—when Forney declared war upon the Buchanan administration—to the end of the rebellion, he dominated the journalism of

Pennsylvania, was among the reigning powers in the land. History has no better bit of political fighting than the Anti-Lecompton controversy. It was fought to the end and won. More than any political influence of the day it secured the election of Lincoln. It came in its entirety from Forney's brain, and was won by his merciless energy and courage.

This and so much more remain to be said of Forney, when occasion serves. There were giants in his day, and he was of them. None was more to be honored than the brilliant young Pennsylvanian who came from his Lancaster home to found and direct a policy which was to sway the nation, to be one of the leading instruments under the providence of God in fighting the civic side of the war which assured the perpetuity of the Union.

Yes, there were giants in those days. Of some of them I have written in a vague, wandering way. The press is no longer the expression of personal power as when these illustrious men were reigning. It has grown with a pace startling even to those who dwell upon the pace of the century. Then the newspaper was a teacher,—the voice of one thinker, one leader. Now it is a university. As much intellect is needed to disseminate a journal as to govern Harvard or Yale. The fly-sheets of the earlier day, with their thin, flimsy happenings of news, have given place to the daily volume which embodies the genius of the artist, the writer, the artificer, and the statesman. Then there was no journal great enough for Greeley or Forney; now there could be no Forney or Greeley great enough for the journal. In their day Plato walked in the groves of the Academy and Abelard lectured on the banks of the Seine. In time their influence was to develop into the schools which have nourished the genius of civilization. So with journalism. The men who reigned have gone; but behind them remains an empire, which would have taxed if not exhausted the resources of their sovereignty.

*John Russell Young.*

### PALINODE.

“**L**OVE is to die,” he said;  
“Sweet ‘twere to die for love!”  
(Yellow the curls above  
Cheeks soft and red.

In a rapture of dreaming the stripling lay,  
And the birds were singing the revel of May.)

“Love is to live,” he cried;  
“Brave ‘tis for love to bear!  
Though time no hope may spare,  
Love doth abide.”

(The snow-flakes fell on an old man’s head;  
To the south and the summer the birds had fled.)

*Charles Washington Coleman.*

## JOSIAH'S ALARM.

WHEN we had the furnace put into our new house, the man who built the house, and the agent who sold it, acted awful skairt.

The agent talked dretful skairful. He said we would be too hot. He said, "In every other respect it wuz a perfect furnace, only it would be liable to heat us up too much."

By the contract Josiah wuz to give a big hefty price for the furnace, and this wuz the one they brought.

Wall, finally the agent talked so much about the awful amount of heat it would throw out that Josiah got skairt, and he says,—

"I guess we had better get a smaller one, Samantha. How it would look to have a sunstroke in the winter!" sez he. "It would mortify me to have one myself, or have you."

This wuz before they got it set up. But I sez,—

"Be calm, Josiah Allen. Don't let's be too hasty in our movements. I dare persume to say we may suffer from the heat oftentimes. But you know it is three or four sizes smaller than the one we laid out to have."

"Yes," sez Josiah. "But this is such a heater, Samantha, I s'poze there hain't nothin' like it in the country for pourin' out the heat in torrents. And it takes next to nothin' in coal to run it. I am sorry I got so much coal," sez he, dreamily, a-lookin' at the big heaped-up ben. "It is all onnecesary; it hain't a-goin' to take more'n a ton, if it duz that, to run it all winter."

"Oh, shaw!" sez I.

"Wall, it won't take but a few pounds more, anyway. I know it won't from what the agent says. I am sorry," sez he, "that I didn't get it by the pound as we needed it. It hain't likely we shall ever empty that ben, not if we don't live beyond the nateral age of mortals."

And Josiah looked sad.

But I merely says ag'in, "Oh, shaw!" For I didn't fall in with his idees at all. And the idee looked silly to me of his goin' to Jonesville and bringin' coal home a few pounds at a time, like tea, or suger; and so I says "Oh, shaw!" to it.

And then he started off on a new tact, and sez he, "I am afraid it is resky, anyway, to have it round. I am afraid it will burn up the house."

But I kep' on a-counselin' him to keep calm, and try it, and then he begin on a new idee, about heatin' the door-yard with it from the furnace-room door, and raisin' vegetables and flowers for market.

But I says, "With snow eight or ten feet deep, and old zero a-goin' down to forty, I guess we can't raise many vegetables and flowers in the door-yard."

"Of course we couldn't without the furnace," sez he. "But that furnace, from what that agent says, would jest melt the snow right

down and keep it warm as summer clear to the orchard fence. And the meltin' snow would make the ground moist and rich. Why," sez he, "Samantha, I believe we could make our everlastin' fortune by it."

And he set down and crossed his legs, and begin to calculate, on the back of the Almanac, how much string-beans would fetch in January, and how our lettuce would be sought for in December, and how much he ort to have a head for it.

But I looked on this like one of the many bubbles I had seen him throw up rosy and gold-tinted, to break anon over his devoted but bald head, and drizzle down into damp mist and nothin'ness.

And I kep' on a-tellin' him to be mejum, and to go slow. Sez I,—

"Don't you go to breakin' up ground and puttin' in garden-seeds in November on the strength of that furnace?"

But sez he, "The heat of it ort to be utilized. It is not only resky to have so much heat a-layin' loose round, but it seems wicked to waste it."

And I ketched Josiah Allen that day a-figgerin' on a blank page in Fox's Book of Martyrs how he could carry the waste heat to the barn and heat up the cattle.

But I kep' calm through it all. Of course I knew from the agent's talk that we wuz takin' a great resk onto us, almost like goin' to a torrid zone in the fall of the year. And though I did in my secret thoughts apprehend sunstrokes and prostrations, and perused the medical portion of the Almanac in my hours of leisure, for directions to fetch folks to when they wuz prostrated by heat, still I kep' a calm demeanor on the outside of me, and never let on to Josiah that I had a apprehension.

That is my way, to keep still, and calm, and do everything I can to avert danger.

In the same quiet way, I got out three old palm-leaf fans, and put new bindin's round the edges, and hemmed over the bottom of my old lawn dress, and I bought eleven yards of cheese bandage cloth at a outlay of five cents a yard, and colored it a soft gray with plum bougs. If I couldn't wear calico in the winter, as I mistrusted I couldn't from the agent's talk, why, I laid out to be prepared. And if my apprehensions wuz futile, why, I laid out to make it into a comforter for my bed. Ten yards would make the comforter, and the odd yard I needed for a wipin'-cloth.

They wuz quite a long time a-settin' up the furnace. It seemed to me to take a good while, but I wuzn't used to the common behavior of furnaces, and didn't know but it wuz one of their habits to be a good while a-bein' set up.

Of course, Josiah bein' a man, and bein' round with the workmen more, and hearin' more of the skairful talk of that agent, about the heat that wuz soon a-goin' to pour onto us, it wuz nateral that he should get skairter than I wuz, and it wuz on the very afternoon that they finished settin' it up, and I s'poze the agent had acted very skairful, and also the men that wuz a-helpin' set it up (for of course it wuz nateral that they should all be linked together in their talk about it).

It wuz that very afternoon, along towards night, that I overheard Josiah, out by the gate, a-tryin' to sell his clothes, all his thick ones. And I walked right out bareheaded, and interfered.

But Josiah says, "What will I ever want of 'em ag'in?"

And I says, "You act like a luny. Hain't you got to go out any more to mill or to meetin'?"

But sez he, "I am only sellin' them that I wear round the house winters."

But I sez, "Do you desist imegiatly," sez I. "If the clothes hain't wanted, I need 'em for carpet-rags."

"Carpets!" sez he. "Do you s'poze we can stand carpets in such a heat? I am goin' to buy mattin', mattin' of the very coolest kind."

Sez I, sternly, "Do you stop sellin' or buyin', and wait."

"Yes," sez he, bitterly, "wait! till we all have sunstrokes, and are dead and buried."

I see he wuz fearfully worked up, and all the rest of the afternoon I made errants for him to keep him away from that agent and the workmen. I see he wuz gettin' completely onstrung. And I, with my own inward apprehensions, wuz in no state to string him up ag'in.

So I kep' him away from them by borrowin' things I didn't want of Mrs. Gowdey, and sendin' home tea I never had to Miss Bobbitse, and etc. etc.

Yes, to such depths of deceit will a woman's devoted love lead her.

Wall, about night they got it sot up, and Josiah and I proceeded down-stairs to see it. They had all gone then, for Miss Bobbet had detained Josiah with a long story. She mistrusted sunthin'.

Wall, when we went down to see it, it looked queer enough. The furnace wuz so very small, and the big pipes a-leadin' from it in every direction looked so very big.

I don't know as I can describe it any better than to say it looked like a small teacup sot out in a door-yard, with very big eave-spouts a-runnin' from it all over the yard. Or as a very small infant of a few weeks of age would look, a-settin' up with a man's high hat on, and a pair of number eleven boots.

It looked curious, and strange, so strange that I sithed, as I looked at it, and Josiah looked stunted, and he took out his bandanna hand-kerchief and wiped his forward, without words.

Finally he sez, sort o' dreamily,—

"Most all great inventions and discoveries look strange at first."

And I sez, almost mechanically, "Yes, that is so, Josiah."

And he spoke out ag'in, "Napoleon Boneparte wuz a small man, but what a generel he wuz! What a leader! How fiery he wuz!"

And I sez, "Yes," ag'in.

And he sez, a-brightenin' up in his thoughts, and in delicate deference to me,—

"The pen is mightier than the sword."

Wall, the next mornin' the fire wuz built in the furnace, and, it bein' hot weather, it heat the house beautifully. It wuz about ninety in the shade, so the furnace heat the house warm, and the agent and men looked triumphant, and ag'in Josiah's apprehensions rose, and he won-

dered how we wuz goin' to get through the winter with it without meltin' right down in our tracts.

But I kep' cool, or as cool as I could in dog-days, and didn't say much.

Wall, it run along, and run along, the furnace always a-goin', to dry the plasterin', and Josiah's stock of winter coal kep' a-dwindlin' down.

Whatever else the furnace could do, or couldn't do, it could devour coal with the best of 'em. Like some folks I have seen, it wuz small in size, but had a immense appetite.

Ton after ton vanished like tales that wuz told, into its insatiable mouth (door of furnace).

But as the weather wuz still hot, it heat the house beautifully, so Josiah didn't complain. But he lay awake nights a-worryin' about the effects of heat.

But finally there come on a cold snap, jest as I wuz a-gettin' the new house cleaned, and carpets put down, and I found there wuzn't a room I could set down in, it wuz so cold.

It wuz a very cold day when I had the dinin'-room carpet put down, and I had hired a stout healthy woman, two hundred pounds wuz her weight, and her temperature wuz above normal, it wuz so good.

I went over to the house that mornin', and I shivered imperceptibly as I walked through the rooms,—I didn't venter to set,—and I met Josiah a-comin' up from the suller with his mittens on, and a comforter round his neck, and his teeth a-chatterin'.

And I sez to him, "Hain't you glad you didn't sell your mittens and comforter, Josiah?"

And he sez, real snappish, "I wouldn't be a fool!"

And I sez, "I didn't mean no hurt, Josiah," and I added further, as I clapped my hands together to warm 'em, "We are both sufferers, Josiah Allen."

"Wall," sez he, "when we get into the house it will be different. Then we can give it a fair test."

And I sez, a-glancin' at the empty coal-ben,—

"If four tons of coal hain't a test, I don't know a test when I see it."

We had got down in front of the furnace by this time, and I looked down on it pityin'ly, it looked so fearful small, and the cold all round it seemed so intense.

And I sez, "The poor little thing hain't to blame: it duz the best it can, but it has took too hefty a job on it for its size and constitution."

He wuz a-leanin' over the top of the furnace, a-brushin' off the icicles from his whiskers; and he says, almost mechanically,—

"You know the man said it wuz such a heater; you know he said it wuz fairly dangerous."

"Yes," sez I, "but I learned long ago to put not your trust in princes, or agents," sez I. "That is Bible, Josiah, part on't."

Wall, he shivered so that I got him out of the furnace-room as

quick as I could, and then I went up-stairs, a-wroppin' my thick woollen shawl more closely round my frame, and I looked round to see what had become of my hired woman, for I feared the worst ; I feared she had perished.

But no, I found she wuz resuscitated. I found her a-settin' on the reester in the dinin'-room floor, the heat turned on to its utmost capacity, and she wuz a-sewin' on the carpet.

But she looked blue, and her frame shook. And she said she wuz cold, bitter cold.

And she sez to me, in gloomy axents, —

“ How are you a-goin' to stand it through the winter ? ”

My soul wuz racked with the same agonizin' apprehensions. But I tried to be calm ; I wuz cool, I know, — freezin' cool.

Wall, that afternoon I made a voyalent effort to have that furnace took out, and a bigger one put in, and one that had a warmer circulation and a more healthy constitution inside of it.

“ For,” sez I, “ if we enter this house with that furnace in it, we shall all likewise perish.”

I thought mebby if I used a skiptural term the man would hear to me, seein' he wuz a perfesser.

But no, he stood firm. He said “ we hadn't tested it sufficient.” And the rest of the men a-standin' round with blue noses, all jined in with him :

“ No, we hadn't tested it.”

Wall, I gin my shawl a closter wrop round my chilly frame, and pintaed my frigid forefinger towards the empty coal-ben, and sez, —

“ If four tons of coal hain't a test, what do you call one ? ”

And sez I, “ If that hain't a test, there is a woman a-perishin' out there now, a-settin' on the reester : bring her in for a test if you want another.”

But no ; one of 'em recommended givin' her whiskey to keep her temperature up till she got the carpet down.

But Josiah rousted up at that, and said “ he wuzn't goin' to stand the expense of keepin' folkses heat up with brandy.” (That man is close.) And I repudiated the idee, and said, “ I put more faith in soapstuns and woollen shawls.”

And I sez ag'in, in eloquent axents, “ Take out that furnace, and put in a bigger one, and I will move in and test it.”

And then they said “ they wouldn't.”

And we said “ we wouldn't.”

And then the man threw some hints at us about the law.

And then Tirzah Ann throwed some back at him, about its not bein' a new furnace.

Such news had come to us, and come very straight and direct. Miss Deacon Elikum Peck told she that wuz Hetty Avery, and she that wuz Hetty told old Miss Blodgett, and she told the editor of the Augurses wife, and she told Miss Preservēd Green, and she told Tirzah Ann. It come straight.

And then the man said that it hadn't never been set up before, and also that it had all been fixed over sense it wuz set up.

This wuz very satisfactory to Josiah, but not to me, and I told him ag'in, impressively,—

“Take out that furnace. My life I feel is at the stake.”

But they stood firm. And when one party stands firm and won't move, the other party has got to ; that is, if there is any movement.

So finally, with a forebodin' mind and a frosty frame, I took the venter.

I had a large coal stove in the kitchen, so I knew that part of the house wuz habitable. So I moved in, accompanied by a good wood stove, which wuz sot up in my room.

Wall, the first thing that happened to me wuz a cold that set my teeth to achin' so hard it seemed as if they must shatter the gooms, and my face swelled up almost enormous. I lay in the most exerutiating agony for a week. The pain I suffered every hour wuz costly enough to me to buy the furnace, pipe and all, if pain could profit a man or woman.

At last I got easier through the constant application of hot poultices, mustard, catnip, etcetera. And a hot fire in my wood stove made me comfortable in frame. I couldn't sleep, so I could 'tend to havin' the wood put in.

One night, the coldest of the season, worn out with long watchin' and pain, I slept sound. So did the one who took care on me : we slept so sound that my wood fire languished and went out, and we wuz left in our weakness, in the silence and darkness, to the mercy of that poor little furnace.

Curious little thing, it wuzn't to blame : it did the best it could with its circulation and size.

But in the mornin' I waked up so cold that it seemed as if I would have loved to go to Greenland to have warmed up some, or Iceland would have been a grateful change.

Waked up with a cold ketched there in my peaceful bed, that brung me down to the very verge of the grave. Yes, I went down so close to the dark river that I could almost hear the mysterious swashin' of its waves against the shores of the Present.

For eight long weeks did I lay there and suffer, and doctors and nurses a-sufferin' too ; for it wuzn't only me they had to take care on, they had to take constant and broodin' care of that poor feeble little furnace : that had to be sot up with jest as regular as I did. Sometimes they hired a man to set up with it regular till two in the mornin', thinkin' then it would survive till mornin'. Sometimes they tried waitin' on it three or four times a night, and keepin' it alive that way.

Wall, after eight or nine weeks of sufferin' almost onexampled, I got better ; but the poor little furnace kep' on a-growin' weaker and more weak, its circulation more and more clogged up, and its inward fires a-expirin' gradual.

And finally consent wuz giv that we should put in a new furnace. And we imegiatly and to once bought a big noble-sized one, with a good healthy circulation, that makes our house like summer all the time, day and night.

Why, it fairly fools the house-plants, makes the silly things think

it is summer. And up stairs and down, in almost every livin'-room their big green leaves and dewy blossoms shine out, not mistrustin' that it hain't June.

And the red and green parrot sets and talks and looks wise, and is a-s'pozin' all the time that he is in New Mexico.

Wall, the day that the little furnace wuz took out of the suller (poor little weak broken-down creeter, I can't help bein' sorry for it), that very day I paid my doctor's bill,—a good hefty one. The nurse's bill, and the bills of them that had sot up with me, and sot up with the furnace, hadn't come in yet; but I knew they would be big, and ort to be, a-takin' care on us both.

The doctor had just gone, and I wuz a-settin' in my room relapsted into meditation and a big rockin'-chair,—for I wuz far from bein' strong yet,—when all of a sudden my pardner burst into the room, all rousted up and agitated to a extreme degree, and says he,—

“What do you s'pose we have discovered now, Samantha? How old do you think that furnace is, Samantha Allen?”

And I sez, “I don't feel like guessin' on deep subjects, feelin' as I do, weak as a cat.”

“Wall,” sez he, “the body part of it is the very same old potash-kettle that George Washington made potash in before the war of 1812.”

Sez I, “I don't believe any such thing,” and sez I, a-leanin' back in my copperplate chair,—

“You tire me, Josiah, with your wild and impassioned skemes and idees. Only a little while ago you wuz a-tryin' to sell your clothes to escape the burnin' qualities of that furnace, and now you are a-tryin' to make it out older'n the hills.”

“But this is a fact,” sez he. “I recognized it the minute it wuz uncovered. I see a picture of it once in a Life of Washington. It is a peculiar shape, and I can't be mistook.”

Sez I, “I don't believe a word of it.”

“Wall,” sez he, firmly, “I can prove it.”

“How?” sez I.

“Wall, there is a big hole in the side of it where his hired man got mad and kicked at it. It has been all cemented up and mended, but you can see the marks plain.”

“How did you get holt of that idee?” sez I, sternly.

“History,” sez he. “I read a good deal that I never told you about.”

“I should think as much,” sez I. And I sez further,—

“Get that idee out of your head to once, Josiah Allen. George Washington never see this furnace: it wuz made sense his time.”

But Josiah contended it wuz so, and left the room mad as a hen to think I wouldn't give in with him.

And in less than ten minutes up he hurried with another idee in his head. And sez he the first thing,—

“More proof, Samantha! in takin' the furnace apart we have found the old rim that Washington's folks used with his potash-kettle, all broke to pieces and wired together.”

Sez I, "I don't believe it. I don't believe a word of it."

"Wall," sez he, triumphantly, "come down suller, and I will prove it."

So I tottered down suller (for what will not a wife do to please her pardner?), and there, sure enough, wuz a iron rim which had been broke long ago to all appearance, and mended with old wire. And the big part did indeed look in shape like a old potash-kettle with some places in the side that had been patched up with cement.

I looked down on it pensively and sez,—

"And that is what we wuz to pay that big hefty price for. That is what wuz a-goin' to give us sunstrokes in the winter, and prostrations from too fervid heat."

A by-stander a-standin' by remarked tersely,—

"All it is good for is old iron."

But Josiah sez, "Wall, I'll bet George Washington made durned good potash in it. I'll bet it wuz a good kettle in its day."

Sez I, "Josiah Allen, cease such talk. I should think we had suffered enough with the little thing, without lyin' about it."

But sez he, firmly, "I believe every word I say, and I don't say a thing I can't prove. That is George Washington's potash-kettle."

I sithed, and turned silently away, for I knew words wuz vain.

And though I don't believe a word on it, and though I know it wuz made sense that time, and hain't nigh so old, I can't turn my companion's mind round the wedth of a horse-hair.

He will go down to the grave a-thinkin' that that wuz George Washington's potash-kettle, and them mended-up places he found in it wuz made by the hired man a-kickin' at it when he was mad at George.

*Josiah Allen's Wife.*

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### A REMORSE.

UPON my couch one summer morn I lay  
 Lazily reading, and with Hamlet might  
 Have cried, "Words! words!" and flung the book away,  
 But my boy came, and to my face pressed tight  
 His own sweet cheek, pretending with delight  
 He would read too. And I, too cross for play,  
 Pushed him aside,—said he was in my way,—  
 And dared, alas! to send him from my sight.  
 Poor child! A fate I cannot understand  
 Has snatched thee from me. I am since unmanned  
 When memory recalls the scene and place,  
 Thy tear and thy grieved look. Ah! I would give  
 My books, my knowledge,—all,—couldst thou but live,  
 And could I feel thy sweet breath on my face.

*E. W. Latimer, from the French of Hippolyte Lucas.*



HERMAN F. WOLFF.

## WRESTLING.

[ATHLETIC SERIES.]

THE frame of every individual has its ultimate size, shape, and capacity determined from the commencement of its organization,—bears within itself the germ of its perfectibility; but to this it will only attain when the laws and agents which regulate and support its growth and development are faithfully observed and duly administered.

The ways in which these two processes are attained may be classed under two heads. The first is regarded as a mere increase of height, usually completed about the eighteenth or nineteenth year; the second includes the bringing to their proper size, perfect conformation, and highest capacity, the several parts which together make up the body as a whole, seldom completed before the twenty-third or twenty-fourth year. To attain the latter, wrestling is probably the best method extant.

Wrestling, as a means of developing the muscles and perfecting the human frame, takes precedence over boxing, running, jumping, swimming, bicycling, or rowing, as it gives abundance of work to those participating in its pleasures, and, unlike the other sports, brings into

play all the muscles of the body simultaneously. Boxing develops the shoulder-muscles; rowing, the forearm and back; running and bicycling strengthen the limbs, and also have a tendency to increase the lung-power; swimming gives healthful exercise without any superfluous physical exertion; but wrestling combines the whole of the foregoing athletic qualities. There is scarcely a muscle in the body which is not called into action. Therefore, as a means of all-round development, wrestling stands pre-eminent in the category of sports and pastimes.

Unlike many other sports, wrestling is indulged in by different nations, who have their own individual style. Those most in vogue are Catch-as-catch-can, Græco-Roman, Cumberland and Westmoreland,



THE FIRST HOLD.

**Collar-and-Elbow, Lancashire, Cornish and Devonshire, and German.** Of these the first mentioned is the most popular, as it enables the wrestler to carry the cultivation of the body to its highest attainable capacity, and then teaches the manner in which the physical force can be applied with most beneficial results.

Wrestling itself is the art of forcing an antagonist to the ground without resorting to blows or kicks. It is a trial of strength and skill between two opponents standing face to face, who strive to throw one another. As a gymnastic exercise it found great favor among the ancients. History mentions its popularity during the days of Cæsar and the great Roman Empire, whose rough, brutal, and savage tastes contrasted strongly with the art as cultivated by the Greeks. The two styles, however, are supposed to be the origin of the Græco-Roman.

The Egyptians did not consider it beneath them to indulge in the sport, and specimens of sculpture from the land of the Pharaohs, now in the British Museum, show the ancients in different holds, many of which are not unlike those practised by the modern wrestler.

Probably the first authentic record of a wrestling-match is in A.D. 1222, when chivalry on the European Continent was undergoing a change for the better. During the reign of Henry III. of England a match took place in St. Giles's Field, London, between citizens of Westminster and the City of London proper. Wrestling was, however, popular as a pastime in England at a much earlier period, and from that country many of the different styles originated.

Every one knows how much friendly rivalry exists between schoolboys, and how they will tug and pull at a fellow-scholar, after school-hours, in their attempts to gain the mastery. These early lessons are not lost, as they only serve to whet the appetite for the legitimate style which they indulge in when they reach a mature age. What finer sight can be imagined than two powerful athletes, with no ill feeling towards each other, twisting, wriggling, and squirming to get out of certain positions, when a spectator thinks a fall inevitable? How eagerly the throng watch them in their almost superhuman efforts, as they apply holds and then break them, seize each other with irresistible force, then spring quickly upon their feet, till as a desperate resort one of the contestants will turn a complete somersault, lighting nimbly on his feet in a frantic endeavor to gain the supremacy!

As a recognized sport or pastime, wrestling is of comparatively recent origin in this country. It is, however, now making rapid strides forward. In England it is no uncommon event for twelve or fifteen thousand people to witness a contest between two prominent athletes, Cumberland and Westmoreland, Catch-as-catch-can, and Cornish and Devonshire being the most prevalent styles in the tight little island.

The Anglo-Saxon race stands pre-eminently above all others as the exponent of wrestling, and on more than one occasion the advantages of the art over boxing in a scrimmage have been demonstrated. In no other branch of athletics does science act as a foil to heavy opponents when opposed by much lighter men to such a degree as it does when exercised by a thorough master of the art of wrestling in all its fine and delicate points: hence wrestling takes a prominent place in the athletic exercises of the leading gymnasiums and clubs all over the country, and there are hundreds of wrestlers, both amateur and professional, who are a credit to the profession, while the school-boys who imitate the professionals early show evidence of skill.

Perhaps the most exciting style of any is that practised in Japan; for in that country, strange and outrageous though it may seem, it has been the barbarous custom, after the contest, to put the man who has been unfortunate enough to lose to a cruel death (a practice fast falling into disuse). Butting an opponent through the limits of the ring is considered a mark of superiority by the Japanese.

The Swiss in large measure copy their rules for contests from the Catch-as-catch-can style. France favors the Greco-Roman style, and many athletes from this quarter of the globe have attained a remarkable

proficiency in the art. Cumberland and Westmoreland style prevails in Scotland, while Ireland gives unstinted support to Collar-and-Elbow, the brawny sons of Erin furnishing some of the very best examples in this line.

Like other sports, wrestling has not reached the same stage of perfection in the amateur ranks as among the professionals. In the latter class William Muldoon, Evan Lewis, Joe Acton, Hugh Leonard, Ernest Roeber, William Coupe, George Steadman, Jack Carkeek, Tom Connors, and Carl Abbs are head and shoulders above all other competitors, each being a master in his own class. This degree of perfection on the part of the professionals may be accounted for by the fact that they practise constantly to perfect themselves, as their means of existence depend on their proficiency. The amateurs usually follow



HALF-NELSON AND LEG HOLD.

the sport as a source of amusement, looking upon the professional chiefly as an instructor. There are some who stand out eminently in this branch, among whom may be mentioned Dana L. Chesterman, P. V. von Boeckman, J. B. Riley, Emil Beck, J. Y. Cooper, Baird and Holzhauer, and, previous to their entry into the ranks of professors, J. K. Shell and George W. Hoskins, who were peerless at their weights. Those amateurs whose names are above mentioned are men of national reputation, and are entitled to wear championship emblems.

It is not, however, the amateur who claims the honor of popularizing the sport in this country, but the professional, who has devoted the best of his days to its encouragement, while the amateur has proved a worthy emulator of the art.

In this country the Cumberland and Westmoreland style is practically unknown, Catch-as-catch-can, Collar-and-Elbow, and Græco-Roman being the three distinctive styles most engaged in and encouraged. In the opinion of competent authorities, the Catch-as-catch-can style is immeasurably superior to all others as a means both of exercise

and of defence. It is without doubt the most natural way of testing the strength, and, unlike the Græco-Roman style, all holds are recognized, with the exception of the "full Nelson;" for since the disastrous results of Evan Lewis's famous "strangle" hold, this has been barred in amateur contests, on account of its being an exhibition of brutal strength and unfairness, to the exclusion of scientific exhibitions. In the "strangle" hold, an opponent's head is caught under the arm, and the unfortunate man is compelled to acknowledge defeat or be choked into insensibility. The brutality of this hold has caused its condemnation by true lovers of the sport, and very properly the "strangle" is now a thing of the past.

Græco-Roman is practised mainly by professionals, as it gives more scope to a long contest between two evenly-matched men than Catch-as-catch-can. In this style no catching or holding below the waist is allowed, and both shoulders must touch the floor simultaneously to constitute a fall; no tripping is allowed, back-heeling is prohibited, and neither the buttock nor the cross-buttock can be used. Here, as in other styles, strength plays an important part, it being necessary to



DOUBLE BRIDGE.

bring into use all one's resources when an opponent is trying to break a bridge.

There is very little difference between the Cornish and Devonshire and Collar-and-Elbow styles, the former being prevalent in the southwestern counties of England. Three points constitute a fall,—two shoulders and a hip, or two hips and a shoulder. The Collar-and-Elbow is the outcome of the Cornish and Devonshire style, with the brutal parts eliminated,—a process consequent on the natural refining influences of civilization on humanity. The English style, however, is still much practised in the mining districts of Southern England, where education plays a small part and where the humanitarian's efforts, with their benign influences, have failed.

Of the other styles the Lancashire and Cumberland and Westmoreland are the recognized ones in the really wrestling centres, which embrace the northern counties of Northumberland, Westmoreland,

Cumberland, Durham, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Cheshire. The contestants are dressed in tights, with trunks and stockings, and the holds, though limited in number and variety, form the basis and fundamental principles of wrestling. The men face each other, each placing the chin on the other's shoulder, grasping him round the body with both arms locked. When the men secure their holds and are fairly on guard the play begins, and, with the exception of kicking, every device may be employed to throw the other. A fall is called when any portion of the body of either of the contestants touches the floor, or when one of them loses his hold, though he is not thrown. If both fall, the first down or under is the loser.

As a tissue-maker, a blood-stirring sport or exercise, there is no in-door sport equal to wrestling. It stretches every muscle, builds up flat chests, strengthens unsteady arms and legs, and gives the wrestler coolness, determination, and judgment,—requisites which are an absolute necessity to the well-formed and successful athlete. It is also a desirable training for foot-ball, combining patience, quickness, and strength, tempered by cool correction, which are essential to both the wrestler and the foot-ball player.

The pride of the American sport-loving public is in the fact that it is fast becoming an amateur one, and the rules which are promulgated by the Amateur Athletic Union of America are found to answer every requisite. There is a constant progress in the art, as in every other branch of sport, and a man who was considered a wonder ten years ago would make a very poor showing to-day. To use a very modern expression in a very ancient connection, Spartacus and his fellow-gladiators, who were wont to make pin-cushions of one another, and do the Samson act with lions, for the entertainment of maids and matrons and the vestals of Rome, would make a very sorry show with the wrestler of to-day. The modern gladiator is a much more powerful man, and is equipped with tricks and artifices and scientific knowledge that would prove so many disastrous surprise-parties to those old amphitheatre sharks, if the Present and the Past could face each other in the arena of to-day.

Among the many holds the Nelson is the most popular one with wrestlers, while the half-Nelson and half-walch-lock are next in order. The double-Nelson was once a dangerous hold, but in 1870 several matches terminated fatally from this grip, and the authorities decided to bar it from all contests.

To become an expert, one should begin young. The sport is by no means an easy game, and much harm may be done to a lad whose work is not properly supervised by a competent teacher, who combines his technical lessons with an intelligent comprehension of the pupil's physique. On the other hand, no exercise is better calculated to fill out and build up a frail physical structure.

It is one thing to have a theoretical knowledge of the different grips, but an entirely different thing to apply them at the proper time. A careful investigation of the Cumberland and Westmoreland and Cornish and Devonshire styles in completing an all-round knowledge will with due practice make one a very formidable opponent. To

those indulging in the sport an admonition may be in place. Try to learn all you can while on your feet. The advantages are twofold. It is a wonderful developer of strength, gives great steadiness to the body and increased power to the limbs, and will prove of great practical benefit. A man must be more or less expert to do his wrestling on his feet; but when he is, he should try for the head-hold and make an effort to back-heel his man, which is done by jerking him forward, and, as he steps in with his right leg, put the left behind on the outside and bend him over backwards, and, if he is strong



HALF-NELSON AND HAMMER LOCK.

enough, his opponent must go to the floor. Back-heeling, however, is not easy, and unless the one practising it is wide awake, his opponent may turn the tables on him and throw him with a hip-lock, which may readily be turned into a buttock or cross-buttock.

Of the other holds, those most practised are the leg and arm, half-Nelson and crotch, quarter-Nelson, back-hammer, lock- and half-Nelson, double bridge, back-body, neck and arm, hip-lock, head-lock, side-roll, and elevated arm and leg hold,—all of which would require separate illustrations to make them intelligible to the general public.

Wrestling as a means of self-defence has a number of advantages. Most admirers of the sport do not look upon it in this light, viewing it not exactly as a weapon, but rather as an exercise. There are a number of holds, such as the buttock, cross-buttock, back-heel, and strangle (the latter, though barred in contests, might come in handy as a means of self-defence in case of necessity), which might be used as greatly advantageous in emergencies, when attacked by ruffians. If to the knowledge of wrestling something of boxing is added, the combination makes an opponent for whom a considerable degree of respect is highly appropriate. Those who go in for the athletic arts as a means of protection in cases of need should remember that when set on in the street or any other place no recognized code of rules governs the *mêlée*. While an opponent may be kept off by several well-directed blows, a clinch is apt to follow sooner or later, when a knowledge of wrestling tactics will be of inestimable value.

To a careful observer of the sport there can be little doubt as to its ultimate success. Where beauty applauds and encourages brawn and muscle, the incentive to the athlete is doubly great. Therefore, while ladies can witness and enjoy a wrestling exhibition, they would shrink from the idea of viewing a boxing contest. As a genuine trial of true strength and endurance it has found a place among the foremost of American sports, and while fostered and encouraged by the Manhattan Athletic Club, New York Athletic Club, Boston Athletic Association, New Jersey Athletic Club, Athletic Club of the Schuylkill Navy, Chicago, Warren, and Columbia Athletic Clubs, and the Philadelphia Amateur Swimming Club, the question of its ultimate success leaves little room for doubt.

The district and national championships have done more to develop good wrestlers than anything else in the amateur world, and from the number of crack boxers who are entering the ranks of wrestlers it would appear as though the game of "hold and throw" will eventually be the leading in-door sport in this country.

*Herman F. Wolff.*

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### TRUST.

I SHALL see,  
When I am dead,  
And all my life, a finished scroll, is read,  
That all the poor, rude fragments written now  
With faltering hand  
Gather together in that scroll, and make  
An epic grand.

I shall hear  
The noise and strife,  
The clash and discord filling all of life,  
Gather in one deep burst of harmony,  
Whose sound shall rise  
Grand, wonderful, with a triumphant swell,  
And fill the skies.

So, though the days may seem  
Useless and pitiful and incomplete,  
I still can trust my dream:  
I know at last will come a triumph sweet,  
When Death and I shall meet.

*Floy Campbell.*

## THE RUSSIAN APPROACH TO INDIA.

IT is only a few years since Russia, laughing at the threats of Mr. Gladstone's government, wrested a portion of territory from the Ameer of Afghanistan. Abdur Rahman Khan is England's ally, subventioned by her with money and arms. His country, with its strong mountainous configuration, forms the most important bulwark of India. In a seeming fit of energy, the English Premier, at the height of the crisis, had asked Parliament for the grant of eleven million pounds, so as to be prepared for the emergency of war. But when General Lumsden and his suite—who had been sent as a diplomatic mission for the purpose of discussing with Russian and Afghan delegates the demarcation of the northwestern boundary—were, in violation of the law of nations, disgracefully put to flight by a Cossack picket, Mr. Gladstone's courage evaporated after all. So the Afghan kingdom had to submit to a curtailment.

The event did certainly not contribute to the exaltation of England's fame in the Far East. Ruling an empire of two hundred and eighty-five millions with a European army of barely seventy thousand men, she has to be careful of her reputation,—remembering the Sepoy rebellion which in 1857 brought her dominion to the brink of the precipice. At the side of her own soldiers, England keeps one hundred and fifty thousand native troops in her Indian army establishment, and, moreover, one hundred and sixty-three thousand native armed police. A source of strength in ordinary times, these well-equipped bodies might, under critical circumstances, become a cause of grave apprehension. The Feudatory States within the English dominion in India maintain armies of their own. According to the turn of affairs, they may act as serviceable allies or go a different way.

Yet it is the possession of India which mainly gives England her standing as a great World-Power, and which furnishes her with the largest market for the export of her merchandise. An English statesman, one might therefore expect, must have a watchful eye upon the approach of Russia by way of Afghanistan, through which country, from the earliest times, all those great historical invasions have come that have repeatedly, and fundamentally, changed the fate of Hindostan.

Some years ago I several times met in London an Afghan prince, Iskander Khan, a near relation of the present Ameer. I found him to be a man of considerable intelligence and culture of mind, who knew Russia and Germany. One day, when we were dining together in the house of a former English officer who had been in the Indian service, and who acted in London as the agent of dissatisfied Indian princes, Iskander Khan said to me,—

“Our rocky country serves as a protecting bastion to English rule in India. We are well placed by nature in our stronghold; and we are warlike in a high degree. But we are much divided among

ourselves as tribes, and by blood-feuds. If once the Russians should succeed in lodging themselves there, it will be utterly impossible to dislodge them again."

These words gain rather an actual and significant meaning from the present insurrection of the Hazara tribe, which the Ameer Abdur Rahman has the utmost difficulty in coping with. If to this is added the "scientific expedition" of the Russian Colonel Yanoff to the Pamir country,—that "Roof of the World" from which a descent upon Hindostan might some day be made simultaneously with an attack from a western quarter,—the situation seems certainly fraught with coming dangers of a serious kind. Colonel Yanoff, it is true, has been ordered to withdraw from the Pamir to winter quarters; but already it is said that he is to return there next spring. A well-known feature in Russian policy is this play of alternate advances, apparent retreats, and final decisive pushing forward. Iskander Khan's warning may, therefore, well be brought to mind.

What has become personally of him since then, I do not know for a certainty. Off and on there have been strange rumors as to his having re-entered Russian service with a view to his own promotion to the throne at Cabul in case the present ruler should be unable to keep his tenure of power. I cannot say what truth there is, or was, in that allegation. The only thing certain is, that Afghanistan has for many years been a land much disturbed by faction fights. Quite a number of Amirs have followed each other in somewhat rapid succession, whilst the agents of the Czar have over and over again sought to ply each ruler to the ends of Muscovite policy. For that purpose, a Pretender was generally kept in stock by Russia as a means of frightening and thus cowing the reigning Ameer. Out of this unsettled state of things arose the repeated necessity for armed English intervention, until at last a treaty of alliance between Afghanistan and the government of India was formed.

There is a curious notion, I may here incidentally observe, among the upper classes of the Afghans proper, as to their being of Jewish descent. On this subject Iskander Khan was fond of dwelling, though he only gave it as a prevalent opinion among his countrymen. The photographic likenesses of several Afghans of princely rank, which I was shown on the occasion of our conversation, might certainly, at a first glance, have been held to support that statement. Among Indian Mohammedans the same type often occurs, and it is obvious that it is a Semitic one; which, however, does not necessarily mean a Jewish one. Even as the Phoenicians and Arabs were or are kinsmen of the Hebrews, so the ruling classes of the Afghans, or Pathans proper, may well be of Semitic stock; a view which their cast of countenance appears fully to warrant.

Perhaps this incidental remark may serve as a good transition to what I have to say about a famed English statesman of Jewish origin and his views on Central Asian affairs. The late Lord Beaconsfield, the former Mr. Disraeli, passes in contemporary history, especially since the Turkish war of 1876, as a very resolute antagonist of Russia. No doubt he during that war and at the Berlin Congress did as much as it was in

his power to do, first, to save Constantinople from falling into the hands of the Czar, and afterwards to clip the pretensions of the Court of St. Petersburg, as put forth in the treaty-draught of San Stefano. If Lord Beaconsfield did not achieve more during the war itself, it ought to be remembered that there was divided counsel in his own Cabinet. Lord Derby, who afterwards seceded from his party, was the Foreign Secretary in Lord Beaconsfield's government. And Lord Derby—as every one can now see who reads up the proceedings of those days—did his utmost, in a very crafty way, to prevent England from taking real action against Russia. He now and then professed to "lay diplomatic torpedoes," as it was called, in the path of the Czar's policy, which the Czar, no doubt, knew well were only meant as a bogus threat.

I have sometimes asked myself whether the then Premier of England did not see through the hollowness of the performances of the Foreign Secretary. Possibly the recollection of his own political career having been smoothed by the father of Lord Derby in the face of what appeared to be the almost ineradicable prejudices of the Old Tory party against the "Jewish adventurer," prevented Lord Beaconsfield from opposing the son in proper time.

In the mean while, public opinion in England, though alarmed at the Muscovite advance, was tranquillized off and on, being always kept under the impression of a finally forthcoming action of government. When Lord Derby's game, however, had served its object, and Russia had carried her main point, the unfaithful Foreign Secretary of England suddenly resigned and went over to the camp of Mr. Gladstone, who had himself gradually sidled up to Russia ever since the latter part of the Crimean war.

It was some years after the tremendous struggle between France and Germany, and shortly before the then Mr. Disraeli assumed the Premiership, that I had a long and very full conversation with him on Eastern, Central Asian, and Indian affairs. Until then, I had only seen the celebrated leader of the Conservative party in his seat in Parliament. Looking at the absolute want of community in principles and the unpleasant reputation for political cynicism which attached to Mr. Disraeli, I confess that nothing could have been further from my mind than the idea of making his personal acquaintance. One day, however, being in the House of Commons as the guest of a Liberal Scotch member, I was suddenly asked by the latter, after he had been away for a little while in consequence of the division bell having rung,—

"Would you not like to make the acquaintance of Mr. Disraeli?"

At first I felt little inclination to say "Yes," though I had lived long enough in England to know that men of the most opposite views were accustomed to meet in social intercourse. Nor was I aware, when the question was put to me, that the Liberal Scotch nobleman, the scion of one of the oldest families, whose pedigree dates back to the mythical Scandinavian Odin, and the Tory leader, the descendant of a Venetian Jew of the persecuted tribe of the Spanish Sephardim, were personal friends.

"But you know," said my parliamentary friend, encouragingly,

when he saw my hesitation, "that Mr. Disraeli, in the beginning of the French war, at once took the right side, at least from the point of view of the Treaties of 1815." This was certainly an inducement. Yet, suddenly remembering, as I did, that Mr. Disraeli had during the first Schleswig-Holstein war appealed to those very Treaties in a sense unfavorable to Germany, I still declined the proposal with thanks, much honored as I felt by the kind insistence of the Liberal member.

After a while, the division bell again rang. Once more our dinner was interrupted by the temporary absence of my host. When he came back he astonished me by the fresh remark,—

"Mr. Disraeli, I must tell you now, has himself expressed a wish to make your acquaintance. He is waiting in the library. Would you not come?"

It was impossible to resist this downright invitation. Not wishing to offend against the rules of good breeding, I went, in company of the Scotch Liberal member, to meet the distinguished Conservative leader. Receiving us with a graceful frankness that formed a strong contrast to what was usually held to be his sarcastic and forbiddingly-reserved bearing, Mr. Disraeli, by his whole manner, plainly invited to unceremonious openness in conversation. When he had sat down after the first greeting, there came upon him, it is true, that mask-like look of the face and that immobility of attitude which were well-known bodily characteristics of his. Otherwise he, throughout, spoke in a tone of both quiet dignity and obliging warmth which made the conversation, that lasted nearly an hour, a very agreeable one.

It will be remembered that Mr. Disraeli began his public career as a Radical. He had even written, in 1834, a "Revolutionary Epic." It contains a passage, in the style of Shelley, in favor of the disinherited "Many that labor for the Few;" also an often-quoted verse in praise of "the regicidal steel that shall redeem a nation's sorrow with a tyrant's blood." It is not true, as has often been alleged, that the latter passage was suppressed in the new edition which the author dedicated, in 1864, to the then Lord Stanley. I have compared the various editions, and I find that in 1864 the verse in question was only changed—from a corrected text dating back as far as 1837—into the words

and hallowed be  
The regicidal steel that shall redeem  
A nation's woe.

At heart—such was the general impression during his lifetime—Mr. Disraeli felt rather above that Old Tory party (very different in constitution and spirit from the present Conservative party) which he had used as a ladder for his own ambition, and which, according to his confession, he had some difficulty in "educating." Very frequently he looked right across the ordinary party-lines in his action as a leader, even to the extent of endeavoring to establish a "Social Alliance" with representatives of the working-class,—a somewhat insidious scheme, which, fortunately, came to naught. At all events, he never quite forgot his earlier political tendencies and experiences. Perhaps

it was this which made him desirous of listening to a voice from the Democratic camp on questions which deeply agitated the public mind between the time of the French war of 1870-71 and the Russo-Turkish war of 1876.

I may say that in the course of the interview a notable agreement of opinion soon showed itself on matters concerning Turkey and Eastern Europe in general. Yet, if I may judge from the way in which the Conservative statesman put some questions, it seemed to me that he was by no means fully aware of the close relations between the Panslavistic movement and Russian government agencies. On this subject I gave, from personal experience and from knowledge obtained through close study during a great many years, a number of facts to which Mr. Disraeli listened with an eager attention in which I thought I sometimes detected considerable surprise. As a rule, I have found English statesmen—and more especially those of the Liberal party—to be rather neglectful of the details of Continental politics, particularly when intricate matters of polyglot countries, like Hungary, are at issue, where politics are so much intermixed with the strife of numerous races contending against each other.

As I came to speak of the war-clouds which I felt sure were gathering in Russia against Turkey, Mr. Disraeli let fall a remark I was scarcely prepared to hear him utter in those days. He did not believe that danger to be near at all! "The Russians," he said, "have now enough on their hands in Central Asia. And, after all, *I do not think there is any cause for complaint or alarm in that direction.*"

My answer was, "You will pardon me when I say that I have never been able to understand how quietly England, upon the whole, nay, with what surprising assent not a few men here have regarded this pushing forward of Russia through Independent Tataray. *After all, her final aim is India.*"

I knew that Mr. Disraeli, like many other English statesmen of both the Conservative and the Liberal party, had formerly held the advance of Russia into Central Asia to be of no import for the security of India. But I avow I had not expected him to continue in this confident mood in the face of more recent events. Hence I purposely so framed my reply as to compel him to enter more fully into the subject. Moving about a little with evident uneasiness, he still, however, seemed to think that it was yet a long way from the Russian to the Indian frontier.

I then told him what I had heard from a trustworthy source, which could not possibly be suspected, and which was even free from all political bias or intention, as to the activity of Russian emissaries in India during the Crimean war. They had endeavored to promote a rebellion in England's Asiatic Empire, as a means of diversion; but, fortunately, it took a long time before their efforts made any imprint; and when the Sepoy rising at last came, the hands of England were not fettered by the complication of a foreign war. Mr. Disraeli was certainly startled when I gave him the details a friend had gathered from German officers who were intimately acquainted with the Russian emissaries in question.

Yet even as late as 1876, when he exerted himself to stop Russia from seizing Constantinople, Mr. Disraeli once more repeated his easy-going talk as to the absence of all danger from the Central Asian conquering policy of the Czar. It was as if he wished to draw away the Court of St. Petersburg from further aggression in the direction of the Mediterranean by giving it free leave to do its best, or its worst, in the Asiatic Khanates. A short-sighted policy, indeed.

If we look at the immense territory Russia has overrun and conquered within the last twenty years, from the Caspian Sea to the Afghan frontier, advancing even into Afghanistan itself, it must become patent to the least observant what she is really aiming at. To-day Lord Salisbury would not give any longer the same counsel he formerly gave laughingly to the so-called alarmists,—namely, that they should “buy some very large maps, in order to see how far the Czar’s Empire is still from the confines of India.” Nor would Lord Beaconsfield look to-day with equanimity upon the situation which has been created since he thought that it was “still a long way from the Russian to the Indian frontier.”

Almost immediately after the last war against Turkey it came out that a secret envoy of the Czar had plied the late Ameer of Afghanistan with a proposal of an alliance, in view of a war to be waged some day by Russia against English rule in India. The documentary evidence is printed in a blue-book. Nevertheless, the English government has allowed itself, year by year, to be deceived, or appeased in outward semblance, by the diplomatic assurances of the Czar’s government. “Khiva was not to be annexed. Sarakhs was not to be touched. Merv was not to be incorporated. Afghanistan was completely outside the sphere in which Russia intended exercising any influence.” All those promises are recorded in so many words. All were successively broken without compunction.

I have often discussed these matters, and the question of the future of India, with prominent and intelligent Indians in London,—Hindoos, Mohammedans, Parsees, Buddhists; some of them holding high office in native governments of their country, others pursuing various studies in England, or exercising their calling as lawyers. Most of them—the Hindoos especially—were free-minded men in religious matters, having fallen away from the creed they had been brought up in. All of them acknowledged that English rule, whatever may have been its origin or the errors of its statesmen in the past, has latterly effected a great deal of good. It has done away, by legislation, with some of the worst abuses which were the outgrowth of native superstition. It has conferred upon multitudes the boon of better instruction. It has recently made even some notable concessions in the direction of gradually admitting natives to a share in administrative affairs and in a kind of representative government, however restricted. The difficulties lying in that way through the existence of so many different races with different languages, creeds, and historical traditions, and of castes, some of which will not allow their path to be crossed by the shadow of a member of another caste, are too well known to need here a special description.

Much of the strength of English rule reposes on these very contrasts among the populations of her vast polyglot empire in Asia. But with a powerful rival or enemy before its doors, these internal divisions among Indians may some day become a great weakness for defence against an aggressive and unrelenting despotic power which, if victorious, would step in with an oppressive military organization, having a host of half-civilized Cossack, Calmuck, Kirgise, and Tatar hordes as its retinue, and an administration more corrupt than that of any Oriental tyrant.

There is, at least, freedom of speech and freedom of the press in India under English dominion. The "National Congresses" held every year, without hinderance, at Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, for the sake of claiming parliamentary rights, are certainly proof of a degree of liberty which could not be dreamt of under the government of the Czar for his own subjects. In Russia, exile to Siberia would be the quick reply to bold spirits aiming at such reform.

Considering this aspect of affairs, the question of Russia's further advance towards India becomes a very serious one. A hope can only be expressed that English statesmen, many of whom have so long misjudged the policy of the Muscovite autocrats, will, at the eleventh hour, awake to a full consciousness of the danger and not allow the worst foe of all freedom to take possession of the very bastions of India.

*Karl Blind.*

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CHANGE.

TO love—ah, God ! to love ! and feel the touch  
 Of hands that once imprisoned ours so fast  
 It seemed they'd grow to one, and that way last !  
 Throbbing the faster, because set to catch  
 The happy rhythm of hearts attuned to such  
 Tumultuous beating. Not fair skies o'ercast  
 By sudden tempest darken in the blast  
 So quickly as fond hearts blench in the clutch  
 Of this dread fate. To clasp such hand, and find  
 It changed, hard, dull to the touch, cold to warm  
 Pleading,—seek the averted eye, once blind  
 To other glance, and try the old love-charm  
 In vain !—Dear Heaven ! when this becomes my part,  
 Let swift oblivion wrap my anguished heart.

*C. L. Whitney.*

## NEW PHILADELPHIA.



CITY HALL.

IS there no flavor of jealousy in the reiterated charge that Philadelphia is only an "overgrown village," a fenced-in wilderness of houses, a dead and laid-out corpse by the Delaware, and the various other examples of fossilized fun which her rivals, New York and Boston, are so industrious in repeating that they seem actually beginning to believe them? Certainly a city which has grown to be the ninth in the world in population, and which is not far removed from the first in industrial importance, cannot have been quite asleep, and may fairly claim its share of vital activity.

The heads of the case against the Quaker City are three, all of them belonging to a past state of affairs: it is architecturally the most monotonous city in the Union; it is commercially the slowest; it is

climatically the most unbearable. The last charge need not be dwelt upon ; it may be disposed of in a word. It is an outgrowth of the Centennial year, when all the United States flocked to Philadelphia to see what that sleepy city could do in the way of a World's Fair, and found it, for once at least, decidedly wide awake, but went home reporting that they had passed through a fiery furnace, and that Philadelphia in summer was a city for salamanders. As it happened, the whole country was in a solar broil that summer ; but as all the live people were in Philadelphia, public opinion made that city a scapegoat for the whole land, and the ill-founded libel still persists.

As regards the charge of commercial slowness, it is based on a false conception. Philadelphia is essentially a manufacturing, not a commercial city, and cannot fairly be weighed in the same balance with its satirical neighbor. It is not, indeed, insignificant commercially, with its \$100,000,000 of ocean commerce ; but to be classed properly it must be classed productively, its record in this direction placing it in the front rank of manufacturing cities. A partial report of the 1890 census gives Philadelphia an annual product approaching \$600,000,000 ; but this is acknowledged to be incomplete, and the real product is undoubtedly much greater. There is a sort of civic brain-fever, manifesting itself in endless stir and bustle, which belongs to the busy mart of commerce, but is alien to the centre of productive activity.

The third plea of the indictment, that of architectural monotony, an endless stretching out of red and white, no longer applies. Each city has its favorite building-material. Brick clay is abundant in Philadelphia, and red brick long continued its sign manual. But it has changed all that. The new streets—whose name is legion—and the active business thoroughfares have become so diversified in architecture that the danger now seems to be of running to the opposite extreme.

All this is preliminary. The "New Philadelphia" is our theme. What are the claims of the Quaker City to this title ? This much may be said : the term Quaker City no longer applies ; the drab and broad-brim element of the population has been diluted almost out of existence ; what remains of it is beginning to float with the stream. As regards the second title, the City of Brotherly Love, it is a very appropriate one. Few if any other cities in the Union show as warm a spirit of human sympathy as is manifested in the very numerous and active charitable institutions of Philadelphia and the benevolent open-heartedness of its wealthier citizens.

To trace the outgrowth of the New from the Old Philadelphia we must go back a decade or two,—say to a date of twenty years ago, when the first spade-thrust was made towards the erection of the new City Hall, which to-day rears itself as the largest public building in the United States,—not excepting the Capitol at Washington,—and the loftiest edifice in the world, its great tower, with its crowning statue, being superior in height even to the lofty Washington Monument.

It may be well to begin our review by considering more fully the architecture of Philadelphia. Twenty years ago the city was not without its fine buildings. It had its stately Grecian edifices,—its Girard College and its Custom-House,—buildings rivalling the finest which

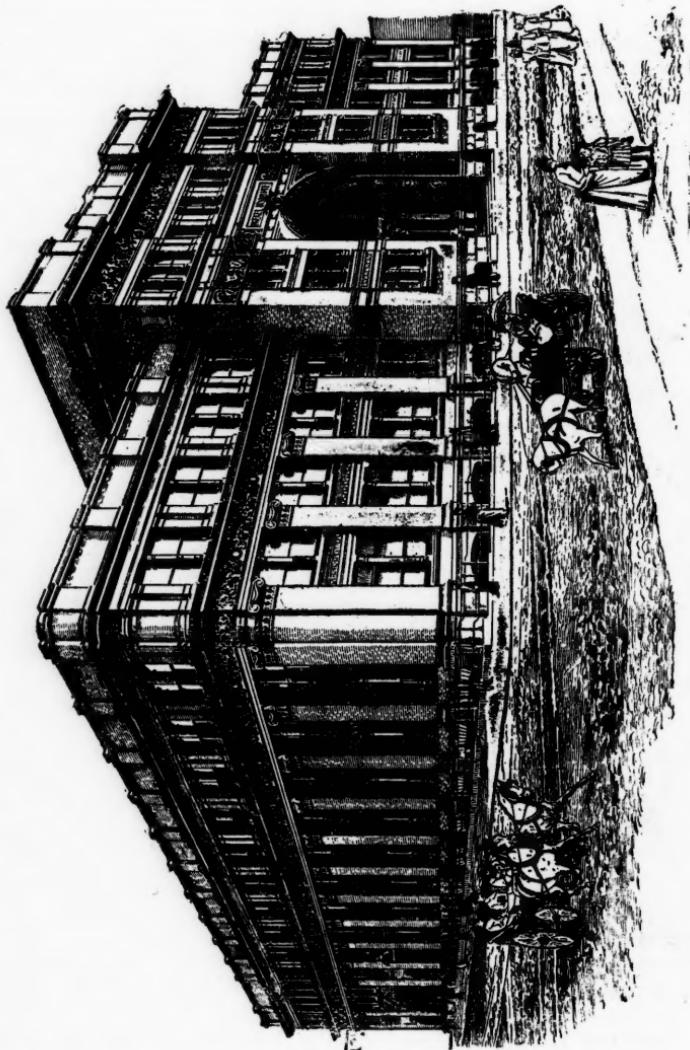
Athens could show in her prime. It had its priceless historical monuments,—Independence and Carpenters' Halls,—edifices sacred to American liberty. It had its great buildings of more modern date,—its Academy of Fine Arts, then unequalled in the country, its Masonic Temple, still without an equal in the world, and others worthy of mention. Within the past two decades these have been greatly added to. Philadelphia has gained two great public buildings, its imposing City Hall and its massive Post-Office,—the latter the largest and best-appointed in the country outside of Washington. It is about to obtain another great edifice in its new United States Mint, a building propor-



POST-OFFICE.

tioned on the most generous scale, and which cannot fail to be a handsome and striking architectural addition to the city. The Centennial Exhibition left it two splendid edifices,—Memorial Hall, which is likely to develop into a great gallery of the fine and the useful arts, and Horticultural Hall, much the largest and best-filled conservatory in this country, and with few equals in the world. In the line of educational institutions it has gained its magnificent Drexel Institute, said to be the finest in architectural design, and in educational and laboratory appointments, of any of its class either in this country or abroad. As regards its time-honored University, this institution has been thoroughly

shaken out of its mediæval slumber within the period named, and is manifesting a vitality and spirit of progress which are rapidly lifting it towards the topmost level of American universities. Various other evidences of the educational renaissance of Philadelphia might be given,

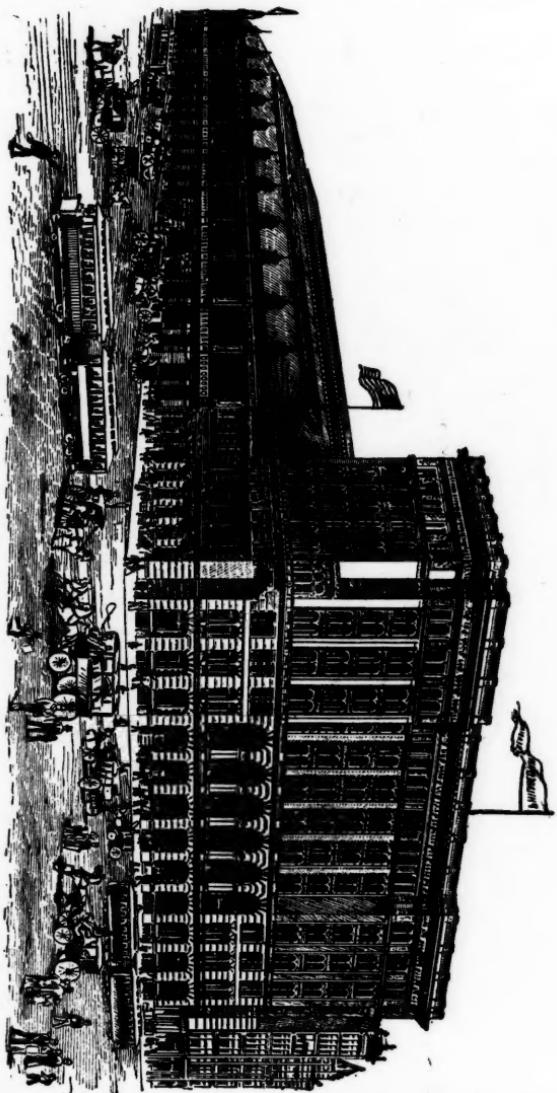


DREXEL INSTITUTE.

but we shall content ourselves with speaking of its two magnificent Girls' Normal Schools, each with accommodation for over two thousand pupils.

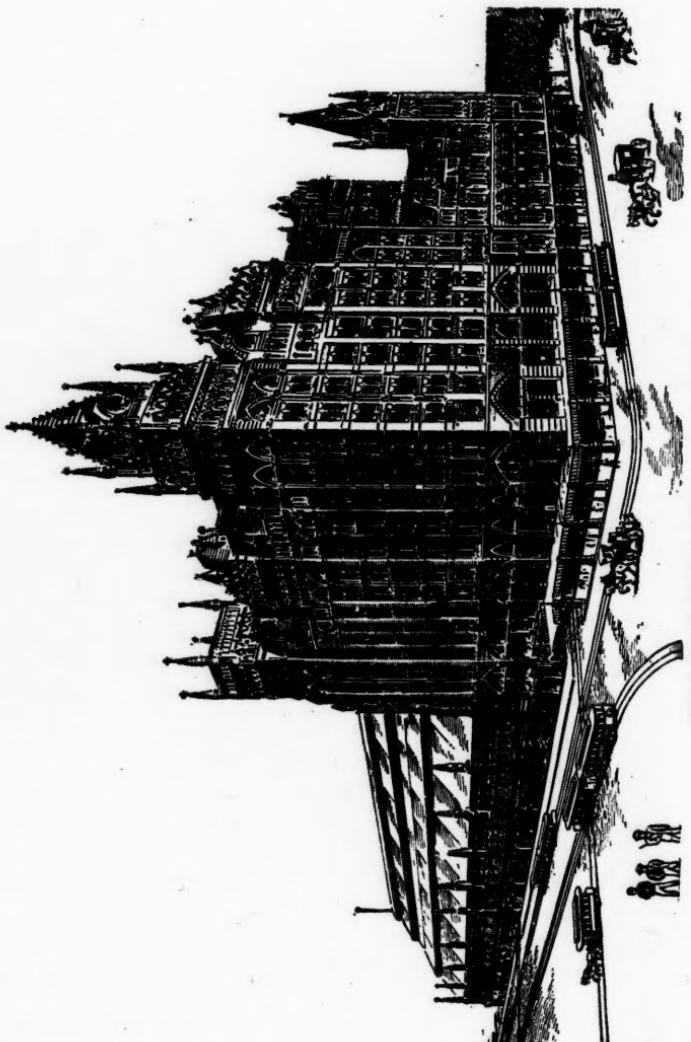
Of architectural schemes in other directions among the most important is the Bourse, which when completed will be the largest,

handsomest, and best adapted exchange building within the United States, and cannot fail greatly to stimulate the business of the city. In dimensions this great edifice will cover an area of three hundred and sixty-two by one hundred and thirty feet, and be ten stories in height,



with a grand main hall fifty feet high and a museum of commercial products of the amplest dimensions. Enterprises of equal moment are the two grand railroad termini now constructing. When completed

these will give Philadelphia railroad facilities without an equal in any other American city, all roads centring and all passengers being landed in the very heart of the city, *via* elevated road-ways. The Reading Terminal station will possess an imposing edifice, two hundred and



BROAD STREET STATION, PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

sixty-seven by one hundred and fifty-two feet in area and eight stories high, with a train-shed two hundred and sixty-seven feet wide and with capacity for thirteen tracks. Under the train-shed is located the Farmers' Market, which is perhaps unequalled in dimensions and

appointments in any other part of the world. Its cold-storage vaults and its arrangements for the receipt and shipment of produce are marvels of convenience and utility. The new Broad Street Station of the Pennsylvania Railroad will be still grander in dimensions, the station edifice covering an area of three hundred and six by two hundred and twelve feet, and reaching a height of ten stories, crowned on the Market Street corner by a magnificent tower. The train-shed will be seven hundred and seven feet long, and roofed by great iron arches of two hundred and ninety-four feet span, the widest ever yet made. This great shed, one hundred and four and one-half feet high in centre, will be roofed with glass, making it as light as day within. It is claimed that the station as a whole will surpass any similar edifice in the world ; and the location of these two grand termini, in the business centre of the city, cannot but prove a great stimulus to travel. In this direction, at least, Philadelphia has outgrown its village clothes.

Of the remaining large architectural projects of the New Philadelphia may be named the nine-storied Odd-Fellows' Hall, about to be built at Broad and Cherry Streets, which it is claimed will be the largest and handsomest home of this order in the world ; the extensive nine-storied edifice of the Women's Christian Association, now rising at Eighteenth and Arch Streets, and promising to be a noble example of architecture ; and the ample additions to the building of the Academy of Natural Sciences, an institution possessed of the most extensive museum and the most complete biological library in this country, while its activity in scientific research is indicated by the recent Peary Greenland Expedition, sent out by it, and looked on by many as the most important polar expedition of the century. In this direction also Philadelphia has thrown off its larval skin, and is beginning to spread its wings.

To the above examples of architectural activity may be added the recent removal of the House of Refuge to a country locality admirably adapted for the trial of the home discipline plan ; the similar removal of the Deaf and Dumb Institution to a charming rural situation at Mount Airy ; the establishment of the richly-endowed Williamson Free School of Mechanical Trades, at Elwyn, Delaware County ; the approaching removal of the well-known Jefferson Medical College to ample new buildings at Broad and Christian Streets ; and the recent erection of a number of very handsome club-houses. As regards mercantile and business establishments may be named the magnificent marble Drexel Building ; the imposing Bullitt Building ; the thirteen-storied Betz Building ; the broad and lofty Colonial apartment house ; and the various other new edifices and new façades which have rejuvenated several of the leading streets, Chestnut Street in particular, until scarcely a trace of the Old Philadelphia remains in these avenues. To these evidences of progress should be added the famous Wanamaker Grand Dépôt, the most extensive retail store in this country, or, as travellers say, in the world, and a centre of pilgrimage for good Americans.

In private residences there has been as great a renaissance within the period named. Philadelphia retains its comfortable eminence as a

"city of homes," a municipality with the unit rule of "a family to a house," but can show to-day as great a number of handsome and artistic dwellings as any other city in the country. The old monotony of architectural effect has disappeared from the new and many of the old streets of the city, the greatest diversity of material and style being employed. West Philadelphia has grown to be a city of handsome houses and verdant surroundings; several of the suburban settlements are made up of strikingly beautiful and attractive residences; while North Broad Street, with its many grand edifices and its charming glimpses of greenery, is one of the most strikingly effective streets in the country.

So much for architectural progress in the New Philadelphia. Let us now consider some other aspects of the situation. The old Philadelphia was deeply laden with debt, handicapped by the work of generations of easy borrowers and lavish spenders, who grew rich as the city grew poor, and left little to show for the money which had flowed much more freely into their hands than out of them. The New Philadelphia has reformed all that,—so far as public rascality can be reformed. It has not got all its thieves in jail, but has shown laudable activity in the task of putting them there. In its finances it has adopted new principles, which have had a most wholesome influence. "Pay as you go," "Make haste slowly," "Don't overcrowd tax-payers," are some of the maxims which have been applied, and with encouraging effects, perhaps largely due to the economy and honesty which they have necessitated. Public improvements have not gone on as rapidly as some have desired; but they have been paid for without borrowing the money, and the debt of the city has been reduced year by year until to-day it is little more than half that of ten years ago, so that large sums which formerly went for interest may, when the sinking-fund demands are adjusted, be devoted to public improvements. Our financiers are beginning to breathe more freely, from the lifting of this load of debt, and to entertain projects for the rejuvenation of the city which they hardly dared broach in the era of enforced economy.

Let us look at some of the improvements which may fairly be claimed as constituents of the New Philadelphia. Twenty years ago this city was one of the worst-paved in the world. The cobble-stone reigned supreme, and as an eyesore, a dirt-collector, and a foot-tormentor could not be surpassed. Ten years ago a determined effort was begun to get rid of this antiquated pavement. To-day it begins to look as if it was doomed. The streets of Philadelphia are laid out on a grand scale. As marked on the city plan there are in all about two thousand miles of them, of which more than one thousand miles are opened, and seven hundred and twenty-five miles had been paved by 1890. On those repaving has been active. One hundred and twenty-seven miles of improved pavements were laid in 1890 and the three years preceding,—to a considerable extent on old streets. Since then, the laying of new pavements—asphalt, granite blocks, and vitrified bricks—has gone on with accelerated rapidity, and Philadelphia is in active process of change from one of the worst to one of the best paved cities in the land. If the present rate of progress continues,

the cobble-stone pavement will have become something of a rarity by 1900, and hoofs and eyes alike be relieved.

Now a word as to water-supply. Not many years ago the reservoir capacity of Philadelphia was less than two hundred million gallons,—scarcely enough for its daily needs of the summer of 1892, in which an average of one hundred and eighty million gallons were used every day. To-day New Philadelphia has a storage capacity of over one billion gallons, which will be increased to one billion four hundred million gallons on the completion of the Schützen Park Reservoir. The pumping power at present is something over two hundred million gallons daily, which will soon be considerably increased. The average use of water throughout the year is about one hundred and forty gallons daily for each inhabitant. This is a showing which few cities can rival. The average New-Yorker uses little more than half as much. The Philadelphian may therefore claim to be one of the cleanest persons in the world, as he is one of the healthiest, the annual death-rate being a very low one. His healthfulness is undoubtedly due in great part to the conditions of home life, the city showing the very low average of 5.6 persons per house,—less than a third of the New York average.

Another problem of prime importance, that of sewerage, is in a fair way of solution. The sewerage conditions of the old Philadelphia were decidedly the reverse of good. Those of the New Philadelphia are much improved, and promise to become satisfactory in the future. A comprehensive system of sewer-improvement has just been devised, and will very likely be carried out within the next few years, greatly to the advantage of the city's health.

As regards the lighting of the New Philadelphia, the gas-lamp is being rapidly replaced by the electric light, which now sheds its rays on most of the principal streets and along many miles of Park drive. In this direction a highly useful reform was initiated in Philadelphia, that of the putting of the electric wires under ground. This was first successfully accomplished on Spring Garden Street, and has been extended to Arch, Green, and other streets. Involuntary electrocution has never been favored in this city, as in some others.

More might be said about municipal improvements in the New Philadelphia, but the above must suffice. A word here about the new municipal government is, however, in place. In the old Philadelphia the government was a composite one, made up of numerous officials with overlapping duties and essential independence—"confusion worse confounded" being often the result. The mayor enjoyed the dignity of his office in lieu of civic power. Under the new charter of the city, now some five years old, the mayor is the actual head of the municipality, with power of appointment of most of the officials, and affairs move with a smoothness and in a unison which would have thrown into convulsions an official of the old city.

Philadelphia is, as we have said, essentially a manufacturing city. It possesses some of the largest workshops of the world. The Baldwin Locomotive Works, the Disston Saw Works, the Manayunk Paper Mills, and others which might be named, are said to have no equals

in production on the face of the earth ; while various others of our workshops are without peers in this country. But, while retaining and rapidly increasing its manufacturing importance (its product having nearly doubled from 1880 to 1890), the New Philadelphia is not blind to the importance of commercial relations, and is taking earnest steps to increase its ocean traffic. Its situation at one hundred miles from the ocean gives its seaboard rivals a great advantage over it ; yet the Delaware Bay and River form a magnificent water-way, whose width and depth of water excellently adapt it to commerce. For years the river has been obstructed by islands opposite the city, but these are now being dredged away, their material being used in the improvement of the Navy-Yard station at League Island. This movement will be followed by a lengthening of the wharves on both sides of the river, with the double advantage of narrowing the channel and thus preventing the formation of new bars, and of providing docks deep enough for the great ships of recent commerce. To this may be added the extension of freight railroad lines to and along the river front, affording excellent facilities for the direct discharge of freight to and from ships.

Among other movements tending in the same direction may be named the "Freight and Information Bureau," recently organized by the Manufacturers' Club, and endorsed by the various exchanges and the Board of Trade, its purpose being to act against the unjust discrimination from which this city has severely suffered. In the same line is the project for a ship-canal from the Delaware to the vicinity of New York, a promising scheme, of Philadelphia origin. The existing state of affairs is epitomized in a recent statement, to the effect that "We are drawing near to the era of equal railroad competition and unhampered freight facilities. The harbor is being fitted for the largest ships, and measures are in preparation to stimulate ocean commerce. Our foreign weekly steamship service has doubled in a year, and our shipment of cereals more than doubled. The largest modern wharves are under contract. The Bourse will greatly facilitate dealings of merchants with customers," etc.

In brief, the term "New Philadelphia" is not ill applied, as may be seen from the various evidences of municipal, architectural, industrial, and commercial enterprise we have given. All has not been said. Philadelphia to-day manifests more activity than for many years in the past. It may be repeated that its true function is that of a manufacturing city, and that the slowness of which it has long been accused is an essential condition of a centre of productive industry, as bustling activity belongs to the mart of commerce. Philadelphia was once the leading commercial city on this continent, and, though it can never hope, with its disadvantages of situation, to attain this position again, it is regaining some of its old spirit, and energetic commercial enterprise promises to be one of the prominent features of the New Philadelphia.

*Charles Morris.*

## THE BOBOLINK.

THE snow came down in the woods of Maine,  
 And white and bare were the forests bleak ;  
 The north wind howled o'er a barren plain,  
 And said, " How far for a home to seek ? "

The bobolink hid in its chilly nest,  
 And looked, and heard, and feared, and said,  
 " I will sail to the south on the south wind's breast  
 When the season of winter is over and dead,

" And sing—I will sing a fuller song,  
 And they that hear me will say, How well,  
 How well he sings who hid so long  
 In the bitter fields where the north winds dwell ! "

The sun looked down and kissed the snow,  
 And it floated away through shaw and dell,  
 And the bobolink rose in the golden glow,  
 And flew away over field and fell.

He heard the sound of the falling blade  
 As it cut through the side of the moaning pine,  
 But nothing now his course delayed,  
 As he flew to the south through dark and shine.

He bent his ear to the harsh, cold ground,  
 And he heard the grass as it clomb to air,  
 And through the clay came the virgin sound  
 Of the white pale rose in its lowly lair.

And he saw the bee as it waited lone  
 In waste, wide fields for its love to be,  
 And he said, " They will love when I am gone  
 Distant afar with my minstrelsy."

He sang, as he went, a fuller song  
 Over the cities of plain and hill ;  
 Nothing he thought of sin or wrong  
 As he flew through the twilight calm and still.

The sad-eyed mother looked and heard,  
 And said, " Bear a song to my son afar,  
 And sing it sweet, O wandering bird,  
 As he looks and prays to the Northern Star."

The eye of want looked up and wept  
 In the midst of the moans of sin and woe,  
 But never for this the tired wings slept,  
 Flying southward from cold and snow.

And he said, "I will sing, yea, I shall sing,  
 Where the roses bloom the seasons through,  
 In the twilight land of endless spring,  
 Loved by the bee and wed by the dew."

But the days drew on, and he said, "How far,  
 How far!" he said, "and my worn wings tire.  
 In the northern sky shines the Northern Star,  
 Yet far away is my heart's desire."

Then the nights drew on, and he said, "How long!"  
 And morning he saw with weary eyes.  
 "Oh, where? oh, where?" rose the fainter song,  
 Pleading and wailing, to peaceful skies.

The Hudson gleamed in the setting sun,  
 And he thought, "It is surely near at last."  
 O'er the Delaware, when day was done,  
 He sang, "The day of toil is past."

So southward ever his weary way  
 He bent through wanton and wayless skies,  
 And fainter across the ebbing day  
 The voice of a hopeless singer dies.

Southward he sailed, and his song was dead,  
 And he sank in the rice-fields faint and worn,  
 And he said, "How far from my home I fled  
 To die in the southern lands forlorn!"

And the morning rose, and the sun looked on,  
 And the breeze blew cool on the sunny plain,  
 And the gray sky shone through a glimmering dawn  
 On the death of a singer who sought in vain.

And the snow came down in the woods of Maine,  
 And white and wild were the forests bleak,  
 And the north wind howled o'er a barren plain,  
 And said, "It is far for a home to seek."

*Daniel L. Dawson.*

## THE FIRST-BORN OF THE ORCHARD.

THE world runs very much to specialties these days; and a mighty good thing it is, too, for the world.

Most things, as medicine, law, and so forth, are best studied in parts; that is, the subjects being too vast to be absorbed as an entirety by any one ordinary mind, better results are had by lopping off a limb here, a branch or even a twig there, and devoting a lifetime to the mastery of a single part. In surgery alone this gives us the skilful trepanner and the dexterous chiropodist. So it has come to pass that a man no more goes to a "general practitioner" when he wants his throat treated or his eyes reset than he goes to a criminal lawyer for advice in real estate legalities. So, too, in the dramatic profession: a manager in search of a juvenile actor, so called, doesn't *generally* select a "comedy merchant."

As one grows older he is apt to be astounded at the enormous extent to which this specializing practice may be applied.

It struck the writer in a forcible way recently when he came into possession of a few feet of ground situate on the western shore of Long Island Sound, which few feet had upon them some trees which he knew to be *apple*, because they bore that fruit when he first introduced himself to them. The fruit absent, except for the gnarled and twisted branches it is doubtful whether he could have told the name of the tree. He then began to wonder how many trees he could properly name. The number was so humiliatingly small that he bought some books on the subject, and as his aforesaid few feet of ground were thickly planted with apple-trees, and his eyes had been opened to the vastness of the subject,—yea, to the vastness of any particular *branch* of the subject,—he resolved to confine what attention he could give to it to apples; and he took hope when he came to appreciate the fact that "fine fruit is the most perfect union of the useful and beautiful known to the world."

His orchard, from long neglect, was not very sightly; neither was it thriving; but what with pruning, scraping, and mulching, the yield grew to respectability, and, ultimately, to something more. From very age some of the most happily situated trees—in their relation to the house—gave unmistakable evidences of complete exhaustion, and the experience, the pleasure, the responsibility, of planting his first tree came about.

After much consideration, much anxious reflection, as to the kind of apple desired, the age of the tree, and the time of planting, fall or spring, a Gravenstein (which so high an authority as Downing places among the first of its kind, and which Strong names in even higher terms) was selected, and fall was the time of the doing of the deed of planting.

A tree some five or six years old was—unwisely, perhaps, and with some misgiving—chosen.

A beginner in anything is always to be known by the idiotic alacrity with which he rushes in where angels fear to exhibit themselves, and by the "why, of course!" way he grabs at the one chance in ten of success and complacently snubs the other nine which are at his beck. And it must be recorded of him, too, that a special providence does seem to hedge him about, as the adage "A fool for luck" attests. Aside from the greatly-increased chances of failure with a tree of that age, the additional unnecessary worry, the cumulative anxiety that would be sure to follow, would have been enough to deter anything or anybody but the veriest neophyte. But that's what he was, "and there you are!"

That year the winter seemed a longer one than ever before! Not even business projects of a most serious character could for an instant exceed in interest the thoughts about that newly-planted apple-tree!

Would it root? Would it sprout? Would the exceptional chance that had been taken be dealt out by Fate, or would the plagued thing die, and with it all worry and all interest in a subject that had already consumed much time?

One bright winter day the planter, like Dundreary's birds of a feather, might have been seen flocking by himself about an apple-tree and joining hands with several imaginary pomological enthusiasts, chanting the following incantation, which is said to be still in vogue among the farmers of Herefordshire and Devonshire:

Here's to thee, young apple-tree,  
Whence thou mayst bud, and whence thou mayst blow,  
And whence thou mayst bear apples now!  
Hats full! caps full!  
Bushels and sacks full!  
Huzza!

Somehow the whole proceeding seemed to lack *verve*, and as the "huzza!" was uttered the leafless, skeleton-like branches of the tree rattled back the most dismal sort of recognition.

But then with the first awakening of the spring almost, while the hyacinths and daffodils were beginning to peep, the fool's luck was a manifest fact, for that Gravenstein swelled out its buds, and later took on the most graceful garniture.

The early morning inspections that followed were one continuous march of pomp and pride, accompanied by those full-chested musicians the robin-redbreasts, while the sparrows and peewees played harmonious piccolo-like *forlitruras*.

The martial enthusiasm the small boy feels as he trudges to the melody of the street band is insipid compared to that which brightened the eye of the amateur as he stood by the side of *his* first-born of the orchard! And,

Warmed by the sun,  
And wet by the dew,  
It grew! it grew!

and bigger with pride and happiness grew the heart of the neophyte.

Then a good-natured rivalry sprang up between the tree and the man. With each visit he found his *protégée* more gayly bedecked than before, and his salutations lacking not a whit of cordiality because more pronounced. It was so easy to direct the footsteps of visiting companions in the direction of his charge, and once there, by some easily-invented jest, cause the lot to bow to his leafy inamorata. His attention reached the climax when in his dress-suit one moonlight night he took a pewter mug of cider from the table, sprinkled the ground about the roots of the tree, and hung a bit of cider-soaked toast in one of the branches.

This amused the Gravenstein greatly, for with a sudden gust she seemed to take on such a fit of laughing that but for her being stayed by protecting-strings she must have fallen.

But, notwithstanding this bit of frolicsome coquetry, the man went straight on falling head-over-heels in love with his new companion. Then came a change.

One morning the pulse of the tree seemed to beat slowly. She had lost color, and appeared lackadaisical. The greeting between the friends was not so cordial,—his because of anxiety for his companion, hers from some unknown cause. Could it be possible that his attentions to her were no longer agreeable? Had she indeed learned to love another, or was that other wooing her against her will and so causing them both untold anxiety? He thought over all he had said and done to her, and he could find nothing any man of honor might not have said and done with perfect propriety to the object of his affection.

The insidious creature that was sapping the very life out of the affection of the neophyte, and still more so, if possible, out of the affection of his sweetheart, Grace Gravenstein, was found, after a few days of torturous, ignorant delay, to be none other than a Mr. Round-head Borer, a person of very common and unscrupulous origin, who, taking advantage of the tender age of his victim and of the inexperience of her protector, had gained an almost deadly hold before either she or he who loved her was well aware of his presence.

Once the actual state of affairs was known, the scoundrel was tracked to his lair, and there was meted out to him, with scant show of ceremony, the punishment that should come as swiftly to all wilful disturbers and destroyers of happiness: he was annihilated!

It was not easy to stay the tears and fortify the lacerated heart of Grace, but all that affectionate attention and loving energy could do was tenderly accomplished. Time did the rest. It was not so very long before she began to smile again with all her old-time gayety.

One bright morning, when the man thought Grace more beautiful than he had ever seen her, when the smile she returned to his morning salutation seemed so seductive that he was about to fold his arms around her, there came, at his bidding, to put in a Japan quince hedge, a man, a gardening, gray-haired man, whom he knew to be a great authority on trees, and who rudely interrupted the love-passages between Grace and himself with,—

“Seem to be very fond of that tree.”

"Why should I not? It is my first-born of the orchard."

"Why weren't you consistent in your planting, then? Why didn't you plant an *apple-tree*?"

"Why," weakly, "isn't this an *apple-tree*?"

"No!"

Still more weakly:

"What is it?"

"That?—why, that's a *quince*!"

*Francis Wilson.*

### LOVE'S SEASON.

**I**N sad sweet days when hectic flushes  
 Burn red on maple and sumach leaf,  
 When sorrowful winds wail through the rushes,  
 And all things whisper of loss and grief,  
 When close and closer bold Frost approaches  
 To snatch the blossoms from Nature's breast,  
 When night forever on day encroaches,—  
 Oh, then I *think* that I love you best.

And yet when Winter, that tyrant master,  
 Has buried Autumn in walls of snow,  
 And bound and fettered where bold Frost cast her  
 Lies outraged Nature in helpless woe,  
 When all earth's pleasures in four walls centre,  
 And side by side in the snug home nest  
 We list the tempests which cannot enter,—  
 Oh, then I *say* that I love you best.

But later on, when the Siren Season  
 Betrays the trust of the senile King,  
 And glad Earth laughs at the act of treason,  
 And Winter dies in the arms of Spring,  
 When buds and birds all push and flutter  
 To free fair Nature so long oppressed,  
 I thrill with feelings I cannot utter,  
 And then I am *certain* I love you best.

But when in splendor the queenly Summer  
 Reigns over the earth and the skies above,  
 When Nature kneels to the royal comer,  
 And even the Sun flames hot with Love,  
 When Pleasure basks in the luscious weather,  
 And Care lies out on the sward to rest,—  
 Oh, whether apart or whether together,  
 It is then I *know* that I love you best.

*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

## RECOLLECTIONS OF SEWARD AND LINCOLN.



W. H. SEWARD.

IT was Seward's own famous saying, "Politics is the sum of all the sciences;" and in his entire career, eight years a Cabinet minister during the dark days of the second revolution, under two Presidents, Mr. Seward, as the second in command, proved himself a national pilot of commanding genius and a consummate political philosopher as well. Recognized as the leader of his party, and joyfully accepting the odium heaped upon the advocates of the "higher law" at a period in our national history when human bondage "clasped the Bible with handcuffs and festooned the cross of Christ in chains," he found himself discarded in a Presidential period for the comparatively unknown statesman from Illinois, Abraham Lincoln, in the hour of his party's triumph. But he lived to admit that this man of humble origin was just what Wendell Phillips called him, "the bright consummate flower of the civilization of the nineteenth century," and—to use Secretary Seward's own words—"a man of destiny, with character made and moulded by Divine Power to save a nation from perdition."

Never were men more unlike than these two; but the love of David and Jonathan or of Damon and Pythias was not more close and tender and constant than the personal and political affection of the President and his minister. Seward represented the culture of the East, Lincoln the backwoods logic of the yet undeveloped West.

The many-sided mind of the Western lawyer, his breadth of vision, and his far-reaching wisdom, were shown in the selection of his Cabinet. Cameron, Bates of Missouri, Chase of Ohio, and Seward of New York, had all been more or less prominent as Presidential candidates before

the same convention which had the good sense to select Abraham Lincoln as the Republican standard-bearer.

The Presidential bee once developed in a politician's bonnet suffers change into a chrysalis that soon becomes a butterfly big with ambition. There was dissension in the Cabinet when the war began. Chase, a conscious and cultivated intellect, who had been in the field as an anti-slavery leader long before Seward took an aggressive position on the questions that divided the sections, never concealed his jealousy of both Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward. He became a red-hot candidate for President. But when dissension was rife, the wily and diplomatic Seward, in one of his remarkable and oracular speeches delivered at Auburn and flashed by the midnight wires from St. Albans, Vermont, to where "the Oregon hears no sound save its own dashing," poured oil on the troubled political waters. This sweet-tempered optimist spoke of the grim-visaged Danton of the War Department as the "divine Stanton," and complimented, in graceful phrase, the great but jealous Chase upon his marvellous financial banking system, which gave unlimited wealth to a nation struggling for its life. But while wearing a velvet glove, the gentle-mannered head of the State Department wore beneath that glove an iron hand.

That the Secretary of State who had foiled the reactionary powers of Europe was justly proud of his achievements no one can deny. But he never claimed as his own the honor which the historian of the future will accord jointly to Lincoln and Seward,—the honor of the delicate and difficult task which gave back to liberty the rebel emissaries Mason and Slidell, captured by one of our own steamers in mid-ocean.

In an elaborate address over the grave of Mr. Seward, Charles Francis Adams gave infinitely more credit to Seward than to Lincoln, as the master-mind which "sat pensive and alone above the hundred-handed play of its own imagination" while the great work progressed.

Mr. Adams, whose appointment abroad was due more to the influence of Seward than to the personal wish of Lincoln, did not hesitate to regard Seward as the master and Lincoln as the man. But Adams was in London, far away from the horrid front of war, and he never understood the rough, uncouth, and (to the cold and cultured mind of the Massachusetts statesman) seemingly unstatesmanlike habits of thought and expression in which Mr. Lincoln delighted to indulge. Mr. Adams grew up under influences, moral and social, such as those under which Seward's mind was moulded. While the minister to the Court of St. James was watching blockade-runners, the plain, many-sided President was corresponding with the Queen of Great Britain and trampling out the little side-bar rebellion of Napoleon and Maximilian in Mexico.

To see these two men together was enough to decide who possessed the master-mind. It was the habit of the Secretary of State, during the progress of the Rebellion, to spend the morning hours, after a nine-o'clock breakfast, with Mr. Lincoln at the White House. The President's favorite apartment was the large East Room. Here he was wont to receive the general public and indulge in what, in his quaint

phraseology, he called his "baths of public opinion." No matter what the claimant's cause was, he generally got a hearing, though he might be laughingly bowed out of the room at the end of the séance, with a story that "pointed a moral" if it did not "adorn a tale;" but the casual visitor always went away in good humor with both the President and himself.

But Sunday morning from ten to twelve o'clock was usually accorded to the Secretary of State and the Presidential barber. Mr. Lincoln knew whom to trust, and many a solemn conclave has been held in this historical room between two men who held in their hands the fate of a nation.

It was as good as a liberal education to hear two of the most important men in the world, with the simplicity of children, discuss the events of the day, when half a million men stood fronting each other on the battle-field.

Richard Vaux, of Philadelphia, met Seward in 1845 at the residence of Josiah Randall, a leader of the old Whigs. Mr. Seward was asked to meet half a dozen then famous Philadelphians, all now dead save Vaux, who says that Mr. Seward "charmed everybody, at a dinner which lasted five hours, with his gracious diction, his good humor, and his copious and varied information on all questions of public interest."

He showed to best advantage at his own dinner-table, where his sweetness and light charmed all comers, even Lincoln, who often became a good listener when any question of state-craft occupied the mind of the Sage of Auburn. And when not talking himself, the quiet twinkle in the Secretary's eye gave ample evidence that he thoroughly enjoyed the abounding humor of the President.

This trend of Lincoln's mind was amusing to Seward, but it always angered Stanton, who did not often try to suppress his wrath. Lincoln once tried to read to Stanton and Seward a chapter from Artemus Ward's book. Stanton left the room in a pet, after declining to listen to the "chaff," as he called it, but giving the President a parting shot by asking him, "How do you like the chapter about yourself?" Lincoln only laughed and answered, "Do you know, it may be queer, but I never could see the fun in that chapter."

Seward in conversation was slow and methodical till warmed up, when he was one of the most voluminous and eloquent of talkers. No statesman in the country had a vaster range of reading, or wider experience in the management of public affairs. He had been almost continuously in public life since he was thirty, and was educated in a State where adroitness and audacity are needed to make a successful politician, who must sometimes pretend "to see the things he sees not."

The impression inevitably following an hour with Seward and Lincoln was surprise that two men seemingly so unlike in habit of thought and manner of speech could act in such absolute and perfect accord. I doubt much if they ever seriously disagreed, while the imperious Stanton often went out with his feathers ruffled considerably.

When the cabal of Chase, Henry Winter Davis, Vice-President Hamlin, Ben Wade, and a bare majority of the United States Senate, threatened to defeat Mr. Lincoln's renomination, then Seward's hand

was seen in certain changes in the Cabinet. Both Chase and Montgomery Blair of Maryland, who had developed an eager ambition to be President, were told that their time had come, and the wisdom of Seward's advice was seen in the sudden collapse of the respective Chase and Blair booms for the Presidency. The latter was snuffed out instantly, and the Secretary of the Treasury under Lincoln, though made Chief Justice, fed and fattened his Presidential bee till even his decisions during the impeachment trial of Andrew Johnson were colored by the desire he still cherished to wear the Presidential purple.

I had gone through the State of Pennsylvania from Indiana County to Delaware, preaching the gospel according to Abraham Lincoln, while the fate of the government trembled in the balance. The night before the day of the election which was to decide whether Andrew G. Curtin was to be elected Governor, and whether Pennsylvania was still for the war, I walked up to the White House. The door opened, and I was ushered into the President's East Room, where he grasped me by both hands.

"Boy," said he, eagerly, "what news from your pilgrimage beyond the Alleghanies?"

Never had I seen that face light up with such a burst of gladness as when I answered, "Have no fear of Pennsylvania. The Methodist preachers are all on the stump for Lincoln and Curtin, and the young women are wearing rosettes with the names entwined. The old Keystone is good for twenty thousand majority, and that means your renomination as President." This was answered with a wild Western laugh which could have been heard over at the War Department. Lincoln for the moment was a boy again. He said, "Now we will go over and see Secretary Seward."

As was his wont, he entered the Seward mansion unannounced. The Secretary, with slow, stately step, advanced to greet the President. Their greeting was warm, even affectionate, and the courtly Seward, smoking a strong Havana, soon had his guests seated before a blazing hickory fire in his open parlor grate.

I spent here the happiest hour of my life. Both men were keen and eager to know the prospects of the next day's election, big with their own fate. They enjoyed my running account of the scenes and incidents of the hottest administration campaign ever waged in the Keystone State. "We've won the fight," said Lincoln, joy beaming in every lineament of his face.

The wily and now well-pleased Secretary of State had a habit, when things ran his way, of softly rubbing the palms of his hands together. This he did, smiling blandly, as he touched his little bell, the counterpart (a small silver bell) of the one he had in the State Department, whose light touch had, as Seward boasted, sent many a man to Fort Lafayette. His servant brought in brandy and cigars. Lincoln smiled, but touched nothing. He neither smoked nor drank.

Soon after this I went abroad as bearer of despatches to Minister William L. Dayton at Paris and to Charles Francis Adams in London, carrying also letters of introduction from Mr. Lincoln to Richard Cobden and John Bright. I spent ten days at Rochdale at John

Bright's home, and three days at the country house of Richard Cobden at Hazelmere, one hour's ride from London. Both men heartily sympathized with the Union cause and sent words of good cheer to President Lincoln. Cobden spoke in warm words of praise of the great patience, courage, and wisdom of Lincoln, and compared him with William the Silent of Holland. Of Secretary Seward he did not entertain the same lofty opinion, regarding his prophecy that the war would last but ninety days as belittling the great revolution. Cobden told me that he owned much valuable property in America in the State of Illinois, and at one time expected to move there and take an interest in the management of the Illinois Central Railway. But Cobden died before the war ended, and did not live to see his fellow-soldier in the fight for the liberation of humanity, John Bright, take his place in the Cabinet.

I went to Europe in November, 1863, and returned in February, 1864. Again I met the President and his Secretary in the East Room of the White House, and gave an account of my experiences in Paris and London. Both were in deep perplexity at the efforts of the Senatorial cabal to defeat the President's renomination.

During the conversation which ensued, the President rallied Mr. Seward on the particularly bitter attack made by a segment of the New York city press against the Secretary, presumably inspired by the Senatorial cabal, who believed that if they could "bounce" Seward they could control Lincoln or defeat his re-election.

"Ah," Seward replied to this badinage, his face passionless, "I am sure if it pleases the newspapers it does not hurt me. These assaults on you and on me remind me of what the Prince de Condé said to the Cardinal de Retz in Paris when the latter expressed his surprise at a pile of abusive pamphlets lying on the French statesman's table. 'Don't these bitter and unjust assaults on your fair fame disturb your slumbers, Condé?' 'Not in the least, cardinal,' said the prince. 'The wretches who write these diatribes know that if they were in our places they would be doing themselves just the base things they falsely endeavor to fasten on us.'"

Lincoln paused a moment, smiling, and said, in his lawyer-like fashion, "Yes, Mr. Secretary, the prince's point was well taken."

The séance ended, and the good President followed me to the head of the stairs, grasping both my hands with a parting "God bless you, my boy!" which lingers in my memory like a benison even to this day.

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Twice afterwards I saw Secretary Seward,—once at his own house when Andrew Johnson was President. I recall to-day how his birds of bright plumage were chattering in the dining-room, whither the charming optimist led us, while the same Scipio Africanus of another administration brought out the brandy and water in the old Lincoln decanter. Andrew Johnson's Secretary of State had his crest "full high advanced." He introduced me to Prevost Paradol, who represented the "Man of December," Napoleon III.,—the same minister who the next summer shot himself to death at his Washington residence. After the French minister had taken his departure he said,

"This is the happiest day of my life, for I have this morning received official intelligence from the French Ambassador that France and Austria have finally abandoned the Tripartite Alliance, which boasted that it would place Maximilian on a Mexican throne and menace the United States with a foreign protectorate over Mexico."

Later I saw Mr. Seward for the last time. He had perceptibly aged with the cares and anxieties of office, but he was the same bright, happy, chirpy optimist and delightful talker. It was in his beautiful home in Auburn. Andrew Johnson had ceased to be President, but had been returned to Congress as one of the Senators from Tennessee. Horace Greeley, his ancient enemy, who later adopted Seward's policy of peace and reconciliation in 1872, still lived, and still hated the man from whom he had snatched the nomination at Chicago. Mr. Seward had just returned from his journey around the world. His Presidential aspirations, with all other worldly ambition, were laid aside. Kings and princes had done him honor abroad. When I sent him my card I received a summons to dine with him that day. He was in a reminiscent mood, and some things he told me cannot here and now be repeated. In defence of his own policy under Johnson he recalled to me the story of Condé and the Cardinal de Retz. He read me a letter from Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, in which this memorable phrase occurred: "When lenity and cruelty play for power, the gentler gamester is soonest winner."

We sat with post-prandial cigars beneath a shade-tree, near the present mausoleum of the great patriot, and the gentle philosopher said, "I have never had occasion to regret the policy of reconciliation I sought to make acceptable to the country. I was pledged to it before Mr. Lincoln died. I said in my last public utterance, 'Some pilots may be washed off the decks of the ship of state during the violence of the storm, but the ship will sail on to a safe harbor at last.'

"No one man is needed to carry on this government of ours. Others will be raised up to do our work when we have laid it down. Here under my own vine and fig-tree I live, waiting the end, serene and happy in the consciousness that I can wait the coming on of time for my vindication. I hope I can say, with Cicero in his old age, 'Sweet are the recollections of a well-spent life.' The measure of my ambition has been full, and when my time has come—it cannot be long—I can recall with mild enthusiasm the last sentence of the last letter Cavour sent me. It was this: 'You have helped to make America again what she was but now, the admiration of man and the wonder of the world.'"

*James Matlack Scovel.*

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WITH A MATCH-BOX.

**A** GAINST rough circumstance, where souls aspire,  
Aims must, like matches, strike a frequent fire,  
And, if the wind of chance success should smother,  
Strike, just as here, another and another.

*Charlotte Fiske Bates.*

## SEVENTH-COMMANDMENT NOVELS.

WHETHER one holds the Decalogue as a code of laws binding upon mankind or not, it is safe to say it is a pretty good epitome of the temptations that assail mankind. Whatever divergent views are taken of the Bible, there is one that is generally agreed upon, and that is, that there is a great knowledge of human nature displayed in it, and that for sound ethics its maxims are unequalled. Therefore we are not likely to go amiss in accepting its estimate of the capital sins. There are ten things that we must not do. The Church in its turn has condensed matters further and made out for us a list of Seven Deadly Sins. There, again, one may doubt the authority of the Church, but none can deny the accuracy of the catalogue. Pride, Covetousness, Lust, Envy, Gluttony, Anger, Sloth, are the moral rocks on which poor humanity splits. The Church has anchored a bell-buoy over each one of them, which sounds out its dismal warning in the ears of all.

Now, straining the ecclesiastical diction a little further, one might say, in Athanasian language, "There are ten things we may not do, not one thing." "There are seven deadly sins we may not commit, not one sin."

But what says the school of novelists with which we are threatened ? "There is one thing we shall be tempted to do, not ten things. There is one sin with which we must inevitably wrestle, not seven sins."

An undue dwelling upon one phase of life besets some minds. Women, unoccupied men, adolescent dreamers of both sexes, undoubtedly are in some cases prone to exaggerate the importance of that train of emotional experience which they are pleased to call love. But the novelist, if he is an artist worthy of the name, does not write for such as these. A following of unidealized girls and uneducated women, of immature youths and idle society-men, would scarcely satisfy an author of even the second or third class. To hold the mirror up to nature with a fairly steady hand is what every writer of fiction sets before himself to do. Till his hand gets strong enough to keep off the polished surface distorted views and false distances, he will be wise not to call in the public to the show, both for his own sake and for the public's. False sentiment, whatever is untrue to nature, dies; the ephemeral notoriety of a fashionable fad perishes almost before the maker of it has become accustomed to the thought of his own greatness.

I have lived long,  
And seen the death of much immortal song.

It is not true that love, in the sense of the attraction of men and women to each other, is the whole or the half or more than the tenth part of human experience. It is true that such love is one of the most touching, most exquisite breaths of melody that ever pass over our souls, dreamily remembered, tenderly idealized, secretly mourned. It

is true that it is the flower of our earthly state, but it is not its root, it is not its fruit. It connects itself closely with the poetry of human existence, and it is natural, it is not blameworthy, that it should occupy a significant place in the fictitious delineation of men's and women's lives. But what can one say to the writers who strike no other chord ? what fiction has ever lived that had no other theme ?

Among the poets, if Dante had harped on his love for Beatrice alone, he would not have been immortal ; if he had seen no sights in the Inferno but the apparitions of illicit lovers, the healthy minds of men would have left him on a high and musty shelf beside Boccaccio. If the chief thought of Milton had been his Adam and Eve

Imparadised in one another's arms,

the great drama would never have been written. And even the many-minded Shakespeare would have lost his hold on the ages if he had not given us love in its due proportion, one Othello to be balanced by a Macbeth, a Hamlet, a Shylock, a Falstaff, a Richard III., a Wolsey, a Julius Cæsar, a Brutus, a Lear.

His pretty pastoral dreams are but dreams ; they are not life, and were not meant to be, and he would not have been upon his pedestal if he had drawn nothing else. "Maud" on the one hand and "In Memoriam" on the other show Tennyson at his lowest in love and his highest in friendship.

Wordsworth, greatest and purest poet of his age, knew no mistress but Nature, and lives and will live in the hearts of men. Byron is neglected now because men feel instinctively the false, unwholesome use to which he put his divine gift ; they do not moralize about it, but they feel "this is not life, this is not the truth about it."

And in fiction, how true the proportions in Sir Walter Scott, in Fielding, in Miss Austen ! coming down to our own time, in Thackeray, in George Eliot, among the great writers ; among the lesser, Trollope in his inimitable sketches of cathedral life, and Mrs. Oliphant in a few of her earlier books.

Whenever and by whomsoever the balance has tipped in favor of this one passion beyond the others, there and by that hand the chance of a permanent place in literature has been lost. If ephemeral popularity is satisfying to a writer, nothing can be said against it. But even ephemeral popularity can be gained without invoking Venus : "Little Lord Fauntleroy" on the stage and "Robert Elsmere" in fiction have been eminent successes, and love plays no part in either. But "he shoots higher that aims at the moon than he that only threatens a tree," and it is wise for those who aspire to write, to find out the canons of true art, which means the true following of Nature.

Nature never did betray  
The heart that loved her.

Wordsworth wrote of *his* Nature, his mountains and his streams. And the writer who takes men and women in their honest reality for his study will not find himself betrayed into false sentiment and bad

morals by the study. Men and women love, but they also hate ; they steal and lie and covet, with filthy lucre for an end, as well as for the end of possessing the wives and husbands of other men and women. They can make noble sacrifices for friendship, for country, for humanity, for religion. The sacred ties of parent and child, of brother and sister, count for something. It is true all the world loves a lover, but it would get mortally tired of him if it had nothing else. It is as untrue to paint life as under the sole dominion of that one emotion as it is to paint it after the manner of Mayne Reid and the penny dreadfuls.

It is quite as bad form, and it is worse morals. The boy, after reading the one, filches from his father's desk wherewith to buy a pistol and to start on his adventures, is overtaken by hunger or a policeman, and comes home repentant to laugh later at his folly. The girl, after study of the other, has her life spoiled for aye by false aims, unsatisfied expectations, distorted perspectives.

But it is not the morality of it, it is the art of it we are at present discussing. So far, whatever has been said has been said solely with reference to that phase of the relation of the sexes which can be presented without apology to Anglo-Saxon ears not educated up to Continental modes of speech and thought. Love, innocent legitimate love, is not all there is in life ; it is only a small part, comparatively, of its experiences. There is a great deal of happiness outside it ; there are rewards, there are pleasures, there is satisfaction, with which it is entirely unassociated. There are sorrows which cause its keenest pangs to seem but pin-pricks, there are desolations which make its sentimental griefs appear contemptible. Compare a broken engagement with—a cancer ; a faithless lover with the on-coming of blindness. Fancy from which a man would suffer most, the coldness of his mistress or the loss of his good name. Poverty grim and real is worse than the worst disappointment in love that ever was felt or penned. Family disgrace, spiritual doubts, the awful tears that parents shed, the loneliness after bereavement, the dreariness of old age, madness, augst and inevitable death,—how trivial beside such facts as these look the misunderstandings of lovers, “the partings such as press the life from out young hearts,” the manifold sentimental sorrows, so called, of the heart !

This, no doubt, is slaying the slain. We all know these truths, but the people who propose to write our stories for us seem not to remember them, and young and immature readers suffer by their lapse of memory.

But if we are in evil case in regard to this faulty art, what must we say of the vicious school that brings forward the claims of the married woman in fiction as heroine in matters of the heart ? By all means let us have the married woman in fiction ; she has never been on the Index. We cannot have too many Romolas on the one hand, nor too many Becky Sharps on the other. An Anna Karénina, even, once in a century, might clear the air of mysteries and show the deep damnation of illicit love. People are tempted to break the seventh commandment, there is no doubt of that sorrowful fact, but all people are not so tempted, nor can it be shown that it is a paramount governing motive in most lives. It is not untrue that many marriages are

mistakes ; in the dimness of a past age St. Francis de Sales said, " If marriage were an order in which a year's novitiate were required, few would be professed," and human nature does not look very different now, even in the fierce light that beats upon our nineteenth-century life. Men and women do make mistakes, and very often think they have made them when they really have not. But in actual life how does the thing work ?

A man finds or thinks he finds himself ill mated ; he is disappointed, chagrined, a little ashamed of himself for his illusions, rather sore about his so-recent softness of heart. But his rash act has brought upon him a heavy burden of responsibility ; he has taken upon himself a new position in the world ; he has assumed to found a family, to take his place among the men of his generation. Necessity, ambition, honor, family feeling, keep him straight, to say nothing of the tenderness he still feels for the woman whom he chose, however she may have fallen below his estimate of her, and the little children who are dependent on him. If he has average principle, he fits his shoulder to the load and goes doggedly on under it, and holds his peace about it. He does not, like the man in the nursery rhyme, jump into another bramble-bush to restore his injured vision : he is rather more apt to keep clear of women than to seek them ; he has not much time or inclination for the quest. He makes the best of his bargain, accepts the inevitable, and is in a way content.

And the woman *incomprise, désillusionnée*, how does she take it ? Very often her disillusionments are as baseless as her illusions and she has to get rid of both before she is contented or useful. Many a woman married to the mate Heaven made for her weeps briny tears in the first trying year that is evolving a husband out of a lover ; even in a happy marriage the throes are keen but inevitable in the process of being turned from a goddess into a helpmate. But if she *has* made a mistake, if she finds herself bound to a man who is not sympathetic, whom she cannot wholly respect, whom she is gradually ceasing to love, with whom it is distinctly difficult to live, how does she take it ? If she is a woman of fairly good principles, tolerably well brought up, and has not read too many *risqué* novels, she sheds her tears in private, accepts the inevitable, devotes herself to her children if she has any, to her house, to charities, to literature, if she hasn't any, and gets a good deal out of life, with all its disappointments. If she has not been cursed with too great wealth, she will find that she has not much time on her hands ; there are bargain-counters to be pulled over, there are jackets and shoes and leggings to be bought at the best advantage, and there are little gowns and shirts and slips and bibs to be made from the best patterns. " The ox when he is weary treads surest." Nursery interests, household duties, family ties, leave her little time to pine over her mistake. If she is a clever woman, she has her theories about the education of her children, her aspirations for their future advancement. But, whether she is clever or commonplace, rich or poor, childless or a mother, she has no lack of occupation for all her powers in this teeming American life ; she will not be likely to sit down on her little handful of thorns and bemoan herself, as Jeremy Taylor would

say, but she will take up her work in a healthy-minded way and go on and make the best of what she has left. It is not what she hoped for, but it is not so bad after all; her life is full, and she does not stop to analyze its composition. There is not one chance in a hundred that she will turn for sympathy to another man, or that she would accept it if it were offered to her.

Unless, indeed, she be rich and idle. Idleness and riches are sore temptations in themselves, and they open the door to sorcerous temptations still. It becomes a question whether the dissections of the souls of the very rich and the very idle are legitimate studies to be put before the myriads of souls who are placed in circumstances entirely dissimilar. In America we have but a small class who are able to treat their sentimental sorrows so respectfully. This privileged class, consisting largely of the suddenly rich and the necessarily uneducated, are in a transition-state. Things dance before their eyes. With the fatal adaptability of the race, they catch the salient surface-points of older civilizations and miss the basis upon which they are built. They fasten themselves upon the superficial vices which are patent to all eyes, and omit the study of the myriad experiences which have gone to form that which is of value underneath. Society is a geological formation which cannot be made "while you wait;" it is a Rome which takes many slow-pacing days to build. The crude and underbred people who rule in our "smart set" have made for themselves a distinguished place abroad and at home; the "American Circus" is famous in two hemispheres. The members of the company do not realize the quality of their fame, but feel themselves in a position to instruct.

We are told by a recent critic that in America the novel of the future "will deal with society in a strictly conventional meaning of the term. There alone are to be found romantic, poetic, enchanting human beings. There alone is there sufficient leisure for the evolution of exquisite tastes, of evanescent and aerial yet captivating impulses, of feelings not the less profound and overmastering because they have been clarified and thrice distilled."

This may be true of older societies, but there will always be those who, even in them, feel that the great masters are not inevitably at their best in so-called social studies. For one instance, contrasting Maggie Tulliver, Hetty Sorrel, Dinah Morris, with Gwendolen Grandcourt, they are inclined to feel the field of genius is not so circumscribed. That our own and only great national successes in fiction have been hitherto in *genre* pictures is indisputable. Irving, Hawthorne, Bret Harte, Mrs. Stowe, and the new hand that has just painted for us "A Humble Romance" and kindred stories, are nearer to the standard of sincere art than any of the host of "society" novelists who have raised such hopes in their fellow-citizens' hearts at various epochs during the past twenty-five years. The fact is, we must first catch our hare. We must have a society before we can paint it. The crude aniline imitation of other social fabrics which we call "society" is not adapted to artistic treatment. It is adapted to screaming farce, but not to high comedy, certainly not to deep and thoughtful

analysis of any kind. It is not picturesque ; it does not lend itself to good effects. A train of cars or a puffing steamboat would be as much out of place in a landscape of Nicholas Poussin's or Claude Lorraine's as a chapter of New York "high" life in a story that was destined to live as long as Nicholas Poussin's and Claude Lorraine's art has lived. A truthful study of life taken at random from any sphere must always be of present value, but a novel that deals solely with the aspirations and achievements of an ephemeral class must be content with ephemeral applause and short-lived success. Our society as a society is unformed, chaotic, almost grotesque. Its leaders have, like the aborigines of our country, assimilated the fire-water of the foreign pale-faces, but have, like them, omitted to receive the weightier matters of the law. Is an idle class like this to set the pace for our young men and women ? Among these are our children to be taught to look for those "romantic, poetic, enchanting human beings" of whom the critic speaks ?

Till within a few years it has been our good fortune to fall into line with English modes of thought and to take the cue in fiction from that honest home-breeding island. Now we are told that the national palate rejects coarse English beef and pudding, and that the subtly-flavored complications of French *chefs* are demanded by this high-bred society where only "the romantic, poetic, enchanting human being" is grown, and where the social career of a woman begins with her marriage. The rank and file of American manhood and womanhood may protest against this ; but "it takes strong arms to swim against the current," and it is well perhaps to take into account this Gallic tidal wave.

The French novel is pre-eminently the seventh-commandment novel. It is almost impossible to find one based on any other theme, or at least to find one uncomplicated with it. The French novelist does not always approve marital infidelity ; on the contrary, he generally points morals with misdemeanors and adorns tales with adulteries, avowing his sole aim to be showing the tragic end of evil. But flight and not argument is the law that masters of holy living lay down for souls in that sort of peril : "turn away mine eyes, lest they behold vanity," is Holy Writ and hard good sense. What you think about unceasingly, you end by doing ; what you look at continually, ring-streaked and speckled or pure and clean, gets inwrought into your most intimate being. Jeremy Taylor reminds us that "those creatures that live amongst the snows of the mountains turn white with their food and conversation with such perpetual whitenesses." We are a mass of inheritances ; there is, as Goethe says, nothing original about us but our will, our intention. We are reproductions, chameleons, echoes ; human nature has not much to be proud of. But if it is not born clean, it can at least have an intention not to be unclean. It can have a will to save its young from pollution. It can think a little about the methods of such salvation. It can remember that "a child's home is its doom," that the fireside is where we learn not only our grammar, but our religion, our morals, and that the library-table in the house in which we are brought up is our true *alma mater*.

Miriam Coles Harris.

## AN ORGAN AND A REFORM.

"THE Pagan Review" is the alarming title of a new British magazine, which entered on its career of devastation in September. It is not very much to look at, and offers for the customary shilling but sixty-four smallish pages, with no cover to speak of: what engine of reform has not been hampered by mundane limitations at the start? Its title is the fiercest part of it: the contents are rather suggestive than directly polemic, and the "Foreword" admits that "the religion of our forefathers . . . is still fruitful of vast good"—though these their children have got beyond it. The contributors (it is noticeable that there is as yet no lady among them) are united by a strongly romantic and dramatic tendency; the renascence whereof they are apostles is poetical and untheological. The tone is that of lusty and restless youth, which would fain kick over the traces and disport itself in unhampered freedom. As one of them says, "We ought to have been born gypsies." They remind one a little of newly admitted collegians just released from their mammas, anxious to be men at once and to see Life. Their present object is chivalric; they aim at the emancipation of Woman, at her elevation. Let her henceforth be as tall, as athletic, as ratiocinative as the male human animal. Let noxious restraints of tradition and convention be swept away. Give her her rights and an equal chance; let all years be leap-years. Let it be no longer true that

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;  
"Tis woman's whole existence.

Since the dominant note of Nature is the sexual, let girls and boys be free to rush into each other's arms, and let us who are older give the most of our time and minds to noting how they do it. The proper study of mankind is womankind; or, as the able Pagan editor puts it, "The supreme interest of Man is—Woman," and *vice versa*.

But here two questions obtrude themselves—impolitely, it may be, but irresistibly. Was it worth while to devote a whole new magazine, with much blowing of horns and waving of banners, especially to the illustration of these doctrines? And why "pagan"? Are love-stories, not to say Seventh-Commandment novels, necessarily and distinctively anti-Christian? The eminent Mr. Blank, and the thrilling Miss Whatsername, and the delightful Lady T'Other, have been at this business for years. We have all read their improving romances with more or less sympathy and profit. Are we pagans for doing so? Are they pagans for having written them? They would repel the vile impeachment with indignant scorn; and so say we all of us—or, at least, the great majority. We claim to be merely human in our writing and our reading. Again, why "Pagan"? Why not rather "The Human Review," or "The Human Magazine,"—since it is no more of a review than we are, or our esteemed and highly popular cotemporaries in New York?

Again, is there anything very new in this? Scarcely, except an exaggerated youthfulness, a going on tiptoe as it were, with looks of proud defiance, and accompaniment of horns and banners as aforesaid. It is as if, to an assembly where low-necked dresses were not unknown, should enter one loudly

announcing, "See how very *décolletée* I am! And in spite of you prudes and prigs, I mean to maintain this startling innovation, however you may cry Shame!"

## AN ANTI-ETHICAL CRUSADE.

It may be that the lines of assault on Faith are shifting. The neo-pagan movement in England (whatever it amounts to) is no more theological than the neo-Christian movement in France. The "Pagan Review" cares no more for the arguments of Colonel Ingersoll than for those of Paine or Voltaire. Now theology has so long been a house divided against itself that interest in its controversies has greatly dwindled: this generation, rightly or wrongly, cares far less for abstract theories than for practical results. But the moral teachings of the Gospel are more revered, more firmly intrenched, than ever. In this sense the civilized world has an Established Religion. Whether they accept them with the heart or not, decent people are generally agreed to regard these ideas as essential to human welfare. Hypocrisy is the prudent homage which Vice pays to Virtue, and those who secretly break the law still profess that the law is good. Even those of superior pretensions—the "emancipated," the agnostics—would subscribe to Paley's doctrine, that Religion is an excellent auxiliary to the police. Take away its restraints, and what is ahead? So far as we can judge, anarchy and chaos, the Parisian commune and the dynamiters.

Transcendental matters aside, that effect of Christianity which has most impressed the general imagination is its power of restraining human passions and indulgences—lust, cruelty, rapine, and the like. It led the Roman emperors to give up their harems, and made comparatively chaste men of Valens and Theodosius—which Gibbon thought was a mistake: he was one of your pagans, and frank in expressing his opinion. It moved a multitude of hermits to turn their backs on a society which seemed to them hopelessly bad. In later days it mastered the love of revenge, the thirst for blood, and drove in its obvious lesson of humanity—slowly, but effectually. It has taught some to keep their hands out of their neighbors' pockets. At least in individual cases, it has checked jealousy, envy, backbiting; the Sewing Society may still talk scandal, but less malignantly than did the ladies of Alexandria and Antioch two thousand years ago. Christian ethics, by common consent, have had the chief hand in making life and property safe, and society decorous and comparatively pure.

Paganism, old or new, attacks this principle at the root. It says, "Be a healthy animal. Don't resist a natural appetite. If you want a thing, reach out and take it. Let yourself go."

We have seen what comes of that. We may see it any day still; and the result is not usually happy. But why confine the application to a single passion? Why not say, "Don't check any impulse, be it greed or hate or whatever. If you want your neighbor's property, or his life, reach out and take it. Be the free, natural man."

They have not come to that yet—unless the anarchists. But it would be logical.

Gentlemen Pagans, it will not do. Without self-control, self-restraint, self-repression, there is no character for yourselves nor safety for the community. Constitutional liberty is not unlimited license. In conduct and in art there had best be restraints, moral limitations.

## ARE WOMEN FREE AND EQUAL?

And yet one is inclined, if not in duty bound, to sympathize more or less with any movement or argument that looks toward improved conditions or larger opportunities for the sex. The position of Woman, the estimation in which she is held, the degree of equality with Man to which she is admitted, are vital notes of difference between Christendom and Islam, between civilization and barbarism, between the modern and the ancient world. It may be claimed that the battle has already been fought and won; but this is true only in part. It is true that many restrictions have been removed, that most occupations have been already opened to women, and that the barriers which remain are mainly kept up by themselves—e.g., when most of them wish to vote, they will doubtless be allowed to. It is also entirely true that among intelligent Anglo-Saxons, and especially with the well-to-do, women are better off than they ever were before, or are anywhere else on earth. They have more freedom, more honor, more power—sometimes more than they are fit for, or know how to make good use of. Of course this goes further with us than in England. In circles pretending to, or approximating, wealth, fashion, and culture, the American woman is a queen—if she cares to be and has it in her; the American girl is petted, flattered, coddled, and indulged to the top of her bent. It is they that have the good times, that get the cream of life. Husbands and fathers toil for returns of cash, that daughters and wives may spend freely and beautify themselves at ease. Their feminine charm is a unique distinction; in society, sometimes even in open-minded literature, they receive a deference, a homage, which are not extended to senators and sages.

If this be so, what more can they want? What more can the philanthropist ask on their behalf? Why, say the serious sisters, to be taken seriously; to be something more than ornaments, elegant playthings, or at best mere housekeepers and mothers. The surface is not the whole of life, nor Epicureanism its only philosophy. We want our identity respected; and that is just what you have not done yet. We claim to be ourselves, and not merely your hangers-on and decorated servitors. Beneath all your courtesies and pamperings lingers the notion that we exist not for ourselves, but for you; that we are really your inferiors, your thralls, your puppets, and your creatures.

The serious sisters are quite right in their complaint; and so, at bottom, are the young Pagan gentlemen who take up their case—though these latter do not put the case very clearly, nor contemplate it from the most desirable point of view. Mr. Haggard, in one of his thrilling African romances, makes a native remark, “We worship our wives, but we have to *hot-pot* them now and then”—which meant (if the reader has forgotten his “She”) to “remove” them by violent means. A belief in this right still lurks, with other remnants of feudalism, in many masculine minds. The nobleman of a few centuries ago, on occasion of domestic mistrust, would calmly wall up his suspected spouse in the masonry; his successor, who resorts to the simpler method of pistol, knife, or axe, is commonly found a little lower in the social scale. In these Russian judgments it is not necessary for the victim to have done anything amiss, but only for jealousy or wrath to be roused in the ruling and punishing mind. The offence may be purely subjective, and is handled much as on Mr. Legree’s plantation forty or fifty years ago. Such cases come to light daily: in one of the latest, milord prepared his serf for cremation, and had applied the match before

the neighbors came to the rescue. Frequently the oppressed takes refuge at her father's, and rashly declines to return to her lord when he gets out of jail or over his debauch; then his vengeance is as summary, and his conscience as undoubting in its exercise, as if he were an Assyrian monarch and she a revolted town. The case was put in a nutshell by that intending citizen who complained indignantly that this was no free country if a man was restricted in the lawful enjoyment of beating his own wife.

This theory of marital rights has been curiously extended by the young men who shoot girls for refusing to marry them. The idea evidently is that the weaker vessel has no right to a mind or will of her own: what is she, to say No to any chance comer of the superior sex who honors her by wishing to be her "master"? Such presumption is treason, sacrilege, and blasphemy, justly open to condign and even to capital punishment on the spot.

It will not do to claim that these illustrations of mediæval tenets are all furnished by recent immigrants. That class indeed supplies more than its share to the work of our criminal courts; but a census of nationalities might leave a humiliating proportion to the native account. It is more plausible to assign the wife-beatings, the woman-shootings, the crude domestic tyrannies and tragedies, to the ranks of "labor" and illiteracy *in toto*; yet even this may be too sweeping. True, "gentlemen" usually adjust their difficulties with ladies in milder fashion; but the polish which education and society afford does not always go deep, and your millionaire may be no less an antique conservative than your mill-hand. A modern rationalist, scratched by the sharp point of some sudden exigency, may appear inwardly hide-bound by antique conventions. His theology—or lack of it—is brand-new, but his social and conjugal ethics are those of the sixteenth century. His wife is better than his horse or dog, and as his wife is entitled to high respect; but, after all, she is only his moon, shining with reflected light. Let orbits get out of order, and she is liable to be bent or broken on the hard angles of his egoism. For men are egoists, and women are generally yielding: under the conditions which prevail everywhere to date, they usually have to be, and their tact teaches them to accept the inevitable.

To a fair mind talk about the inferiority of women is distasteful, because, true or false, it all goes to confirm an ancient prejudice. Miss Seawell's argument against the creative faculty in her sex seems to make for no end but this: fogies read it, or the title of it—which is just as good for their purpose—and cry, "Ah, you see! One of the most brilliant of the sisterhood admits the charge." For one person of either sex who is able and willing to think the matter out, twenty—or fifty—have their minds made up already. The time has not come for a judgment, for the evidence is not all in; on the contrary, decades and generations—to put it most moderately—must pass before we have facts enough to base a verdict on. You cannot fairly compare one race, or class, or order, or set of people with another unless the two have had similar opportunities; and when were women ever on a par with men in position, education, privileges, and responsibilities? The inequality is beginning to disappear in some respects, and to be mitigated in others; but this is only the work of our time, and it is handicapped by the tradition of ages. How are women themselves to throw off at once the inherited notion of their essential inferiority, dominant from time immemorial in their minds as well as in those of men? Such legacies are not only discouraging, they are benumbing. As well (to be

uncomplimentary, and cite a much darker case) expect the African race to rise to anything notable in a year or a century, after being kept in savagery or slavery since "Cursed be Canaan."

The one point which is positively clear and indisputably settled in the comparison of the sexes is that men are generally bigger and stronger than women. This physical fact went for everything at the start, and long after: it will probably go for much in the remote future. It made man the head of the house, the promoter and carrier-on of business public and private: it put him in front, and there he stayed. As he awoke to the consciousness that he had a soul as well as a body, he naturally assumed to be also superior in brain and will; and his wife, being in his power and (so far as we know) of a gentler nature, did not contest the point. She had her children, her humble cares and yet humbler virtues, with the occasional caresses and qualified approval of her lord. As the race progressed toward civilization, she was admitted to be capable of good looks, good manners, domestic thrift, taste in dress, the more highly prized ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, and the crowning grace of adoring obedience. When the arts and sciences were invented, she had no part in them, with rare exceptions like Sappho and Hypatia, who doubtless were generally accounted impertinent hussies and no better than they should be. During the Middle Ages a woman had no chance to do anything unless she was a queen or something of the kind. As the free modern spirit came in, a few ventured to soil their fingers with pen or brush, amid the frowns of their brothers and the whispers of their feminine friends. If they were wise, they hid behind a male relative, like Fanny Mendelssohn and Dora Wordsworth, rather than be "unsexed." Others in England, France, and afterwards Germany, rashly let their work be known as theirs. Some of these, as Mme. de Staël, Mrs. Somerville, George Sand, Mrs. Browning, and George Eliot, were thought to have done very creditable work—for women—though nothing original, nothing "creative," of course; how should they?

Remembering that men not yet gray have seen the colleges opened to women, with nearly all the professions beyond those of school-marm, seamstress, and saleslady, is it not rather too early to determine finally what are their meagre abilities and large limitations? Give them a chance to get used to their new and partial enfranchisement, to practise their untried powers awhile, to throw off the long burden of contempt, disparagement, and repression; and then—perhaps within a century or two—they will show us what they can or cannot do. I do not know that they will develop powers of ratiocination, of initiation, of practicality, of creation (if there be any such power vouchsafed to mortals), equal to those of men. Very likely not; but let us wait and see. What is the use of passing snap-judgment on a work not only unfinished but barely begun? Why mistake appearances or probabilities for certainties, and pretend to know what we don't know?

Therefore some qualified sympathy may be extended to the alleged cause of the "Pagan Review," though cumbered with dubious if not malodorous adjuncts. It is harder pulling the boat of social reform in England than here, and probably the neo-pagans will do as much as may be expected of them if they can get the terms of punishment extended for bricklayers who jump on their wives' heads with heavy hobnailed shoes. It really ought to be more than three months for murder of this sort, or ten days when the victim is not quite killed.

*Frederic M. Bird.*

## MEN OF THE DAY.

JOHN RUSKIN is an insignificant-looking little man, considerably rounded at the shoulders, with large blue eyes and a full white beard. He is now seventy-three, and is dreaming away life's evening in tranquil retirement. The only son of a London wine-merchant, he was brought up chiefly under his mother's care through a solitary childhood. In his autobiographical fragment "*Præterita*" he has given us an account of these times: of his early attraction to the sciences and to the poetry of Scott and later of Byron; of his passion for Nature; of the annual drives through the English Lowlands; of his first acquaintance with Turner's work in Rogers's "*Italy*" and with Prout's in the "*Sketches in Flanders and Germany*"; of his first travels abroad, in 1833; of the introduction to Pringle and Rogers and Hogg, and the occasional contributions of verses to "*Friendship's Offering*." His subsequent career and works are too familiar to need even passing mention. As is well known, he divorced his wife so that she might marry Millais the painter. In fact, it is said that he even went so far as to give her away at the altar. Millais's first picture was a portrait of Charles Reade, and the young artist took it to Ruskin to know what he thought of it. The Seer of Coniston said it was not a failure, but a *fiasco*, and kicked it over in a passion, the hole made by his boot being still to be seen. So again in 1878 Whistler brought an action against him for libel, Ruskin in criticising one of his pictures having expressed surprise that "a coxcomb should ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public face." Whistler was awarded one farthing damages, and wears the coin as a charm on his watch-chain. Like Emerson and Mrs. Stowe in their old age, there are times when Ruskin's mind is partly unhinged, and in conversation he is no longer the author of "*Modern Painters*." He is very tender regarding his personal appearance, and is quoted as saying that he is dissatisfied with all his portraits, and that the truer and more candid they are the less he likes them. "I like to be flattered both by pen and pencil," he said, some time since, "so long as it is done prettily and in good taste." Mentally he is a veritable sensitive-plant. On a bright clear day he is buoyant and elastic; but on a dull wet day he is equally moody and misanthropic. He has two pet aversions,—tobacco and stupid people. So great indeed is his objection to the weed that his intimates who indulge in it have to fumigate and scent themselves before approaching him. Like Carlyle, he is utterly intolerant of stupidity, and he has a short emphatic way of his own of handling bores which effectually prevents them from intruding upon him again. He is a masterful chess-player, and sometimes devotes whole days to solving intricate problems on the board. In common with all other great men, he has his hobbies. One of them is a weakness for diamonds and other gems. He carries them loose in his pocket and plays with them in an idle moment as other men would toy with a watch-chain or a cigar. He believes strongly in out-door worship, and is a great walker. When staying in any town he invariably makes a point of choosing the oldest and consequently dirtiest part as his habitation. He abhors railways, and has more than once expressed himself very savagely in regard to them. So great is this dislike that he once drove all the way from London to his Lakeside home in a carriage specially built for the drive. He is eminently unpractical in all his ideas.

Some years since he bought some home property which he let out on the condition that the rent need only be paid when the tenants were able or felt inclined to pay it. The experiment, it need hardly be added, was not a great success. So again, in writing to a friend with reference to some pictures which he was anxious to possess, but which free picture-gallery was also seeking to obtain, he said, "I hate your picture-galleries. Why can't people be satisfied with the advertisements in the streets?" On one occasion not very long since he astonished the waiter at his hotel—for he is a total abstainer—by calling for six quart-bottles of champagne. They were brought, and the man was ordered to pour out slowly the contents of each bottle into a basin. When this was done, Ruskin, turning to the waiter, made him a present of the wine; he had been taking an art lesson from the effervescence of the champagne at all this expense of time and money. On another occasion he engaged a band of the best musicians from London at great expense, and made them play on the beach at Folkestone during a storm, while he compared the rhythm of the trained music of man and the untrained melody of nature. He is so much influenced by impulse that his freaks of fancy might be put down as the result of something akin to madness; yet withal he is a thoroughly genial, kind-hearted man, and endears himself to those who know him well enough to peer beneath his eccentricity.

Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, is a tall, broad-shouldered, profoundly benignant-looking man of five-and-fifty, and is, like so many other distinguished Americans, an Irishman. He is energy personified, possessing in a marked degree all the breezy, hustling qualities characteristic of the great West. He served in the War as an army chaplain, and he still clings to the free and easy methods of the camp rather than to the diplomatic veneer of the *salon*. His pulpit oratory, too, is pointed rather than polished. Even his voice is loud and harsh. He is what is known in Europe as "a political bishop." His efforts to reconcile the public and parochial schools by the introduction of the Fari-bault system attracted considerable attention and caused a very lively controversy in ecclesiastical circles both here and abroad. When he has a project in view he goes at it in an aggressively whole-hearted style that usually overcomes any obstacles, falling upon his opponents with all his might, and literally whirling them away, so much so that his coreligionists have irreverently nicknamed him "the consecrated blizzard." He has also been christened the "Father Mathew of the West," because of his pronounced prohibition views. He has long been an ardent advocate of total abstinence. One of his pet schemes is to colonize all Catholic emigrants on the farms of the West, instead of encouraging them to settle in cities. The experiment has resulted in several flourishing colonies, in none of which a saloon is to be found. He is a veritable glutton for work, and withal a broad-minded, progressive, good fellow. He has been a bishop since 1875, and will doubtless yet attain the much coveted red hat.

Earl Rosebery, the distinguished English statesman, is a singularly boyish-looking, suave-mannered Scotchman, with a clean-cut, smooth-shaven face of marble immobility, and never loses an opportunity of bemoaning the fact that he was born a lord. Though not yet six-and-forty, he has been a conspicuous figure in English politics for many years. When only twenty-five he was appointed a commissioner to inquire into endowments in Scotland. He was Rector of the University of Edinburgh at thirty, Under-Secretary for the Home Department at thirty-four, and First Commissioner of Works and Lord Privy Seal at

thirty-eight. From the first he showed himself an indefatigable worker. He has long championed the cause of the "submerged" ten thousand, and has given generously towards their elevation and education. Among other acts of munificence he gave a superb swimming-bath to the People's Palace, and he has otherwise shown himself to be a progressive-minded muscular Christian. He wishes to see a new and magnificent London built up on the lines of the old city, and to sweep away the nests of poverty and sin. During the three years that he acted as chairman of the London County Council he succeeded in carrying through a host of improvements in this direction, some of which, without exaggeration, may be described as colossal. As Foreign Secretary in the third Gladstone ministry he showed considerable skill and firmness during some very difficult negotiations which grew out of the Servo-Bulgarian wars. He is an eloquent and forceful public speaker, with a deep, mellow voice, and is not altogether destitute of humor. He also writes well, his recently-published monograph on Pitt having attracted considerable attention. He likes all things American,—particularly our works of art,—and he has the finest collection of Burns's works and manuscripts in the world. When a boy at college he is said to have declared that his three ambitions in life were to marry the richest woman in Europe, to win the Derby, and to become Prime Minister of England. He succeeded in doing the first,—his wife, who died some two years since, being the only daughter of the head of the Rothschilds; he barely escaped doing the second about five years ago; and he bids fair to become the third if he only keeps on as he has been doing.

Judge Lamar is far and away the most picturesque figure on the bench of the United States Supreme Court. A thin, dreamy-eyed, stoop-shouldered man, with a wan, fleshless face, to which the skin hangs in folds, long black-gray hair, and a ragged tuft of beard, he looks rather like a poet or an anarchist than like the scholarly jurist that he is. He is now sixty-seven. He passed from a seat in Congress to a colonelcy in the Confederate army, and then into the University of Michigan as professor of political economy. Mississippi sent him to the Senate in 1876 and re-elected him in 1882, but he resigned in order to become Secretary of the Interior under Cleveland. His former law partner, Senator Walthall, succeeded to his seat. It is said that while in partnership Walthall did all the work, while Lamar did all the dreaming anent the air-castles to be built out of the profits. After serving two years in the Cabinet he was improved into a judge of the United States Supreme Court. His manner in court quite harmonizes with his appearance. He never seems to listen to what is going on, but sits with subdued aspect doubled up in his chair, apparently lost in reverie. He is almost as absent-minded as the great Pasteur himself. When Secretary of the Interior he used frequently to get lost in the corridors of the great Department building, and it is said that his associates are in constant fear of his scandalizing the court by walking up Pennsylvania Avenue in his judicial robes. He is profoundly moody. There are times when he will devote himself with intense application to the unravelling of some legal problems; at others he will shun the semblance of mental effort for weeks at a stretch. He is much given to the pleasure of riding, and is a familiar figure on pleasant days ambling along the streets of Washington on a staid old family horse.

*M. Crofton.*

## BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

**A Soldier's Secret,  
and An Army Portia.** By Captain Charles King, U.S.A.

spoken. Once you take up a book of his, the whole career of a soldier is made plain to you. He has the creative gift which brings a scene, a man, or an episode within grasp from the remotest distance. Color, place, form,—all are distinct with Captain King. He would, indeed, be the best of descriptive travellers were he not the best of army novelists.

But the story is the main thing in fiction, no matter what a few disappointed novelists may think, and with Captain King one is always comfortably sure of a story. He is fond of keeping a secret from his reader till the last page, and that this good old-fashioned practice is by no means worn out the unflagging interest of his reader always shows. We defy even the most sated of novel-readers to pick up *An Army Portia* or *A Soldier's Secret* without pursuing it to the finish, and without rising from it with a keen sense of regret that it is done.

This makes it all the more acceptable that the Messrs. Lippincott have seen fit to include both of these charming stories of love and war in a single book. *An Army Portia* tells of the career of Georgia Marshall, of whom her friend, the wife of the commandant, had said, "I'd write and bid her come here to us, and I'd marry her to the nicest fellow in the Eleventh forthwith." How she went West and was finally captured by the soldier she loved, who was, indeed, the "nicest fellow in the Eleventh," but only in the ranks, is the burden of the tale. *A Soldier's Secret* gives us, besides its diverting fiction, a stirring view of the conditons and of some of the fighting incidents of the Sioux war of 1890. Its story is of Sergeant Ellis, whose gentlemanly bearing belies his rank, and of Nita Guthrie, who could have had a score of titles, but chose where she loved and won a title after all. The two tales, with their pictures of army life, their surprises to the reader, and their happy-go-lucky manner of narration, are as true to the nature of the great West as Cooper, as lively and full of fight as Lever.

**History of the Conquest of Peru.** By William H. Prescott. In Two Volumes. De Luxe Library Edition. With Thirty Photogravures.

It is a needful part of the education of every boy and girl that while the imagination is fresh and open to vivid impressions they should fall in with Prescott and get for a whole lifetime a knowledge of the barbaric beauty which Pizarro and Cortes disclosed to the world. But those who leave this pleasure till later in life will find its charm in no degree lessened by years. The appeal may then be more to the heart than to the head; the cruelties of the old con-

querors may come out in more uninviting colors; but this, in most cases, will bring with it a touch of pathos which will compensate for the objective interest of the child. It is to this latter class of readers that the Lippincotts' new edition of the *Conquest of Peru* will most distinctly appeal. Provided as it is with thirty carefully-selected views rendered by a rich photogravure process in

brown ink, the two volumes furnish adult readers with a substitute for those fine fancies of youth which outstrip even the most faithful of pictures. Here, however, are the most faithful, and indeed the only, pictures of Peru that have ever accompanied an edition of Prescott. The vast agricultural terraces of the mountains, the winding roads which would tax engineering skill even in our day, the stone buildings hewn without iron and raised to enduring strength without clay, the lakes and valleys, the household implements, and the descendants of the Incas themselves, all are represented by photography in its most pleasing form ; and from such pictures, accompanied by the brilliant text of Prescott, the reader will draw knowledge and entertainment such as few books afford. The Lippincotts, from whose press the volumes come, have given them a luxurious apparel worthy their contents. In the same sumptuous edition may now also be had the *Philip the Second*, the *Ferdinand and Isabella*, and the *Conquest of Mexico*.

**Bygone England:**  
Social Studies in its  
Historic Byways  
and Highways. By  
William Andrews,  
F.R.H.S.

That books about early England should multiply is a cheering sign of the times, because the more we know about our busy and sturdy ancestors the more respect we must have for them and the more veneration—our most crying need—we shall ourselves gain. That the England of long ago felt the same wants and aspirations and overcame even

greater social and household difficulties than do we of to-day is a wholesome and an interesting thing to know ; and it is through by-ways of history like this *Bygone England* of Mr. William Andrews that we can best gain a knowledge of these saving truths. Not in a day has the information packed between these handsome covers, just come with their contents from the Lippincotts, been gathered ; and it will be many a day before the impressions gained from it will pass from the reader's mind. Mr. Andrews has made researches into the ancient customs of the watch, of pledging, and of the minstrels. He gives new light upon slavery in England, buying and selling, fair customs, and old prejudices against coal. Much curious lore is produced on such topics as the sedan chair, running footmen, the early days of the umbrella, and tea and coffee. Cock-fighting, bull-baiting, body-snatching, and other diversions of our forefathers are treated of at length ; and household utilities like the tinder-box, night-caps, and friction matches, which all of us know vaguely about, and a few of us particularly, are brought within the comprehension of the most modern spirit. The illustrations, numerous and characteristic, form an excellent running comment upon the large, clear text.

**The Story of Nell Gwyn and the Sayings of Charles II.**  
By Peter Cunningham, F.S.A. With  
Introduction and  
Notes by Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A.

There has seldom appeared in English history a woman about whom cluster so many romantic associations as Nell Gwyn. Her career was so brilliant, so short, and began so low in the low social scale of her day, her beauty was so rare and her wit and acting both so clever, that she won not only the king, but the whole of London town, to be her adorers. To this day one may hear her pleasant, contagious laugh come appealingly down the years, and with

it she makes new friends in each new generation. Each has its own numerous editions of her biography and its own opinion of her character, which, bad as it was, is one of the least harshly treated of the second Charles's profligate day.

Thus far, the sketch by that most able of bibliophiles, Peter Cunningham, is the best life of Mistress Gwyn which has been written. It is the work of a systematic explorer in letters whose English is most engaging and whose taste is above suspicion. The book brings back, with its seventeenth-century flavor and its frank treatment of unconventional topics, the veritable times of the May-pole in the Strand, and the first Drury Lane Theatre. Charles and Nell and Moll Davis and garrulous Pepys, with all their familiars, are presented to us in a vivid manner which surpasses in scenic effect even the excellent records of Pepys and Evelyn. The present edition is re-edited with intelligent notes by Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A. The book has grown scarce of late years, and an edition was greatly needed. That so handsome a one, limited to seven hundred and fifty copies, of which only one hundred and fifty are for America, has been issued by the Lippincotts, will be a matter for felicitation among lovers of precious books. The photogravure portraits are exceedingly fine and valuable.

*The Book of One Hundred Riddles of the Fairy Bellaria.*  
By Charles Godfrey Leland.

When the evening conversation flags or when the boisterous fun of the nursery grows tranquil, what a stimulating diversion is that of asking riddles! It is as old as humanity and as new as this morning's newspaper; and there is nothing in social entertainment at once so agreeable and so instructive. Hence it is that a book like this by Mr. Charles G.

Leland, better known as Hans Breitmann, is sure to be welcomed by young and old alike. *The Book of One Hundred Riddles of the Fairy Bellaria*, published by the Lippincotts, consists of just a hundred apt riddles asked in prose and answered in verse, each one being illustrated with a grotesque design by the author, whose artistic work in brass and wood is well known to Philadelphians. "Those who soon trace a riddle out," sings Mr. Leland,

"Are quick at solving any doubt,  
And many a thing is taught in schools  
Not half so good for curing fools."

*Cloister Life in the Days of Cœur de Lion.* By the Dean of Gloucester. Illustrated by Herbert Railton.

That the historian must be gifted with an imagination as well as a constructive faculty, any one who has read Carlyle will readily agree. Into the dry materials which other narrators would collate without kindling, the synthetic historian infuses life, rendering them by a flash of perception organically intelligent to his own age. This, in a

minor but still very evident degree, has The Very Rev. H. D. Spence, D.D., Dean of Gloucester, done for a part of early Norman England. In his *Cloister Life in the Days of Cœur de Lion* he has drawn for us in sympathetic tones and with a profound insight, as well as wide learning, pictures of Hugh of Lincoln; Edmund, king and martyr; The Builders of Tewkesbury Abbey; The Vanished Abbey of Evesham; Osric, King of Northumbria; and La Grande Chartreuse. These chapters, with their accompanying illustrations by such able pens as those of Herbert Railton and A. Quinton, form a book which makes us love Our Old Home with a deeper fervor, showing as it does how England drew under its broad roof-tree of the twelfth century such noble spirits and built its temples in such enduring beauty. The Messrs. Lippincott issue the volume in a handsome form which fits it for the preservation it well deserves.

**Notable Women of the Day.** By Helen C. Black. With Portraits.

Who does not like to know his favorite author's face? You can understand the tale or song far better, so you think, if you can look into the eyes which first saw it all. Hence a book like this of Mrs. Helen C. Black, from the Lippincotts, deft and complete as it is in literary finish, makes an appeal beyond its mere biographical quality. The excellent half-tone portraits which accompany the pen-portrait make known to their thousands of readers in this country twenty-six Englishwomen whose faces are rarely seen even in photographs, but whose books and whose names are household words. Among these are Mrs. Lynn Linton, Mrs. L. B. Walford, Rhoda Broughton, John Strange Winter, Mrs. Alexander, Florence Marryat, Mrs. Lovett Cameron, Mrs. Hungerford, M. Betham Edwards, and Jean Ingelow.

**Painters' Colors, Oils, and Varnishes. A Practical Manual.** By George H. Hurst, F.C.S. With Numerous Illustrations.

A thoughtful treatise and manual on a subject long relegated to "Rule of Thumb" practice is a desideratum which, in this day of applied sciences, every intelligent worker in color will cordially welcome. Mr. Hurst has written and the Lippincotts have published this useful text-book, and it will be found to throw new light where it has been much needed.

To keep pace with the age, every art must awaken to its close relation with a corresponding principle. The art of color-making is one of the last to throw off old conventions and do intelligently what has long been done blindly. Says the author, "To give the *rationale* of every technical process is by no means an easy task." This he could not hope to do in his limit of four hundred and fifty pages; but he has provided such a description of the various processes and their underlying principles as will lead the technician a long way towards a scientific basis for his work.

## CURRENT NOTES.

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# ROYAL

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**The Official Government Reports:**

The United States Government, after elaborate tests, reports the ROYAL BAKING POWDER to be of greater leavening strength than any other. (*Bulletin 13, Ag. Dep.*, p. 599.)

The Canadian Official Tests, recently made, show the ROYAL BAKING POWDER highest of all in leavening strength. (*Bulletin 10, p. 16, Inland Rev. Dep.*)

In practical use, therefore, the ROYAL BAKING POWDER goes further, makes purer and more perfect food, than any other.

**Government Chemists Certify:**

"The Royal Baking Powder is composed of pure and wholesome ingredients. It does not contain either alum or phosphates, or other injurious substances.

"EDWARD G. LOVE, PH. D."

"The Royal Baking Powder is undoubtedly the purest and most reliable baking powder offered to the public.

"HENRY A. MOTT, M. D., PH. D."

"The Royal Baking Powder is purest in quality and highest in strength of any baking powder of which I have knowledge.

"WM. MCMURTRIE, PH. D."

*The Government Report shows all other baking powders tested to contain alum, lime or sulphuric acid.*

AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.—One of the numerous associations interested in kindergarten work will probably conduct a crèche, where young children can be left in the care of experienced nurses, who will provide for all their wants while their mothers are visiting the various departments of the Exposition.

On the ground-floor of the building there will be a large square court which will serve as a playground for the children; and here no grown people save attendants will be allowed to enter, although visitors can watch the little folks at play from a concealed gallery which will overlook the court at the second story, and which will also serve as a screen for musicians. About the edge of this square will be gayly-trimmed booths, where the toys of all nations can be obtained for the amusement of the children.

Model toys, the inventions of mechanics and scientists, will also be furnished, by means of which, after a child has finished playing with his steam-engine or photographic or telegraphic instrument, he will not only have received great amusement, but will have at his command the principles of science which may be useful to him during his entire life.

A FRENCH lady journalist, Madame Sénérine, writes thus in *Figaro* about an interview with the Pope:

"Pale, upright, and attenuated, hardly visible, so little remains of material substance within that wrapping of white linen, there sits the Holy Father in a large chair, behind which stands a table surmounted by a crucifix. The light strikes full on the fine face of the Latin prelate, throwing the delicate features into relief,—the features of a face vivified, electrified, so to speak, by a mind so fresh, so enthusiastic, so valiant for good, so alive for moral misery, so compassionate to bodily suffering, that its glance fills the on-looker with wonder. It seems a miraculous dawn hovering over a sunset. The incomparable portrait of Chartrain alone can give an idea of that eagle glance, but even it has too worldly an effect, and all the flaming mass of purple behind the snowy cassock gives the cheeks a gleam and the eye a brilliancy in the picture which are softer in the Pope himself. To explain what I mean, I shall say that I found the Pope more spiritualized, with a personal radiance more benignant, less of a king and more of an apostle. A gentle benevolence, half afraid it would seem, lurks in the curve of his lips and shows itself only in his smile; and at the same time the straight strong nose reveals the will,—the unbending will, one that can wait. Leo XIII. resembles a saint in some cathedral window, but what attracts and rivets attention almost as much as his face is the hands,—long, delicate, transparent hands, with contours of unrivalled purity,—hands which seem, with their agate nails, offerings of precious ivory laid upon a shrine. His voice has a far-away sound as if it had travelled to a distant country on the wings of prayer, and loved rather to soar towards heaven than to stoop to mortal ears. Nevertheless, in conversation it returns from the Gregorian monotone, with a note in the major key. Besides, a mere trifle, a local habit, lends his discourse a peculiar savor, a spice of nationality. Though the Pontiff speaks correct and elegant French, at every moment the typical Italian exclamation *ecco* breaks in with its two crackling syllables."

AN Oklahoma farmer says he has taught ducks to live in hot water and lay boiled eggs, because his wife is a politician and can't find time to get him a simple breakfast.—*Buffalo Inquirer*.



### FROSTY WEATHER

Is a natural tonic; but to fully enjoy its benefits, the system must be kept sound and vigorous, and all the functions of the body in active, healthy condition. The surest method of securing this result is to cleanse and vitalize the blood with **Ayer's** Sarsaparilla, the most powerful alterative medicine in existence. It eradicates every taint of Serofula, expels the acid which causes rheumatism, and the humors which produce pimples, boils, carbuncles, and sores. Remember that **Ayer's** Sarsaparilla is "the Old Reliable"—the standard blood-purifier, the superior medicine. Refuse all so-called "substitutes." If you value your health, take nothing but

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*Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.*

*Has cured others, will cure you.*

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for bronchitis, loss of voice, hoarseness, sore throat, croup, la grippe, pneumonia, whooping cough, asthma, and other disorders of the throat and lungs, **Ayer's** Cherry Pectoral stands in advance of all similar preparations. It has a splendid record, covering half a century and gathered from all quarters of the globe. It is indorsed by eminent physicians, and is the favorite anodyne-expectorant with singers, actors, preachers, teachers, and public speakers generally. It is agreeable to the taste, does not interfere with digestion, needs but small doses, and is the most economical remedy to be found anywhere. Children like it. Every household should have

## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

*Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.*

**Prompt to act, sure to cure**

**JAPANESE ENGLISH.**—“One day in Yokohama a Japanese sailor was arrested for assaulting a jinrikisha man,” says Eli Perkins in the *Inter-Ocean*. “The English court-room was crowded; and, desiring to hear the English language as spoken officially in the court-room by a wise magistrate, I crowded in with the rest. The polite old magistrate wore sandals, a kimono, and silk hat. Putting on his glasses, he looked solemnly at the culprit, and the examination commenced.

“‘Why do you strike this jinrikisha man?’

“‘He told me impolitely.’

“‘What does he told you impolitely?’

“‘He insulted me, saying loudly, “The sailor! the sailor!” when I am passing here.’

“‘Do you strike this man for that?’

“‘Yes.’

“‘But do not strike him, for it is forbidden.’

“‘I strike him no more.’

“‘Good,’ said the magistrate. ‘If he will strike or terrify the people with enormous voice he will himself be an object of fear for the people. Good-by. Do not continue here the other time.’

“At Kioto, the Athens of Japan, I met many of the professors. Professor Ladd, of Yale College, was there, delivering a course of lectures before the Imperial College on Rational Psychology. One day I met Professor Tenabe, a native professor. He was one of the Tenabes who entertained Commodore Perry in Yokohama in 1854. The professor is called a fair English scholar, and I was anxious to see how he handled our idiom.

“‘You speak English, professor?’ I said when I met him.

“‘No, I do not fluently it speak, but I write very good English. I can parse it grammatically.’

“Then he smiled, took his pencil, and wrote, ‘Though I exercised English diligently, yet I’m very clumsiness for translation, dialogue, composition, and all other.’

“‘Why, you write it very well,’ I said.

“‘No,’ wrote the professor, ‘I learned it without a teacher. It is a great shamefulness, but I don’t abandon English henceforth. I swear to learn it perseveringly, even if in lucubration.’”

A SURGEON, being sent for to bleed a lady belonging to the nobility, did the operation in such a bungling manner that he cut an artery, of which miscut the lady subsequently died. In her will she left him an annuity of eight hundred francs “as a balm to his troubled conscience, and that by having a competence he may not be obliged to cause others to run the same risk which has resulted in my death.”—*The Argonaut*.

**LOOKED LIKE GOING.**—This story, says *The Conservator*, has a significance which carries it beyond the column of newspaper jests: “A parson who had a call from a little country parish to a large and wealthy one in a big city asked time for prayer and consideration. Finally some one met his youngest son on the street. ‘How is it, Josiah?’ said the neighbor; ‘is your father going to B.? ‘Well,’ answered the youngster, judiciously, ‘paw is still praying for light, but most of the things is packed.’”

"A BRIGHT HOME MAKES  
A MERRY HEART"



Joy travels along with  
**SAPOLIO**

HUMMING-BIRDS AT WAR.—An anonymous writer in *Forest and Stream* pictures thus an encounter which took place in Cambridge, Mississippi, between two ruby-throats :

" I was walking along one of the streets of this village, and passed a flower-garden where a bed of salvia grew against the front palings. The plants were filled with bright-red flowers, some of which reached above the fence. Hovering over these were two humming-birds, whose coats of metallic sheen glistened like burnished gold and silver.

" The little creatures darted hither and thither, inserting their long bills into the tube-like flowers with absolute precision and lightning-like rapidity, but all the while engaged in a fierce combat with each other. They constantly maintained a position facing one another, and only six or eight inches apart; suddenly rising a dozen feet into the air, where they would have a little battle, and as suddenly dropping, like two bullets on one string, back to the flowers, over and among which they would flit like animated sunbeams.

" Occasionally they would 'hitch' and flutter all the way to the ground through the leaves and branches, where they would lie and pummel each other like two school-boys, one on top and the other beneath, the top fellow pausing to take breath and then pummelling some more.

" The under bird would appear to give up and look very much dilapidated, with outstretched wings and disordered feathers, but the moment the other fellow let go and rose to the top of the bush the bottom one would be there facing him.

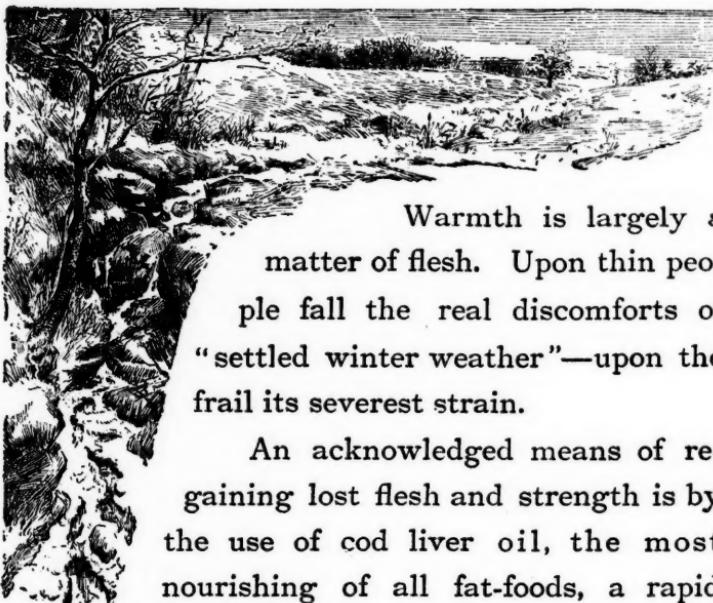
" The most interesting feature of the performance was their utter disregard of my presence. As I stood near the palings watching them, which I did for a quarter of an hour, they would flutter round my head and about my face, occasionally striking me with their fluttering wings on face and hands, and once one of them alighted for a moment on my thumb.

" At last one of them retired, vanquished, and the other exultingly took possession of the flowers."

SHE SPOKE.—He.—" A wife, at any rate, ought to be domesticated."

She.—" That's just it. If you were hiring servants for an establishment, you would get a separate person for the cooking, washing, and sewing departments. But you men expect a wife to be proficient in all these branches."—*Truth.*

A SUPERFLUITY OF HATS.—A droll incident, showing the spontaneity of Lablache's humor, occurred on the occasion of his having been sent for by the King of Naples. Awaiting in the anteroom his turn to be admitted into the royal presence, he perceived a draught in the room, and, fearing the consequences, begged to be allowed to remain covered. A moment or two after, he was beckoned by the usher, and, forgetting that he wore his hat, took up one he found near him and with one hat on his head and another in his hand entered the room in which was his Majesty. The king at once perceived the mistake, and was so mightily amused at it that he received the great basso with a hearty laugh, which so startled the object of it that he soon discovered what had happened, and with his prompt wit exclaimed, "Sire, your Majesty is quite right; one hat would be already too much for a fellow who has no head."—*"Gossip of the Century."*



Warmth is largely a matter of flesh. Upon thin people fall the real discomforts of "settled winter weather"—upon the frail its severest strain.

An acknowledged means of regaining lost flesh and strength is by the use of cod liver oil, the most nourishing of all fat-foods, a rapid builder of sound tissue. A serious obstacle, however, has been the difficulty of taking it. Many have tried plain oil only to meet with disappointment—only to gain a mistaken idea of the scope and value of cod liver oil.

## SCOTT'S EMULSION

is a combination of pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, the latter powerfully invigorating to brain and nerve. In Scott's Emulsion **THE FISH OIL TASTE IS DESTROYED**—even more helpful, **THE OIL IS PARTLY DIGESTED** by course of emulsification. Easy to take, prompt of assimilation, **ALL OBSTACLES ARE REMOVED**, and cod liver oil becomes a practical medicine, a healthful food.

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*A little book on Development of Strength and Form sent free to any address.*

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Prepared by SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1.00.

WASTE OF WORDS.—The old Emperor William used to tell a story against himself which well serves to illustrate "that most gratuitous form of error, prophecy." When the Emperor was only King of Prussia, he saw one day among his troops an untidy-looking lieutenant.

"Who is that man?" he asked.

"An officer," he was told, "who has just left the Danish service and joined the Prussian."

"That man will never get on in the army," said the monarch; and he used to add, in telling the story, "The man was Moltke, and my judgment of him gives you the measure of my insight."

The great soldier was always unpretending in looks and manner. At one time, when he was staying at Ragatz for the baths, he took a long walk, and stopped at a wayside inn for refreshments.

"Bather at Ragatz, aren't you?" asked the landlord.

"Yes," replied the general.

"Moltke is there, eh?"

"Yea."

"How does he look?"

"Well, he looks much as you or I do;" and it was only by chance that the landlord afterwards discovered his visitor's identity.

Moltke's taciturnity is a matter of history. It is said that, as the king's birthdays approached, there used to be bets among the army officers as to the number of words Moltke would use in proposing the toast of the day. Some predicted a nine-word speech, and others insisted that the number would be eight.

The sentence usually ran, "To the health of his Majesty, Emperor and King," or even, "To his Imperial Majesty's health."

In 1884 an oyster breakfast was staked on the chance that the marshal would not use more than nine words; but, contrary to his custom, Moltke began with the word "Gentlemen." The loser of the wager, however, comforted himself by saying,—

"He's aging, is Moltke; he's getting loquacious!"—*Youth's Companion*.

EARTHQUAKES, ELECTRICITY, AND VEGETATION.—When people tell us that earthquakes are capital things, we may reasonably be allowed to entertain suspicions regarding their sanity; but if they follow up their assertions with reasonable argument, then we must, perforce, give them some attention. Signor A. Gioran has been collecting a number of observations from which he deduces that the effects of seismic shocks upon vegetation are to favor a more rapid germination of seeds and a more rapid growth of the young plants, thus resulting in a greatly-increased luxuriance. These results he believes to be due not to the direct influence of the tremor, but to three secondary causes, among which is the production of electricity, which always accompanies stresses in the earth's crust. In connection with this, we may notice some experiments by Professor A. Alois on the influence of atmospheric electricity on the growth of plants. From observations made chiefly on *Lactuca scariola*, *Zea mais*, *Triticum aestivum*, *Nicotiana tabacum*, and *Vicia faba*, he concludes that this influence is distinctly beneficial. Further experiments have demonstrated that the electricity of the soil has a similar influence on the germination of seeds.—*Electrical Review*.

"We are advertised by our loving friends."

# A Mellin's Food Boy.



ROGER C. HOYT. ONE YEAR OLD.

## Give the Baby Mellin's Food

if you wish your infant to be well nourished, healthy, bright and active, and to grow up happy, robust and vigorous.

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OUR BOOK FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF MOTHERS,

*"The Care and Feeding of Infants,"*

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---

**The Doliber-Goodale Co., Boston, Mass.**

**GRACEFUL GENEROSITY.**—One day a penniless literary man called on Lamartine, who was then at the height of his fame as a statesman and an author. The visitor told Lamartine of his hopeless life and of his poverty, and ended by asking him for the loan of a considerable sum of money.

Lamartine, who was much moved by the man's story, gave him the sum asked for. The poor fellow, overcome with his unexpected success, could only sob out his thanks and kiss the hand of his benefactor.

After his visit had lasted about half an hour Lamartine conducted the man to the door. The season was early winter, and as the statesman opened the door he noticed that the unfortunate man was clad in thin summer clothes, and that he trembled like an aspen-leaf.

He glanced at the rack on which were his own overcoat and hat. Seizing the coat, he said to his trembling visitor, "Monsieur, you have forgotten your overcoat."

Before the poor man could make any objection, and declare that he did not bring any overcoat with him, and that he had not had one for some years, Lamartine placed his own upon him, shook his hand, and with generous heartiness pushed him quietly out and closed the door behind him.

This story would never have been given to the world had it depended on Lamartine's telling. Years afterwards the once unfortunate author rose to be one of the foremost men in France, and told the story of the generosity of Lamartine.—*Youth's Companion*.

**PENNY-WISE.**—A reporter for the New York *Herald* was the only passenger in a street-car. Midway of a block another man got in. His hat was crushed, and his clothing daubed with mud. For a time he sat silent. Then he hitched up towards the reporter and began: "I guess I'm the biggest fool running loose in this town."

"So?" answered the newspaper-man.

"Yes, sir. I haven't got sense enough to be let go without a guardeen. See that car on ahead there?"

The car was half a dozen blocks away.

"Waal, sir, I ran like sixty for more'n a block to ketch that car."

"Couldn't catch it, eh?"

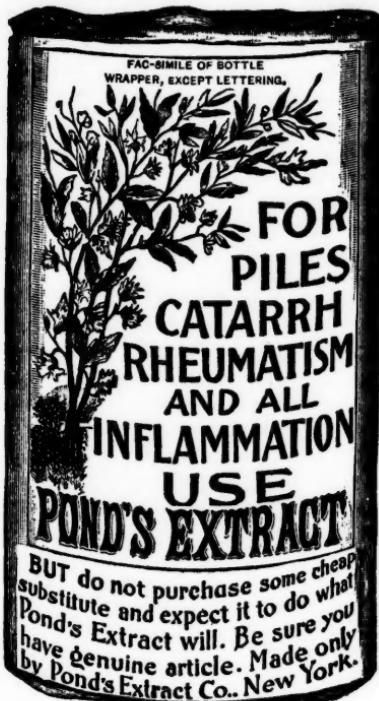
"Yes, I could. That's the trouble. I did ketch it, an' I gin the conductor a dime on the hind platform, an' he gin me a nickel change. Then somehow I up an' dropped the nickel overboard. I hollered to the conductor to stop, but he wouldn't; so I ups and jumps off backwards. Look at my clo'es! When I got up that car was out o' reach, so I had to wait for this one."

"Did you find your nickel?"

"Oh, yes; found that right enough. Lost my car, sp'ilts my clo'es, and skinned my back, jest for the privilege of pickin' up that five-cent piece an' givin' it to this conductor."

**A WRONG PREDICTION.**—There is a story to the effect that Tennyson's grandfather asked him as a little boy to write an elegy on his grandmother, who had recently died, and he put ten shillings into his hand on the completion of the "job," saying,—

"There, that is the first money you have ever earned by your poetry, and, take my word for it, it will be the last!"



## Professional Men—

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DOCTORS, ET AL.—

are the best, because the largest patrons of life insurance in proportion to their number and means. They have in general a keen sense of the value of their lives to their families, and of the importance of capitalizing a part of that value, so that if death cuts short their earning capacity its money worth is secured. They exercise a wise discrimination as to companies and plans, choosing the first from the stand-point of stability and the latter from that of special adaptation to their needs.

The Penn Mutual Life, of Philadelphia, established in 1847, conducted on a purely mutual basis, has accumulated assets in excess of Twenty Millions of Dollars with a surplus of nearly Two Millions after paying death claims, endowments, etc., of nearly Thirty Millions. It appeals most strongly to the learned professions, as issuing contracts which will bear the closest analysis of equitable terms and features, and at the lowest cost attainable through careful, economical management. Correspondence solicited.

Address THE PENN MUTUAL LIFE, 921-3-5 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

**THE STORY WHICH SCENERY TELLS.**—"The law of evolution," said Professor Archibald Geikie at the British Association, "is written as legibly on the landscapes of the earth as on any other page of the book of Nature. Not only do we recognize that the existing topography of the continents, instead of being primeval in origin, has gradually been developed after many precedent mutations, but we are enabled to trace these earlier revolutions in the structure of every hill and glen. Each mountain-chain is thus found to be a memorial of many successive stages in geographical evolution. Within certain limits, land and sea have changed places again and again. Volcanoes have broken out and have become extinct in many countries long before the advent of man. Whole tribes of plants and animals have meanwhile come and gone, and in leaving their remains behind them as monuments at once of the slow development of organic types and of the prolonged vicissitudes of the terrestrial surface, have furnished materials for a chronological arrangement of the earth's topographical features. Nor is it only from the organisms of former epochs that broad generalizations may be drawn regarding revolutions in geography. The living plants and animals of to-day have been discovered to be eloquent of ancient geographical features that have long since vanished. In their distribution they tell us that climates have changed, that islands have been disjoined from continents, that oceans once united have been divided from each other, or once separate have now been joined, that some tracts of land have disappeared, while others for prolonged periods of time have remained in isolation. The present and the past are thus linked together, not merely by dead matter, but by the world of living things, into one vast system of continuous progression."

**JENNY LIND AND THE DEAN OF PETERBOROUGH.**—Jenny Lind's judgment of books, though undirected by anything like literary training, always showed independence and penetration. She was a devoted lover of Carlyle's writings, and the last book she read before her death was Mr. Norton's volume of the correspondence between Carlyle and Emerson. No doubt her admiration for the great denouncer of shams was largely due to the intense sincerity of her own character, which made it impossible for her to tolerate even those slight deviations from strict truthfulness which are seldom taken seriously, but are looked upon as the accepted formulæ of society. "I am so glad to see you" would hardly have been her greeting to a visitor whose call was inconvenient or ill timed. But, on the other hand, her downrightness of speech had nothing in common with that of *Mrs. Candour*; it carried no courtesy with it, as is shown by the following anecdote, which is characteristic. One day,—it was many years after her marriage,—when she was staying with a relative of mine not far from Peterborough, she attended a service in the cathedral. The dean, who, probably without much critical musical judgment, thought the singing very perfect, was rash enough to ask Madame Goldschmidt how she liked his choir. She looked at him with a quiet smile, and replied, with an emphasis which could not be mistaken, "Oh, Mr. Dean, your *cathedral* is indeed most beautiful!"—RONALD J. MCNEILL, in *The Century*.

"WHAT side is the gentleman on?" asked the stranger who had been listening for two hours to a lawyer arguing a case in the Supreme Court. "I don't know," replied the gentlemanly doorkeeper: "he hasn't committed himself yet."—*The Green Bag*.

# DRINK

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The purest unadulterated Beer made. Send postal for sample case to your bottler, or

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Is for sale everywhere, and has been ever since 1867. Acknowledged by all to be the **BEST FAMILY SOAP IN THE WORLD.** We ask every woman using it to save the Outside Wrappers and send them to us. We will mail her, postpaid, the following Beautiful Presents, gratis: For two complete Outside Wrappers and Ten Cents in money or stamps, any volume of the "Surprise Series" of 25 cent novels, about 200 pages. Catalogue on back of wrappers. For twenty complete Outside Wrappers, without any cash accompanying, any volume of the "Surprise Series" novels. For twenty-five complete Outside Wrappers, any one of the following most beautiful panel pictures ever published, all charming studies of little girls, by the most celebrated foreign artists, made exclusively for us: "La Petite," by Throman; "Les Intimes," by Thompson; "Two Sisters," by Sagin; "Little Fisher Maiden," by G. B. Wilson; "Little Charmer," by Springer; "May Day," by Havenith; "Heartsease," by Springer. For sixty complete Outside Wrappers, a Worcester's Pocket Dictionary, 298 pages.

The whole wrapper must be sent. We will not send anything for a part of a wrapper cut out and mailed us. Of course no wrapper can be used for two presents. Twenty wrappers, or over, should be securely done up like newspapers, with ends open, and address of sender in upper left-hand corner of envelope. Postage on wrappers thus done up is 2 cents for 20 or 25 wrappers, and 6 cents for 60 wrappers. Mail at same time postal telling us what present you desire.

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119 South Fourth St., Philadelphia.

CARLYLE, to give him his due, certainly did behave with singular philosophy on the very trying occasion when J. Stuart Mill, having undertaken to read over the manuscript of the third volume of his "History of the French Revolution," came one day in utter consternation to tell him "it had somehow got destroyed."

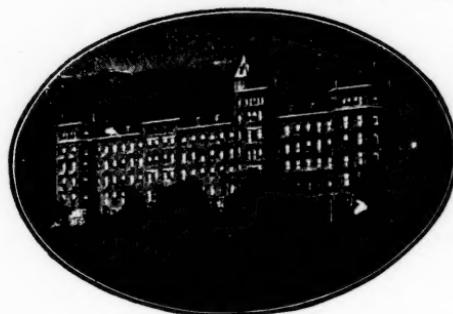
Mill's voice was so broken and his countenance so disturbed when he made this terrible communication, that Carlyle, touched by his distress, magnanimously resolved that he should never know how serious the matter was to him. He had written it off *currende calamo* (after profoundly studying the subject and reading every trustworthy authority he could find) entirely from the impression received from this variety of sources, and had not kept a single note to refer to for matter that could help him to rewrite it; indeed, more than a year passed before he could make up his mind to go to work upon it again. He finally did take it up, however, and with what success an admiring public knows.—"Gossip of the Century."

OUR HORSES.—Probably more and better horses are owned in America per thousand of population than in any other country, and the farmer or corner-groceryman, at least in the North and West, can and does afford to keep as good a roadster as the city nabob,—often a better one. While the average horse lacks the distinctive characteristics of race, he has exceptionally good qualities. American horses are, as a rule, sure footed. There are more broken-kneed nags in cabs and livery-stables in England fourfold than here. Smooth roads and level meadows uniformly breed horses less careful how they tread than rough roads and stony pastures. The Eastern granite soil produces safer steppers than the clay of the South. Our horses are of even disposition; one rarely sees a brute or a biting, striking, kicking devil in America. They are easily broken. In Kentucky the children ride the colts, often with only a stick to guide them. "I consider," said Herbert long ago, "the general horse of America superior, not in blood or in beauty, but decidedly in hardihood to do and to endure, in powers of travel, in speed, in docility, and in good temper, to any other race of general horses in the known world."—THEODORE AYRAULT DODGE, in the *North American Review*.

THE RAVAGES OF THE WHITE ANT.—The workers never venture in sight except in extreme cases. No one is ignorant of the terrible destruction these insects occasion to the works of man. Invisible to those whom they threaten, they push on their galleries to the very walls of their houses. They perforate the floors, the beams, the wood-work, the furniture, respecting always the surface of the objects attacked in such a manner that it is impossible to be aware of their hidden ravages. They even take care to prevent the buildings they eat away from falling, by filling up with mortar the parts they have hollowed out. But these precautions are only employed if the place seems suitable, and if they intend to prolong their sojourn there. In the other case they destroy the wood with inconceivable rapidity. They have been known in one single night to pierce the whole of a table leg from top to bottom, and then the table itself, and then, still continuing to pierce their way, to descend through the opposite leg, after having devoured the contents of a trunk placed upon the table.—Cassell's "Insect World."

# The Jackson Sanatorium,

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ESTABLISHED 1858.

Especial provision for rest and quiet, also for recreation, amusement, and regular out-door life.

*Culinary Department under supervision of Mrs. Emma P. Ewing, Superintendent of the Chautauqua Cooking School.*

Hillside location in Woodland Park, overlooking extended views of the famous Genesee Valley region, unsurpassed for health and beauty. Charming walks and drives. Lakes, glens, and waterfalls in immediate vicinity. Clear, dry atmosphere, free from fogs and malaria. Pure spring water from rocky heights. Perfect drainage and sewerage.

Steam heat, open fires, electric bells, safety elevator, telegraph, telephone, etc.

For illustrated pamphlet, testimonials, and other information, address

Mention this Magazine. **J. ARTHUR JACKSON, Secretary, Dansville, New York.**

A DELIGHTFUL home for those seeking health, rest, or recreation. Under the personal care of experienced physicians.

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The advent of Moulded Brick marks a new era of beauty in Architecture.

Price of this mantel in red face-brick, with hearth, fire-back, and under-fire, \$27.00. Send ten 2-cent stamps for our "Sketch-Book," showing many charming designs for doorways, mantels, cornices, windows, etc.

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SICKNESS AMONG CHILDREN, especially infants, is prevalent more or less at all times, but is largely avoided by giving proper nourishment and wholesome food. The most successful and reliable of all is the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

THE extraordinary success of Miss Kate Jordan's story "The Kiss of Gold" confirms the high opinion we had formed of it. From the many testimonials received from individuals and the press, we have selected the few following:

"The best book of the year. The author deserves fame, and it will be hers."

"It is so strikingly original in its ending—so different from the cut-and-dried rounding of the conventional love-story."

"A literary mosaic: it abounds with 'passages that linger in the mind and cannot be forgotten.'"

"Deep pathos—sadly true delineation—one of the strongest and best pieces of modern fiction."

"A keen analysis of a man's inner life. It is clear and clean-cut as a cameo. It has art and heart in it, and its close has a sweet Christian Samaritanism that is both generous and artistic."

"The most delightful and the best story in any American magazine yet."

"Have read it with great interest, and wish to pay a compliment to its worth."

"The whole series of chapters from first to last reminds one of a string of jewels, from which *one* could not be spared."

"Golden in purity of style and strength and pathos. It stands apart. A delightful, wholesome, literary treat, though sad in its 'unvarnished truth.'"

"A work of genius! Miss Jordan's methods have all the delicacy, strength, and grace of the highest or most human French school."

"There is satisfaction and pleasure in reading it. The style and wording are very beautiful."

"It is a strong and intensely interesting tale."—*Kansas City Gazette*.

"It is crisp and readable. The dialogue never lags—the matter is wholesome."—*Illustrated Saturday Press, Oakland, Cal.*

"It is a strong story."—*Philadelphia Evening Star*.

"The best story seen for some time."—*The Wasp, San Francisco*.

"To readers in search of a good novel it may be unhesitatingly recommended. It is an uncommonly good story, deals with an interesting phase of life, and has a love interest in it which is very sincere and refreshing."—*Buffalo Courier*.

"Over-intense and strenuously feminine in tone and coloring; but when she sobers, Miss Jordan is going to write a very good story."—*Commercial Advertiser, N.Y.*

"The hero's character is consistent, and the frisky old father is well drawn."—*Times-Democrat, New Orleans, La.*

"A strong, well-written story—interesting from first to last."—*Union and Advertiser, Rochester, N.Y.*

"Treated with skill and fidelity to life."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

"Kate Jordan seems to be coming to the front."—*Excelsior, Omaha, Neb.*

JOHN SARTAIN.—A pleasant visit to our office was one recently made by the celebrated artist-engraver John Sartain, who, though in his eighty-fourth year, is as proud in his active interest in his profession as he was half a century ago. He contends that the usual advice to give up work in order to live long is nonsense. He has just finished an engraving of a famous picture, which will compare with any of his more youthful tasks. "Keep on as long as you can" is his motto.—*Meehan's Monthly*.

ARE YOU SICK? Why not EXPERIENCE the BENEFITS of  
**HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS.**

It is not only a National, but a Universal Remedy, the round World over.



The People of every civilized Nation on Earth attest its great value as a PREVENTIVE of Disease, rectifying so many bodily irregularities, and remedying that most fruitful source of ill health—WEAKNESS. Dyspepsia, Malaria, Torpidity of the Liver and Bowels, and other signs of General Debility, are soon overcome by this superb Corrective and Tonic. The drain of vital energy is counteracted by the use of the Bitters.

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CRYSTAL PEPSIN TABLETS are nature's only cure for dyspepsia and indigestion. They prevent dulness after eating, and induce a refreshed feeling of renewed energy. Delivered by mail to any post-office in the United States on receipt of fifty cents in stamps. Samples mailed free. Address the CARL L. JENSEN COMPANY, 400 N. Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa. For sale at all drugzists'.

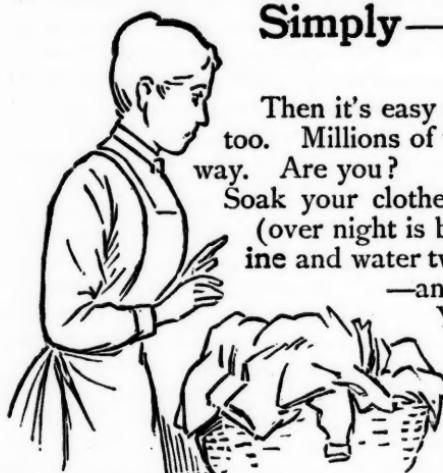
AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER FROM THE PEN OF THE AUTHOR OF "TRISTRAM SHANDY."—The triumphant success of "the Shandys," as he called them, is well known. They were pretty little volumes, some adorned with his autograph, which must have been troublesome for the brilliant author, as we may conceive the labor of thus adorning a large edition. He was eager to secure the assistance of Hogarth to furnish a frontispiece, and in the following "rollicking" and rather profane letter, also unpublished, he asks his friend Beranger to go to the painter and make the request:

"You bid me tell you all my wants. What the Devil in Hell can a fellow want now? By the Father of the Sciences (you know his name) I would give both my ears (if I was not to lose my credit by it) for no more than ten strokes of Howgarth's witty chisel, to clap at the Front of my next Edition of Shandy. The Vanity of a Pretty Girl in the Heyday of her Roses & Lilies is a fool to that of Author of my stamp. Oft did Swift sigh to Pope in these words: 'Orna me, unite something of yours to mine, to transmit us down together hand in hand to futurity.' The loosest sketch in Nature, of Trim's reading the sermon to my Father, &c., wd do the Business, and it wd mutually illustrate his System and mine. But, my dear Shandy, with what face I would hold out my lank Purse! I would shut my Eyes, & you should put in your hand, and take out what you liked for it. Ignoramus! Fool! Blockhead! Symoniack! This Grace is not to be bought with money. Perish thee and thy Gold with thee! What shall we do? I have the worst face in the world to ask a favour with, & besides, I would not propose a disagreeable thing to one I so much admire for the whole world: but you can say anything—you are an impudent, honest Dog, & can't set a face upon a bad matter; prithee sally out to Leicester fields, & when you have knock'd at the door (for you must knock first) and art got in, begin thus: 'Mr. Hogarth, I have been with my friend Shandy this morning;' but go on yr own way, as I shall do mine. I esteem you, & am, my dear Mentor, Yrs most Shandiascally, L. STERNE."—*The Cornhill Magazine.*

ABOUT HANDKERCHIEFS.—At the present day the Japanese never use a handkerchief twice. Theirs are made of paper, and every Jap who uses handkerchiefs at all carries a large assortment of them. Until a comparatively recent period handkerchiefs were never used in public in Europe, and the name was avoided in polite conversation. It is related that at the beginning of the present century Mlle. Duchesnois, a famous actress, dared to appear with a handkerchief in her hand. Having to speak of it in the course of the play, she could only summon courage to refer to it as "a light tissue." A translation of one of Shakespeare's plays by Alfred de Vigny was being acted, and the subject, mentioned for the first time upon the stage, provoked a storm of indignant hisses from all parts of the house. Handkerchiefs were finally popularized in France by the Empress Josephine, who had imperfect teeth, and used a little square of lace and muslin to conceal them as much as possible. Her example was followed by ladies of the French court, and consequently by the rest of Europe.—*Harper's Young People.*

HE WANTED HIS TITLE.—To Canovas, the great Republican leader, who called during the recent illness of Spain's boy-king, and inquired, "How is Alfonsito?" the latter, after a moment's hesitation, is reported to have replied, sedately, "To mamma I am Alfonsito [little Alfonso], to thee I am the king."

## Simply—Soak, boil and rinse.



Then it's easy enough—and safe enough too. Millions of women are washing in this way. Are you?

Soak your clothes in **Pearline** and water (over night is best); boil them in **Pearline** and water twenty minutes; rinse them—and they will be clean.

Yes, you can wash them without the boiling, but ask your doctor to explain the difference between clothes that are boiled, and clothes that

are not boiled—he knows. When you think what you save by doing away with the rubbing, the saving of health, the saving of clothes, the saving of hard work, time and money—then isn't it time to think about washing with **Pearline**?

**Send it Back** Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you <sup>35c</sup> something in place of Pearline, be honest—*send it back*. JAMES PYLE, New York.

THE greatest offer ever made by a reliable house.

Dr. Judd's Electric Belts and Trusses on *six months' trial*. Far superior to any Galvanic or Box Battery made. The greatest Electrical Medical discovery of the nineteenth century.

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**Testimony.**—Within the last eighteen months we have taken in something over one thousand dollars for Judd's Electric Belts and Trusses, and thus far have never had a complaint from a customer, but have had many compliments passed upon them.

D. M. NEWBRO DRUG CO.

BUTTE CITY, MONT., Jan. 16, 1892.



**RENAN'S SPEECH.**—Renan was present at a banquet given by Mme. Auberon, whose mansion was then the rendezvous of the celebrities of the epoch. M. Jules Simon was among them, and in the course of the repast he began to develop an ingenious social theory. Renan, growing tired of it, was about to speak, when the hostess stopped him by saying, "Wait a minute or two, M. Renan, and then we shall be happy to hear you." Renan closed his mouth while Jules Simon continued to hold forth. At length he brought his speech to an end, and Mme. Auberon rose to call on Renan. "I think you had something to say," she remarked. "Yes, madame, you are right: I wanted to ask for a few more potatoes."—*The Argonaut*.

**HE DIDN'T KNOW.**—"Some of you," says Orator Ham, of Georgia, "remind me of Johnny Bizirn, who undertook to break a yearling, and, to make sure he did not get away, tied the rope around his waist. The breaking process angered the yearling, and he split a crack in the atmosphere toward the swamp. John only hit the ground in the high places. In their mad career they passed a neighbor, who yelled to John, "Where are you going?" "D——d if I know," he replied, as he sailed through the air: "ask the bull."

**THE RETORT COURTEOUS.**—A reproof which was just and not discourteous was once addressed to a young rector who had been reared under the highest of church doctrines, and who held that clergymen of all other denominations are without authority, and not entitled to be called ministers of the gospel. One evening, at a social gathering, he was introduced to a Baptist clergyman. He greeted the elder man with much manner and ostentation. "Sir," he said, "I am glad to shake hands with you as a gentleman, though I cannot admit that you are a clergyman." There was a moment's pause, and then the other said, with a quiet significance that made the words he left unsaid emphatic, "Sir, I am glad to shake hands with you—as a clergyman."—*The Argonaut*.

**THE ships running from San Francisco to Australia are not the finest in the world, but we were a merry party upon the Mariposa, and the week that it takes to reach Honolulu sped quickly away.**

Honolulu was found to be a most charming tropical town, with a variety of roses and a variety of fruits and flowers. The streets are broad and level, the houses have large lawns in front, and everywhere the banana, orange, pine-apple, and cocoanut grow in abundance.

The Kanakas, or natives of these (Sandwich) islands, are rather fine-looking; and the half-breeds are said to be really beautiful. They are fine musicians. The king's band serenaded our ship as it came into harbor. There are many Americans in Honolulu, with whom the natives mingle most peaceably. The English they do not fancy. The newspapers are printed, each copy, in two different languages, so that all may read. These islands have large sugar-plantations.—Dr. E. P. BEADES, in *The Southern Magazine*.

**SPIRAL SUPPOSITION.**—She.—"I want you to answer me one question, and then I shall feel sure of you."

He.—"What is it, darling?"

She.—"If you knew that I loved you as much as you do me, would you love me as much as I do you?"—*Truth*.



It stands all tests.  
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**Baking Powder.**

## QUINA-LAROCHE

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This invigorating tonic is powerful in its effect, is easily administered, assimilates thoroughly and quickly with the gastric juices, without deranging the action of the stomach.

Iron and Cinchona are the most powerful weapons employed in the art of curing; Iron is the principle of our blood, and forms its force and richness. Cinchona affords life to the organs and activity to their functions.



Endorsed by the Medical Faculty of Paris, and used with entire success for the cure of

**MALARIA,**  
**INDIGESTION,**  
**FEVER and AGUE.**  
**NEURALGIA,**  
**LOSS of APPETITE,**  
**POORNESs of BLOOD,**  
**WASTING DISEASES,**  
**and**  
**RETARDED**  
**CONVALESCENCE.**

E. FOUGERA & CO., Agents, No. 30 North William street, New York. 22 rue Drouot, Paris.

"I ONCE witnessed an absurd accident," said E. S. Willard to me some time ago, "which ruined one act and generally prejudiced not only the drama, but the luckless persons specially connected with it. The name of the piece I have forgotten, but there was a sensation scene in which the bursting of a dam, reservoir, or sluice afforded the hero a fine opportunity for melodramatic action. The scene, with real water effects, was conspicuously built up at the back of the stage. Imagine the effect produced on an almost hysterical audience, worked up to excitement by sundry heaves of canvas showing the impending catastrophe, when on the wild exclamation of the hero, 'Great heaven! the flood is on us!' the highly unromantic squirting of a stopped-up tap was heard, and a tiny stream, barely sufficient to have disturbed the track of an ant, trickled towards the footlights! The derision of the spectators stimulated the hero to rectify the tap, which retaliated by directing a tolerably strong jet into the actor's face. Discomfited and moist, he rushed from the stage, leaving the abashed heroine to struggle through the 'flood' to the wings, followed by the shouts of the audience. These were increased a moment afterwards by the specially unrehearsed effect of the succeeding soliloquy of a mild attorney being interrupted by a brilliant display of the whole system of fountains taking up a wrong cue and deluging the stage and orchestra. The whole thing was so ridiculous that the greater portion of the people present left, exhausted by laughter."—*Kate Field's Washington*.

**LEFT FOR THE YOUNGEST.**—Every one must accept with such cheerfulness as he can the advance of age, for the most kindly meant assurance that the years are lightly carried does not diminish their actual number. One of the most ingenious and graceful attentions ever paid to a venerable man came from a valet to Cardinal Fleury, in the last century. The cardinal, who was ninety years old, had said in a somewhat melancholy mood to his valet Barjac that he was too old, that death must have forgotten him, but that within a few days surely he should make the solemn journey into eternity.

A few days later there was a festival, and Barjac invited fourteen guests to dine with the cardinal. When the cake was put on the dinner-table, the cardinal said sadly, referring to the custom of the day, "The youngest person here must cut it. With my ninety years, I can only claim the honors due the oldest of the company."

"But," said his right-hand neighbor, Princess Monttarey, "I was born January 15, 1651, and so I am two years older than your eminence."

"And I," said the Marquise de Flavacourt, who sat at the cardinal's left, "must own to ninety-four years."

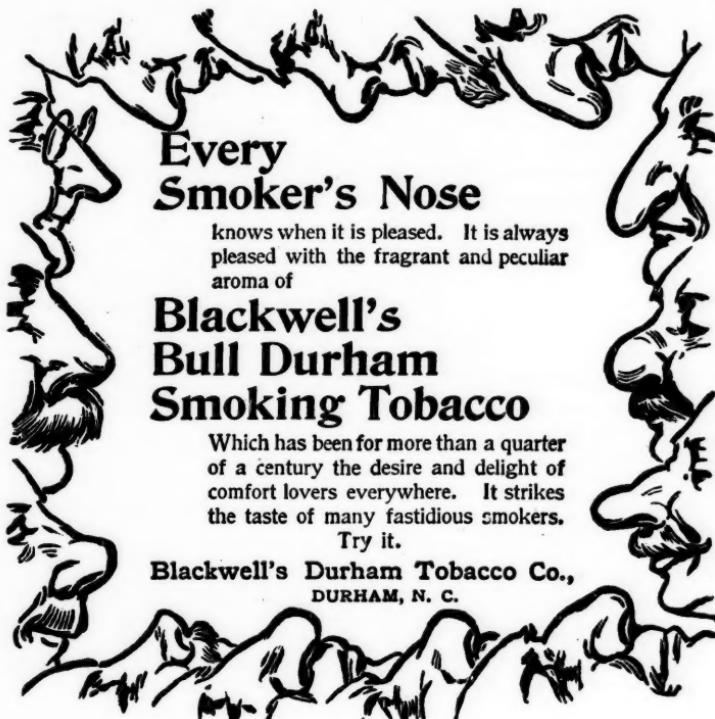
And so the members of the company went on telling their ages, all more than the years of the cardinal, until he exclaimed,—

"Is it possible that I am the youngest one present, that I am to cut the cake?"

"Of course, of course," urged his delighted guests.

"Is it chance or a plot?" asked the old man. Just then he caught sight of Barjac's smiling face, and understood his old servant's kind stratagem.—*Youth's Companion*.

MAN is a good deal like a fish. You know the fish would never get into very serious trouble if it kept its mouth shut.



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knows when it is pleased. It is always pleased with the fragrant and peculiar aroma of

## Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco

Which has been for more than a quarter of a century the desire and delight of comfort lovers everywhere. It strikes the taste of many fastidious smokers.

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Safe Investments. Low Rate of Mortality. Low Expense Rate.

Unsurpassed in everything which makes Life Insurance reliable and moderate in cost.

Has never in its entire history contested a death loss.

**A SHORT CHAPTER IN GUYOT HISTORY.**—A large outfitter, wishing to create a little stir in business, advertised Genuine (?) Guyot Suspenders at Twenty-five (25) Cents per pair!

He placed in a large box a few of the Genuine and a large number of the imitation. Many buyers who bought their supply of suspenders were deceived, as they imagined they were buying all Genuine Guyots.

One man, when making his purchase, asked the salesman, "Are these the

Genuine Guyots?" "Yes, sir, they are," was the reply. "All of them?" "Yes, sir," was the reply again.

A few days after this occurrence the large outfitter received word that he would be at once prosecuted for selling goods under false pretences, and it was only through the efforts of a mutual friend that the proceedings were stopped, with a positive promise from the outfitter that it would never occur again.

This is liable to happen to any dealer who attempts to palm off on his customers, under the name of Guyots, anything but the Genuine article, made by Ch. Guyot, at Paris, France.

**A NATURAL BAROMETER.**—One of the most curious stones in the world is found in Finland, where it occurs in many places. It is a natural barometer, and actually foretells probable changes in the weather. It is called "semakuir," and turns black shortly before an approaching rain, while in fine weather it is mottled with spots of white. For a long time this curious phenomenon was a mystery, but an analysis of the stone shows it to be a fossil mixed with clay and containing a portion of rock-salt and nitre. This fact being known, the explanation was easy. The salt, absorbing the moisture, turned black when the conditions were favorable for rain, while the dryness of the atmosphere brought out the salt from the interior of the stone in white spots on the surface.—*The Eclectic Magazine.*

**TRIALS OF ARTISTES.**—I have heard two anecdotes of Macklin and Garrick respectively, showing how keen an appreciation both possessed of the varied and refined qualifications which go to make a good actor, and how small a trial is needed to enable such performers as they both were, to judge of a postulant's capabilities.

Macklin was once induced to pass judgment on a young man who believed himself born for the stage: he watched him narrowly through the first act of the play under rehearsal, and then went up to him, and, setting his teeth, asked him,—

"What trade do you belong to, sir?"

"Trade! Oh, dear! no *trade*; I'm a gentleman."

"Then," said Macklin, furiously, "stick to that, sir; for you'll never be an actor."

Garrick had similarly met the application of a stage-struck young woman, and set her to read a scene out of "Venice Preserved." As she proceeded, he with difficulty kept his temper, but when she wabbled on, without a shadow of intelligence, to the impassioned exclamation, "Could you kill my father, Jaffier!" he could stand it no longer; he advanced to her with his hands crossed under his coat-tails, as if he feared he should strike her, and, shaking his head at her while stamping his feet, roared out, "Go and chop cabbage, ma'am."—"Gossip of the Century."

**AN ENGINEERING FEAT.**—The Dutch have assumed an herculean task in pumping out the Zuyder Zee. The cost of the undertaking is estimated at seventy-six million dollars, but the reclaimed land will far more than return this investment. The main dike will be twenty-six feet high and twenty miles long. The reclamation of sea-covered lands in Holland is a wonderful feat in modern engineering, or within two hundred years past, because it is an old art there.



"I AM NOT WELL ENOUGH TO WORK."

This is a daily event in mills, shops, factories, etc. It is the point where Nature can endure no more, and demands a rest. Then the poor sufferer, worn with toil and broken in health, stands aside to make room for another. "Quick consumption" they call it.

To this class of women and girls we proffer both sympathy and aid. When those distressing weaknesses and derangements assail you, remember that there is a remedy for all of them. We have on record thousands of such cases, that have been restored to vigorous health and lives of usefulness.

Mrs. Pinkham's illustrated "Guide to Health and Etiquette" is very valuable to ladies. The undersigned will present a copy to any one addressing them with two two-cent stamps.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is the only *Positive Cure and Legitimate Remedy* for the peculiar weaknesses and ailments of women.

It cures the worst forms of Female complaints. Subdues Faintness, Excitability, Nervous Prostration, Exhaustion, and strengthens and tones the Stomach. Cures Headache, General Debility, Indigestion, etc., and invigorates the whole system. For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex, the Compound has no rival.

All Druggists sell it as a *standard article*, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of \$1.00.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this magazine, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

**BEAR AND BEETLE.**—A Pennsylvania correspondent of the *New York Sun* relates an amusing bear story. The wood-cutters of Pocono Mountain, it appears, had broken the handle of a beetle the previous winter. A rope was tied about the beetle-head, and it had been left hanging to the low limb of a tree. The correspondent happened to be in the vicinity one summer day, and, remembering the beetle, started after it to carry it home.

"As I came near the place," he says, "I perceived a black bear slowly circling around the hanging beetle at a distance of a few feet. He was too much occupied to notice me, and I stopped to see what he was about.

"The bear acted as if he thought the beetle were some kind of a trap. He would approach within a few feet and sniff at it. Then he would back off a little way, squat on his haunches, and give a low snort, eying the tool all the time.

"While he was thus engaged a sudden breeze sprung up, and set the beetle to swinging lightly. The animal snorted again, and backed off a step or two. Soon another gust struck the beetle, and swayed it still more. The bear responded by a louder snort,—a sort of challenge.

"As soon as the beetle stopped swinging Bruin got up and circled about it several times. At length he went near,—then nearer. He reached out his paw and touched it gently. As it swung towards him, he hit it again more forcibly.

"The beetle-head was a round one of hickory, with heavy iron rings on each end. As it rebounded from the second blow of the creature's paw it hit him fairly in the nose. Angry at this, he rushed at the beetle again, and gave it a sounding blow. As it came towards him he dodged a little, just enough to save his nose and receive the blow in his left eye! He hit it again, and his nose got another blow. That hurt so much that he growled angrily and rooted viciously in the leaves.

"He was furious by this time, and went at the beetle as if he meant to annihilate it. He gave it a tremendous blow with his right paw, and the tool swung clear over the limb, came down on the other side, and struck him on top of the head. He uttered a roar that made the woods ring!

"I stood still and shook with suppressed laughter to see the brute go on.

"Finally he caught the beetle in his paws, pulled upon it until he broke the rope, and then went to cuffing and biting the tool.

"When he found that it did not fight back any more, he let it roll to the ground. Then he shook himself and walked off into the woods, and I let him go."

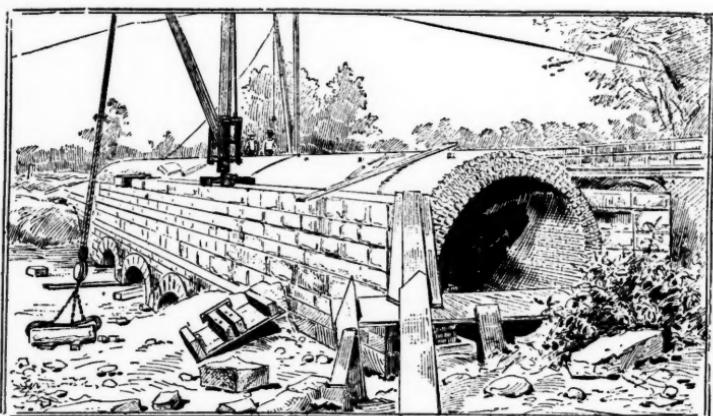
**MEDIUM-SIZED.**—It is always of interest to get at the judgments which people form, and their manner of expressing them. This puts us at their point of view. It enables us to see through their eyes. The effect is sometimes strikingly picturesque, as, for example, in the case mentioned by the author of "Friesland Meres":

"Toward evening it set in to blow more steadily, and then we took a last turn round the mere, and ran into the canal leading to Sloten, where we laid the yacht by the bank.

"'What sort of place is Sloten, Pieter?'

"'Not large place, not small place, quite roundt. You strong ar-r-m, sir; suppose you stand one side Sloten, take aard-appel,—earth-apple, potato,—make him go, he fall other side de stad, so small as dat is Sloten.'"

## A HEALTHY CITY.



SECTION OF NEW WATER-WORKS CONDUIT AT ST. LOUIS.

ST. LOUIS has a well-earned reputation for healthiness, a fact that is not surprising when it is remembered that a death-rate of twenty in the thousand is regarded as high in the metropolis of the West and Southwest, although the mortality in New York and Boston is frequently as high as twenty-eight, while in Philadelphia, Chicago, and Boston neither twenty-four nor twenty-five is regarded as exceptional. A St. Louis paper commenting on the mortality returns for one of the fall months of 1892 spoke of them as exceptionally high, and then went on to state that the figure was twenty and a small fraction, as compared with seventeen for the corresponding month of the preceding year, all of which goes to show that the people of St. Louis are so well off in regard to longevity and general healthfulness that they are ready to complain whenever their figures begin to approach the average of the other large cities of the country. Enormous fortunes have been spent in London in perfecting sanitary arrangements, but the result even there has been less satisfactory than in St. Louis, which might aptly be described as the best health-resort with manufacturing and commercial advantages combined to be found either in America or Europe.

This is not a matter of chance or good fortune. True, St. Louis has a singularly equitable and pleasant climate, with temperature seldom approaching the one hundred mark or falling low enough to cause great inconvenience; true, it is located at a high altitude, with natural drainage of an exceptionally good character. But these advantages combined could not have brought about the triumphs already referred to had not due regard been paid to sanitary laws, with an adequate expenditure in advance of the actual requirements of the population.

One of the most serious problems which besets a large city is its water-supply, and this is a problem which has been solved in St. Louis in a practical

and highly satisfactory manner. The supply is drawn from the river Mississippi, but so near the mouth of the Missouri that it is the water of the latter that is pumped through the water-mains of the city. The waters of the Mississippi and Missouri do not intermingle for several miles, and it has been shown first by analysis and then by more practical tests that the water of the latter, though less clear and bright than that of the Father of Waters itself, is by far the more wholesome and safe for drinking-purposes. During the fall of 1892, a commission sent out from New York with a view to ascertaining the purity of river-water for drinking-purposes visited St. Louis, and subjected water drawn from the hydrants to the severest possible tests. Their report was that the water was exceptionally pure and far superior to what was being obtained in New York.

The water-works of St. Louis were erected with a view of supplying the needs of the people for the remainder of the century. But there was little thought at the time that the city would have a population considerably in excess of half a million seven years before the century ended, and this latter fact has made it necessary to appropriate several million dollars for the construction of one of the finest water-works in the West. These will be situated at what is known as the "Chain of Rocks," some nine miles north of the St. Louis court-house, and sufficiently distant from the city to be removed from danger of contamination from sewer-outlets. The water will be conveyed from the new inlet tower in the centre of the river to the city itself through a conduit which may well be regarded as one of the engineering triumphs of the times. The supply of water that these new works will afford will be ample for a population of a million; but, to judge from the rapid advance made by the city during the last few years, it will not be long before the question of still another addition to the water-supply capacity of the city will have to be considered.

St. Louis is also one of the best sewered cities in America, and the main sewer running along the Mill Creek bank into the Mississippi is the largest main sewer in America, and one of the largest in the world. In a city growing west, north, and south in the phenomenal manner which has become characteristic of St. Louis, it is necessary to carry out an immense quantity of sewer-construction to meet the wants of the people and secure perfect sanitary arrangements. With that cheerfulness, however, which the city has always manifested in providing money for legitimate purposes of improvement, the necessary funds have always been provided, and the city continues to enjoy its well-earned reputation for healthfulness. Epidemics are infrequent and never of a serious character, and the average age of death is remarkably and almost uniformly high.

The healthiness of St. Louis is a matter of much more than mere local interest, because it proves in a decisive and incontestable manner that there is no reason why a health-resort should not be a manufacturing city, or why a manufacturing city should not be a health-resort.

# WARING'S PERIL.

BY

CAPT. CHARLES KING,  
U. S. ARMY,

AUTHOR OF "THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER," "THE DESERTER," "DUNRAVEN  
RANCH," "AN ARMY PORTIA," "TWO SOLDIERS," "FROM THE  
RANKS," "A SOLDIER'S SECRET," ETC.

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